January 12, 1935

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MARIO COOPER

Beginning **The Smoky Years** a romance of the ranges **By Al**

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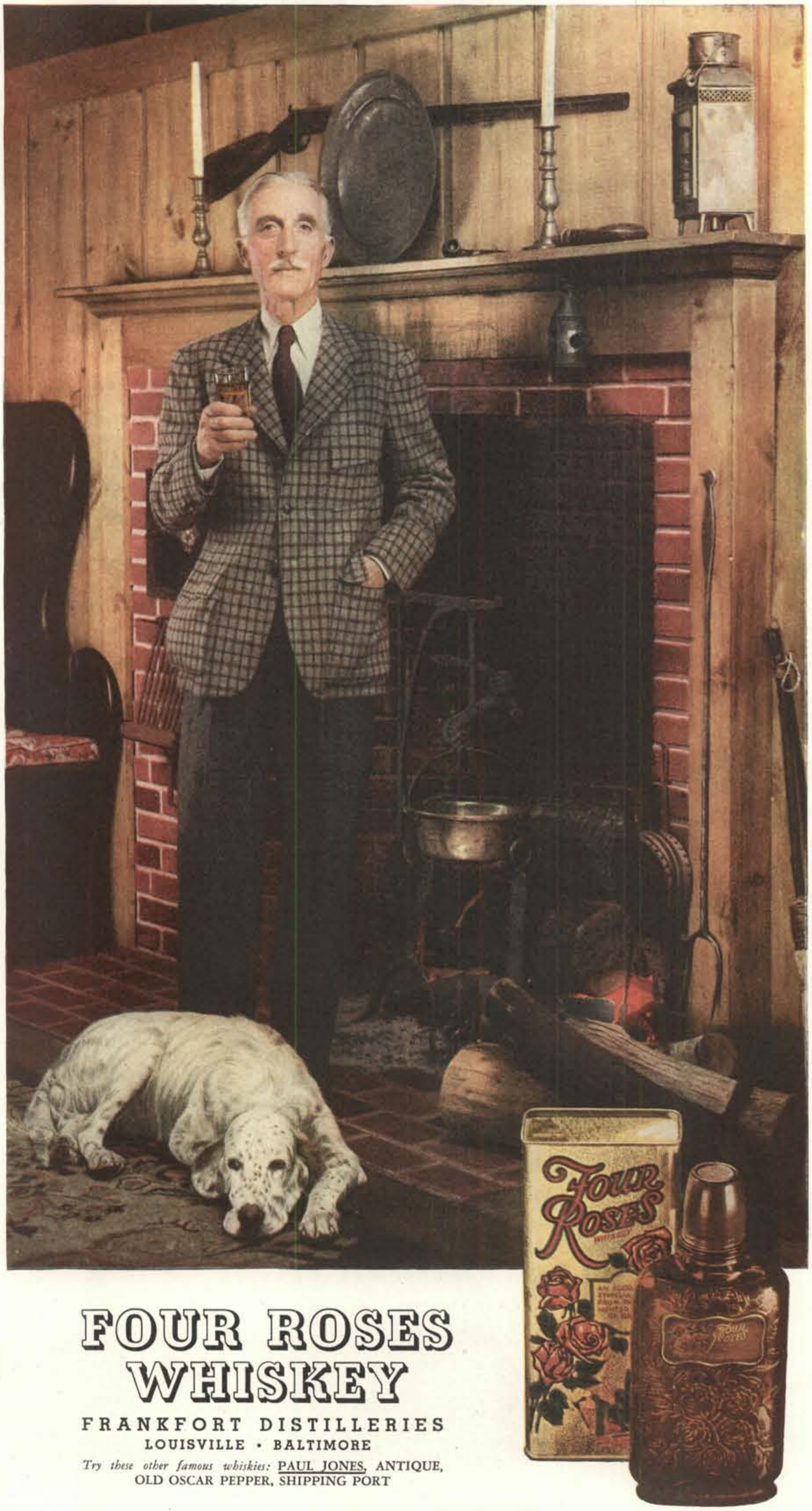

"I'll take the old things"

New things are important
To progress, I'm told;
But you take the new things,
And I'll take the old.

Old houses with beams
That are darkened with age.
Old books with a dog-ear
On 'most every page.

Old slippers whose wrinkles
Are those of my feet.
Old pipes that the years
Have made mellow and sweet.

Old friends who know when
To be silent, when gay,
And who when they talk
Have something to say.

Old Four Roses Whiskey—
And by old, I mean *old*—
With a rich-ripe aroma
And a color like gold.

Not a whiskey like many
Of those that I've seen,
That are tasteless and flat,
Or else fiery and green.

But a whiskey distilled
In the old-fashioned way,
By the methods they followed
In grandfather's day.

Distilled from choice grain,
And aged in the wood—
Aged by Nature herself
Till it's better than good.

Yes, you take the new things—
The new liquor that's sold.
I'll stick to Four Roses,
A whiskey that's *old.*

* * *

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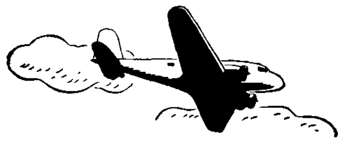
THE GERM NOBODY KNOWS

Does a Mysterious Filtrable Virus Cause Common Cold?



MEN fly from coast to coast in sixteen hours, talk across the ocean without wires, search the sky from stratosphere balloons ten miles above the earth—but the common cold remains a riddle as yet unsolved by science.

Talented bacteriologists and scholarly doctors still debate the causes of the common cold, deplore their inexact knowledge concerning prevention and cure.

This much is certain: *1.* Wet feet, weariness, and drafts are not primary causes but merely predisposing factors which reduce the resistant forces of the body. *2.* All authorities agree that a cold is an infection resulting from *some* disease-producing germ lodging in the tissues of the throat or nose.

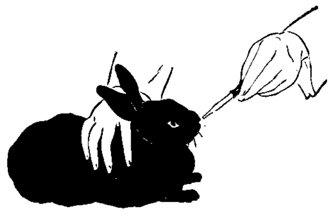
But *which* germ? Controversy rages. The question splits highest authorities into two groups. One believes that colds are caused by several different species of bacteria: pneumococci, streptococci, B. influenzae, and M. catarrhalis, all of which are visible under the microscope.

The other group, in a series of brilliant experiments since 1914, believes it has isolated the *particular* organism of the common cold.

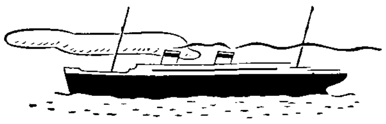
The nasal secretions of persons with colds are passed through a porcelain filter fine enough to retain all known bacteria. This filtered secretion, presumably free of bacteria, produces colds when dropped into the nostrils of healthy volunteer subjects! From this experiment, oft repeated, the conclusion is that the cause of common cold is a filtrable virus so infinitely tiny that it is beyond the limit of visibility in the most powerful microscopes now constructed.

The cause of a cold may be the germ nobody knows, but whatever knowledge of this subject is available anywhere in the world is systematically collected in the research laboratory of the Lambert Pharmacal Company.

There literally thousands of research papers are studied, digested, cross-filed. There able bacteriologists are constantly engaged in testing antiseptics, in comparing results in the destruction of specific organisms, irritation to tissues, influence on body fluids.



In Paris at *l'Institut Pasteur,* in Wiesbaden at the *Laboratorium Fresenius,* in many of the clinics and laboratories of the great American universities, you might meet a Lambert staff bacteriologist discussing important research in the field. This is the *keeping-up-with-science,* the technical skill, the scrupulous care, which go into the bottle of Listerine Antiseptic which you buy at your neighborhood drug store, in Boston, Buenos Aires, Berlin, or Bombay.



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FIRST take a beautiful girl and provide her with an ex-champion prize fighter for a father. Then provide the father with a strong dislike for all young men. Then provide the girl with complete contempt for one particular young man whom she hasn't met and doesn't want to meet. And after that compute the young man's chances and you will see why Lester Hopkins had every reason to feel discouraged. But was he? You don't know Frank Leon Smith's heroes if you think so. His ingenious courtship, carried on against odds, is described in "Leave Orders Here."

LIKE the daring young man on the flying trapeze, Senator Huey Long is floating very handsomely and at a great altitude through the political stratosphere of Louisiana. Below him the stricken legislators, who recently passed forty-four laws for Huey without being allowed to look at them, watch with apprehensive admiration. Meanwhile, there are those who wonder what lends Huey his remarkable buoyancy. And they murmur to themselves: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Walter Davenport, having investigated this freak of nature on the spot, points out the weak spots in the fabric of Huey's balloon in an amazing article called "Too High and Too Mighty."

FOR years and years before gold coin was nationalized counterfeiters had stopped trying to make imitation gold pieces. They just couldn't do it successfully. Lead is too light. So are all the other metals—except platinum, and there's no profit in using that. And so when Lem Hildred found a cache of counterfeit gold that looked and felt like the real thing neither he nor anyone else knew what to think of it. It did, however, turn into an exciting story, "Dangerous Gold," which is told by Thomas McMorrow.

THE British cruiser Hampshire, bearing Lord Kitchener from England to Russia, ran into a mine off the Orkney Islands and sank in three hundred and sixty feet of water. For sixteen years she lay there undisturbed. Then one day an American appeared on her decks and proceeded methodically to extract the treasure she carried. His name is Charles M. Courtney and his adventures in pursuit of wealth, "Locked in the Cradle of the Deep," are recounted by Kyle Crichton.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, Ernest Haycox, Marie Beynon Ray, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster, May Edginton and others collaborate for your approval. Bet you they get it.

This Week

●

January 12, 1935

Cover by Mario Cooper

ALAN LE MAY
The Smoky Years, Part I. Boot, saddle, to horse and away! The new Western. Page 7

OWEN P. WHITE
Piping Hot. Texas rebels, the amazing story of our oil war. Page 10

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
The Double Lotus. A romance that got mixed up with a Chinese lottery. Page 12

ELSIE SINGMASTER
In Jeopardy. He looked like a one-legged soldier, but he was the ghost of a lady's past. Page 14

KATHARINE ROBERTS
It Takes Experience. The woman of thirty comes into her own. Page 16

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
Fired. Love takes a flyer. Page 17

MAY EDGINTON
Woman of the Family, Part III. Faster music, headier wine. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Perfect Track Man. Watch how he runs. Page 20

H. I. PHILLIPS
Everything Under Control. A New Deal in history. Page 21

BURNHAM CARTER
Honeymoon Cruise. Love on a barge. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Bankers Always Say No, by Jerome Barry. Page 24

RAY TUCKER
Chart and Graph Man. A miner who assays political ore. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Our universal reporter. Page 40

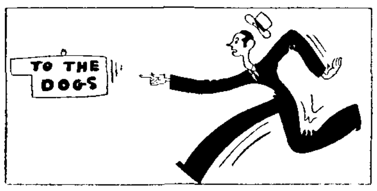
EDITORIAL
Outwitting War. Page 62

●

Any Week

ANYBODY accusing us of being none too bright gets no argument from us. We know, for example, that poverty is the portion of the average farmer. We know, too, that we'd probably be one of the very poorest and most poverty-stricken farmers. Yet with all we've seen and all we know, we have not lost a shred of our lifelong urge toward the land. Guess we're short of sense. But here's a kindred-soul letter from Mr. and Mrs. Glen W. Naves of Spartanburg, South Carolina, where in 1917 an Army major told us that we'd never be much of a soldier either. Say they: "We're a couple of youngsters off the farm. For the past several years we've been in this and that town sharecropping on newspapers. It's a case of printer's ink plumb ruining a couple of otherwise good farmers. But some day we're going back to the woods and fields to live and dig our fingers into the good rich fragrant soil again. And when we do we ain't gonna ask for no farm relief. We'll just hoe our own row."

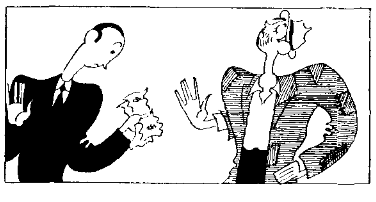
ON WHAT we've always called the other hand, here's Mr. Leland Logue of Denver, Colorado, who is full of what our favorite Chinese philosopher calls "no hope." Having read in this column that a Mrs. B. Wilson of Kansas City, Missouri, refuses to concede that the country has gone to the dogs, he writes: "Please tell her that the country hasn't gone to the dogs because the belated beasts can't catch up with us." But maybe the two identifying words Mr. Logue appends to his signature have something to do with it—"A Republican."



SOMETIMES Mrs. Karl B. Wentling of Terre Haute, Indiana, is inclined to pessimism but "somehow," says she, "I just can't help admiring this government of ours. I don't know how many police there are in the country and I don't know just how far the Dillingers, the Pretty Boy Floyds and the Bonnie Parkers would have gotten or how many there would have been by now if their capture or removal had been left to all those cops. But I do know that a mere handful of young men working for the government have gone out and reduced our midwest banditti to a forlorn two or three who won't be with us long. Somehow I think there's a moral in this somewhere. I leave it to you."

AND we, timid soul that we are, leave it to you. Maybe something of the same thought prompted Miss Eugenia Tuthill of Atlanta, Georgia, to report that she had "heard a great many parents get up in Parent-Teacher Associations and the like and try to pin what they call the deplorable moral plight of our American youth on everything from the movies to crime news in the newspapers. But," she goes on grimly, "I have yet to hear a parent say that she or he was in any way to blame for whatever it may be that is wrong with our youth—if anything. Anything, that is, except their parents."

YOU simply can't satisfy everybody. Here's Mr. W. W. Corkran of Washington, D. C., with proof. Says he: "While out west, I ran across a nasty situation in one of the relief offices. A man who had been getting his dole ever since the place opened, was raising an awful howl because, that week, his money was in old bills and not in nice fresh money hot from the presses. He was threatening to go over to the Republicans."



ABOUT the only thing we know about the town of Angangueo, Michoacan, Mexico, is that if you aren't pretty careful a horse will bite you. They tried to assure us it was nothing but a flea bite but we know better. Anyway we were reminded of it by a letter from Angangueo from Mrs. S. A. Mayer, who assures us that she practically memorizes Collier's.

AND not a bad idea, either, according to Mr. Ben H. Murphey of Santa Clara, California, who begins by congratulating us on "not falling for too much reminiscence stuff." Then he says: "As I see it, most of the stuff most of these guys remember wasn't worth memorizing. Now with you guys it's different. The stuff you print is alive, not like some guys."

GIVING us just room enough to report that somebody in Kansas City sends us a neat little calendar requesting that "In 1935 Remember Alfred Landon for President in 1936." The sender asks us: "How are you coming for Vice President?"

GOSH, do we still have them?

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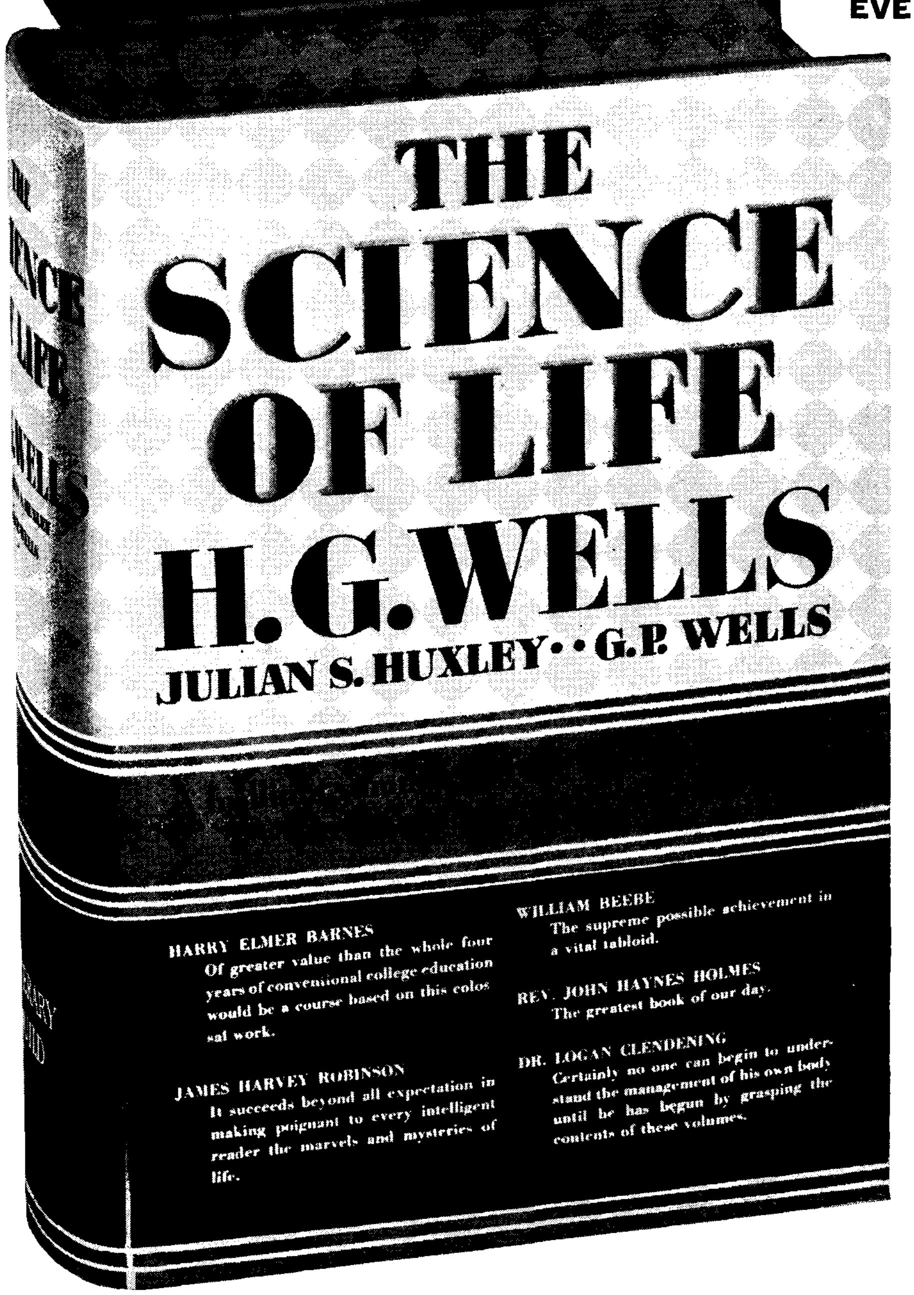
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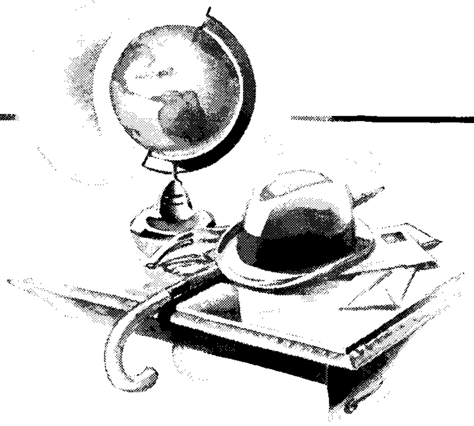

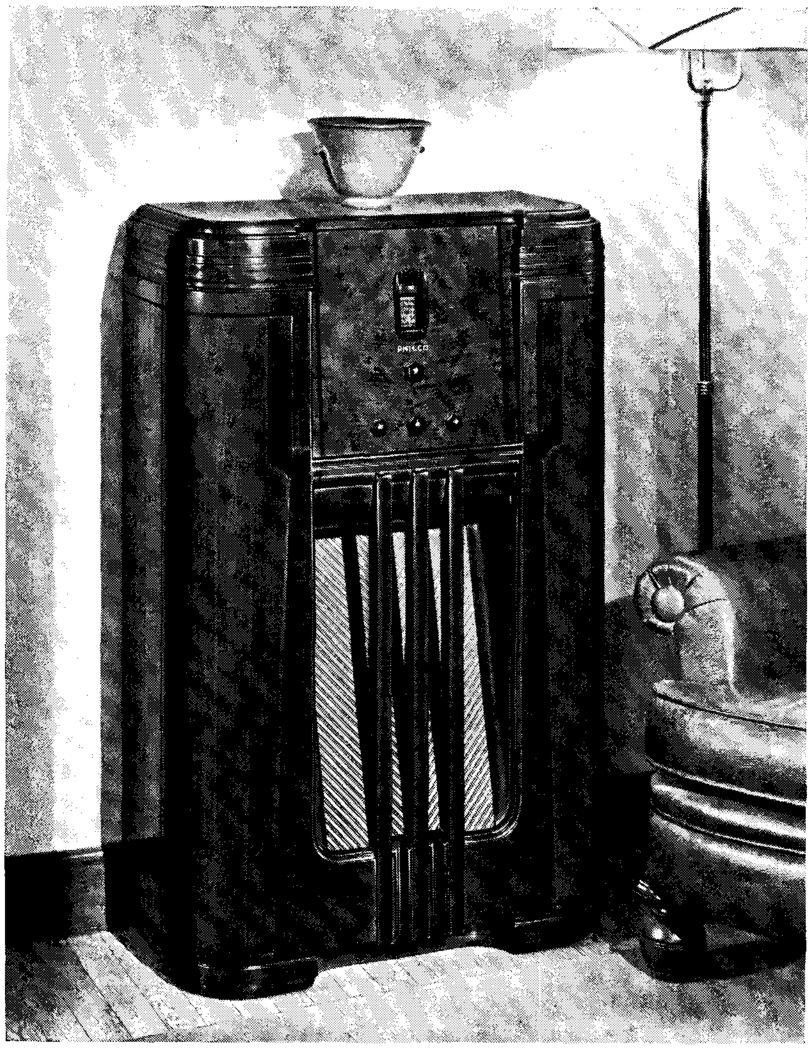

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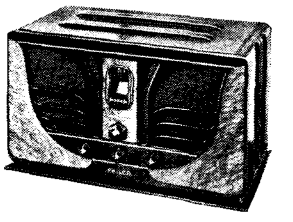

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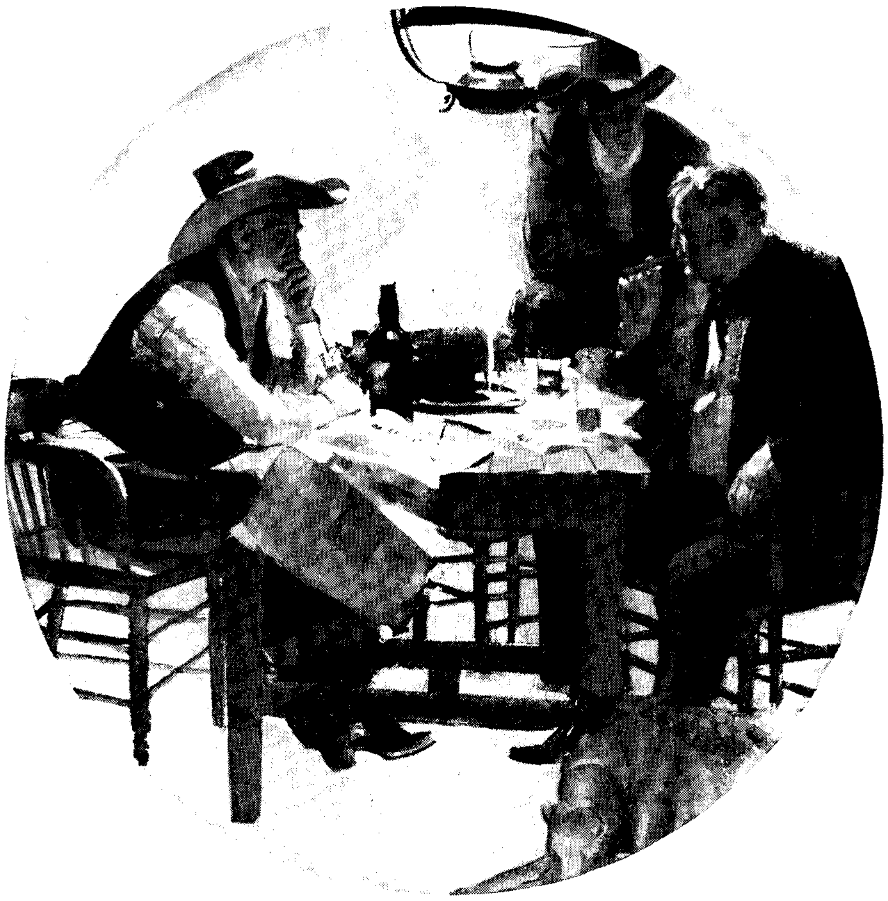
Collier's The National Weekly for January 12, 1935

ALAN LEMAY

Beginning the adventures of Bill Roper, who would not let love come between him and the men who had killed his best friend—a romance of the Southwest when they all wore guns

The Smoky Years



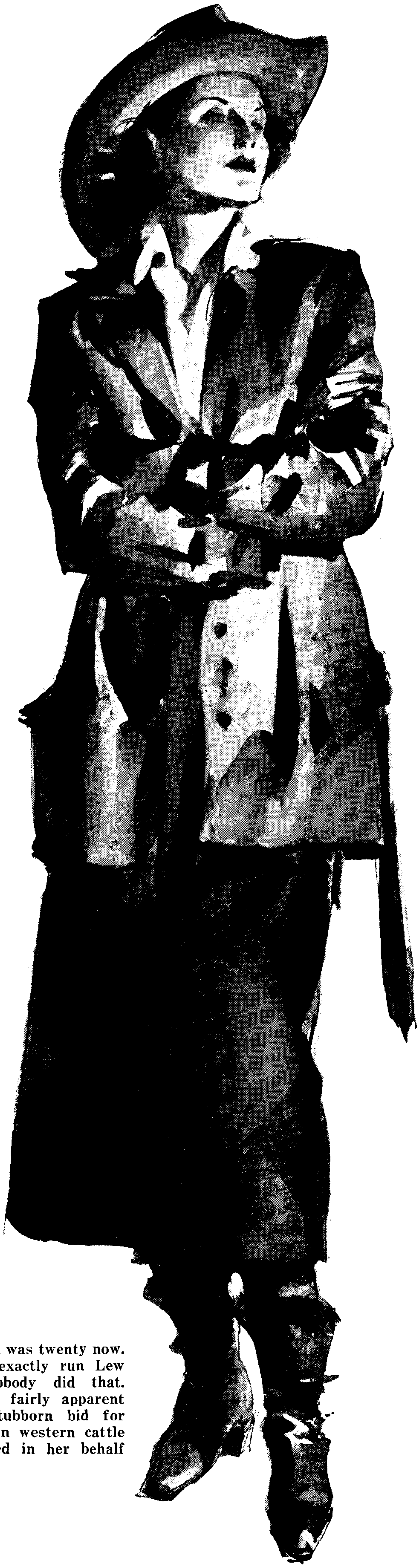
"Dusty," Lew Gordon said, "we've blocked him every way we could." "That's why he'll get you, and me too, in the end," Dusty replied

THIS was the crisis—the climax of all that long war. Here they sat, these men who had fought a common enemy for so long: Dusty King, who, with the hoofs of countless cattle, had carved many a Great Plains trail deep into the short grass; young Bill Roper, who had begun following those trails with Dusty King before he was big enough to hold a horse; and old Lew Gordon, Texas man, whose wild, marketless herds had been the roots of fortune.

Bill Roper got up to stand looking out into the night. Through the open window was coming the smell of spring on the northern plains—a wet, living odor of melted snow and new grass; it brought something keen and enlivening into the room, cutting the smoke of hand-rolled cigarettes. It was as if the night itself knew that history was being made here, among the clutter of worn saddles and ropes in this little shack on the edge of Ogallala.

Dusty King and Lew Gordon constituted King-Gordon, the famous partnership that had developed with the great cattle trails; until now their many brands marked far-scattered herds beyond estimate. They were here because of tomorrow's auction of land leases. Under the hammer would go the grazing rights on the Crying Wolf Indian lands—those miles and miles of stirrup-deep grass that King-Gordon wanted, and that Ben Thorpe had to have.

It was curious that their long war with Ben Thorpe should have met its true climax here; more natural that it should have come in the roar and smoke of six-guns in a dusty street, or in some titanic clash in the cattle market, in which one huge organization or the other would have to go down. But the three in this room understood that the outcome would rest upon what the two older men decided here. Possession of the Crying Wolf meant dominance in the north to King-Gordon, or to Ben



Jody Gordon was twenty now. She didn't exactly run Lew Gordon; nobody did that. But it was fairly apparent that his stubborn bid for supremacy in western cattle was intended in her behalf

Thorpe; there was no longer going to be room for both.

The loose-hung frame of Dusty King slouched at rest, and his blue eyes, that never seemed to grow any older, remained noncommittal. But behind his leathery face—tough and dark from the whip of sun and sleet, and deep-carved with humorous lines—these other two who knew him could see the curious gleam that spoke of war, and delight in war.

He said, "Lew—we're looking down his throat!"

LEW GORDON sat perfectly motionless, solidly braced in his heavy chair; he seemed planted there for all time. His kind and steady gray eyes, his calm, grave face, showed him for exactly what he was—a sane, thoughtful man, in search always of the ways of security, of orderliness, of peace. He remained silent, waiting his partner out.

"This is an old fight, Lew," Dusty King said. "It goes back as far as that first time you backed me with a little herd, to see if I could make it through to Abilene. It's as old as Jesse Chisholm's wagon tracks that marked the trail I took. Don't hardly seem like we better draw back now."

Lew Gordon stirred, swaying his shoulders imperceptibly, like a stubborn bear. "Credit's going to be terrible hard, this coming year," he said at last.

Dusty King seemed to sprawl a little more loosely; he was playing poker in a way of his own. Swaggering, easygoing, spendthrift—he still was a man who believed invincibly in himself. Always he had been in the forefront of those tough, game, Texan trail drivers who had shown the way to the others, over and over making new trails to meet the westward-crawling railhead.

"I passed Ben Thorpe in the road, today," he said. "He was looking mighty prosperous. I bet he weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds now, with his stomach pulled in. But it seemed like he had the look of a man who knows where he's going—and how he's going to get there, too."

"His backing is terrible strong," Lew Gordon said, his eyes on the floor.

NO ONE knew better than Lew Gordon that Dusty King, in tackling the impossible a hundred times, had a hundred times shown the way for the rest. But Gordon remembered too the poverty of the cattle-poor days before any outlet was found for Texas beef. To risk all they had won, in a single slashing stroke at an old enemy, was almost more than Gordon could bear.

"You know why Ben Thorpe's strong," Dusty King said. "And you know how he got his start. Folks say now that nobody knows who the trail raiders were in the cross timbers, or how come so many Texas men left their bones beside the old Sedalia trail. But you know, and I know, I think."

"Nobody could ever prove it on him," Lew Gordon said.

"Just the same, we know. And we know how he went on from there. We know why it is that so many Texas outfits stand in Ben Thorpe's name; and how many different ways he's found to jump down on little lonely Texan cowmen and leave them broke or dead. And we know what's happened to many a little trail-drive outfit that started north, but never brought their cattle through, nor got home."

Lew Gordon stirred again but he didn't speak. Silence clamped down again in that little saddle-cluttered room, and behind it the distant bawling of held cattle made a restive background.

"Every year," Dusty King said, "since we began driving up the big trails, we've locked horns in one way or another with this one gang. I'm not forgetting who started the Red Crick stampede, where Dave and Bob Henry died under piled-up cattle; nor the Tularosa shootings, with four more of my boys dead; nor the adobe ruins where old Dan Murphy's little outfit used to stand. There's some good cowboys under the prairie, Lew."

Gordon said almost inaudibly, "Never could prove anything."

"His herds have grown faster than ours have grown," Dusty King's expressionless voice droned on. "He's as big as we are; he'll be bigger soon. From the Big Bend to the Tetons, he owns more outfits than he knows the names of. He's never run an honest deal where he could run a crooked one, nor a square trick where he could play a mean one; it's a long time since he rode all night with his rifle in his hands, but if he isn't stopped—there's plenty he can hire to do his dark-of-the-moon stuff now."

"Dusty," Lew Gordon said, "we've blocked him every way we could."

"That's why he'll get you, and me too, in the end."

AGAIN the silence closed, with behind it the perpetual bawling of the cattle, far off in the spring night.

Dusty King said casually, "Cleve Tanner's here."

Bill Roper saw Lew Gordon's eyes flick up to look at Dusty King. "Cleve Tanner?"

"Here in Ogallala."

"What's the meaning of that?"

"Cleve and Walk Lasham are the only two of Ben Thorpe's men that raided the cross timbers with him in the old days; the only two he can really trust, now."

"It's natural that Walk Lasham should be here," Lew Gordon conceded; "but Cleve Tanner, all the way up from the Big Bend—"

"Shows you," Dusty King said, "what store they set on the Crying Wolf lands. Ben Thorpe is sold mighty deep into next year's deliveries. Already he's committed for more northern-fed cattle than he can show—unless he can get the Crying Wolf."

Slowly Lew Gordon got a frayed tally book out of his back pocket, put on a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. They looked out of place on Gordon's weathered face. Nobody knew whether those glasses did Lew Gordon any good or not. Certainly every figure in the tally was already clear in his head. But when the time came for slow deliberation, Lew Gordon always got out the glasses and the book. Dusty King watched ironically and let him alone. Here was the old story—Gordon always thinking of the defense, Dusty King always head-up for the attack.

"The survey—" Lew Gordon's voice was curiously bewildered—"it's hard to believe there's any land as good as this."

Their private survey had been made by Bill Roper; it represented weeks of hard riding, and shrewd calculation of the strength and depth of the feed upon the surface of the broken land.

"Mr. Gordon," Bill Roper said, "I've been over every mile of—"

Dusty King said, "Sit down, kid."

"This isn't Texas, Lew."

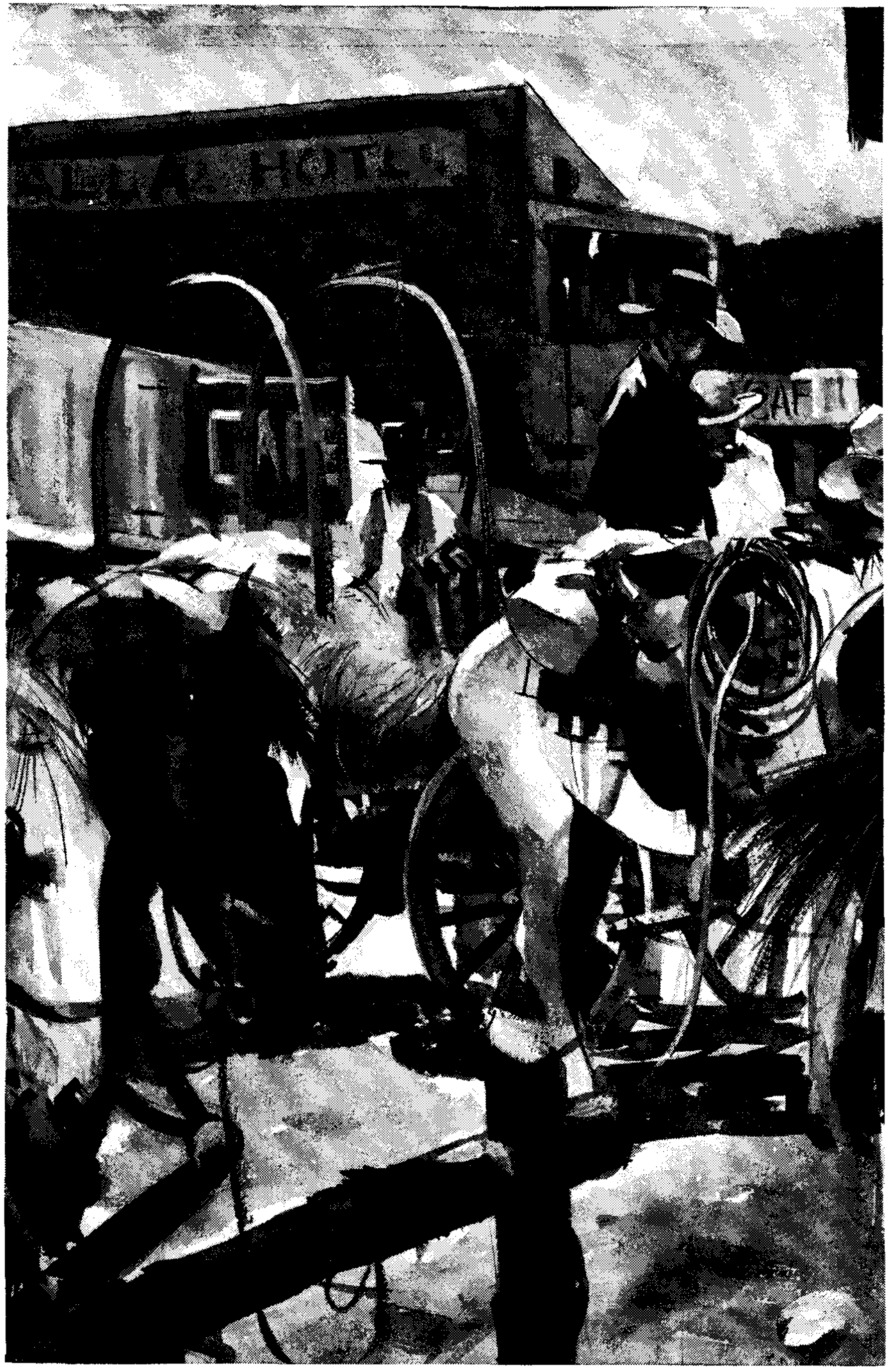
They were silent again, waiting to hear what Lew Gordon would decide.

"I figure we might pay as high as thirty cents to the acre," Gordon said, "by the year's lease."

A flicker like that of heat lightning showed for a moment behind Dusty King's eyes; but his voice was low and monotonous as before. "Thirty cents be damned," he said.

Lew Gordon looked at him for a long time. "How deep you figure to go?"

"Get the land," Dusty King said.



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GANNAM

"Ben Thorpe is liable to go crazy and bid his head off."

"We're looking down his throat," King said for the second time. "The least the deputy commissioner can accept is drafts on Kansas City. Ben Thorpe hasn't realized the value of the land. We'll catch him short and force him off the board."

"At what cost to ourselves?" Gordon demanded.

"At all costs."

SLOWLY Lew Gordon shook his head. "Maybe thirty-five cents an acre—"

Dusty King's voice rose explosively for the first time. "Thirty-five cents," he echoed—"or fifty cents, or seventy-five, or a dollar! Get the land!"

"That's plain, downright ruin!"

"Maybe. Get the land! I tell you, this is the turning point!"

"Even," Gordon said, dropping his voice again, "even if—"

"At all costs!"

Lew Gordon stared at Dusty King for a long time. For a few moments it seemed to Roper that a curious gleam had come up behind Gordon's eyes; but as he watched he saw it die. He saw Gordon blow out his breath, and settle his eyes stubbornly on the floor once more. He knew as Gordon opened his mouth what the old Texan would say.

But Dusty King cut in as Gordon was about to speak. "I'm thinking about the boys that are dead," he said.

"It won't help them if we break ourselves now."

"I'm thinking of something else," King said. "I'm thinking of a river crossing on the old Sedalia trail. I'm thinking of a dead Negro cook, spread out on his back in the brush. And I'm thinking of a dead white man, face down in the ashes of his wagon. I'm thinking—I'm thinking of a pinto horse."

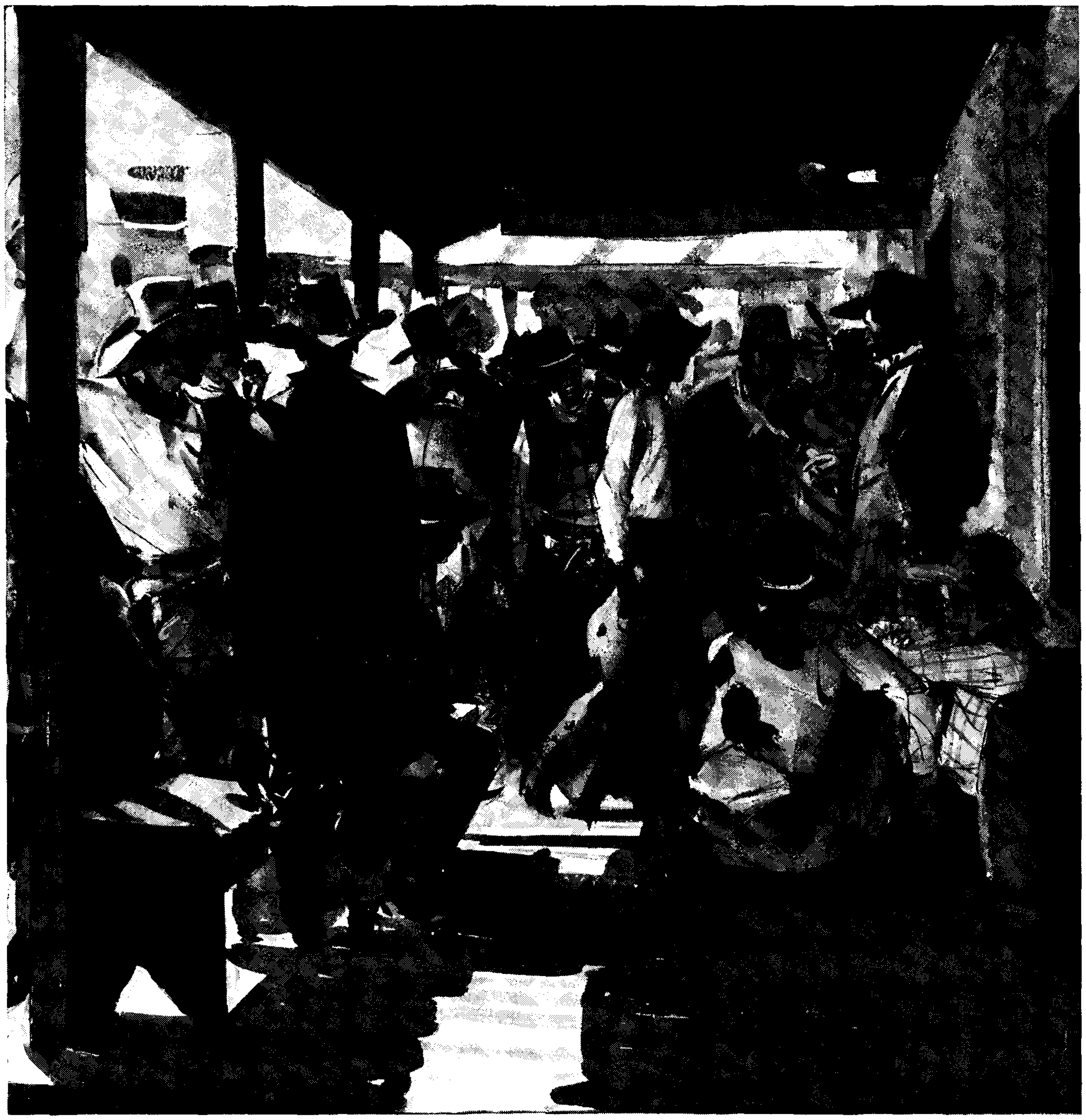
Looking at the two older men, Bill Roper knew that something queer was happening here under the spring night. The future of a range was at its turn, but behind that something else was changing, hidden. It was past him, then, to know what it was. Dusty King's face was smiling a little, but his eyes had turned to sleepy, tilted slits, so that what was behind them could not be seen.

Lew Gordon sighed, and he looked like a man who was weary and old. His big hands, gnarled by the years of rope and rein, dangled slack from the arms of his chair.

"You want that land," Gordon said, "even if—"

"At all costs," Dusty King said again.

Gordon looked his partner in the eyes. "Go in and bid!"



Here the sidewalk and half the street were filled with knotted groups. Through this crowd Dusty King and Bill Roper waded

Swinging down the board walks of Ogallala in the cool spring sunlight, Dusty King and Bill Roper looked a whole lot alike. The more than twenty years' difference in their ages had not changed Dusty King's loose-jointed swagger, the rakish cock of his old soft hat, nor the crackling ring of the spurs he was believed to sleep in. The trail years had leathered his face, but they could not diminish his gay exuberance; just as prosperity was unable to take from him the look of the trail. Whatever Dusty King wore, he always appeared to be wearing disreputable saddle clothes.

Perhaps young Bill Roper had picked up a lot of Dusty King's characteristics in the course of an association that had lasted almost as long as Bill Roper's life. Literally raised a cattle driver by Dusty King, Bill Roper, too, bore the marks of the trail, so that the two men seemed to have been cast in the same mold.

EVERYBODY who knew King-Gordon at all knew the story of Bill Roper and Dusty King. Fifteen years ago, at the age of five, Bill Roper had been found hiding in the brush, like a little rabbit, beside a wrecked outfit on the old trail to Sedalia. It was Dusty King who had found him there; and it was Dusty King who had buried the bullet-shattered body of Bill's father beside that God-forsaken trail.

In the fifteen years since then, Bill Roper had learned guns and horses and cattle, and the tricks of the trail as only Dusty King knew them. He had been able to read prairie signs before he could read print, and if it had not been for tomato-can labels, perhaps would never have learned to read print at all. Everything he knew he had learned with Dusty King. There was every reason that he should have grown to look something like the great trail driver who had brought him up.

Now, as they made their way down the muddy street, before the false-fronted wooden buildings, half the cowmen that thronged Ogallala hailed Dusty King with comradeship and delight; so that his progress was that of a celebrated character, already famous. The other half—they were Ben Thorpe men—seemed not to see him at all. It was hard to tell which tickled Dusty King more—the warmth of his many friends, or the bitterness of his innumerable enemies.

The bidding for the Crying Wolf lands was being held in a disused store, and here the sidewalk and half the street were filled with knotted groups. Through this crowd Dusty King and Bill Roper waded, Dusty trying to look like something bewildered, from the tall country.

WITHIN, the crowd of plains-country men—bronzed men, saddle-faced men, sometimes bearded men—gave way as they shouldered through to the back.

"Is this the place," King asked, "where the feller is selling the horse?"

The deputy commissioner took his feet off his table. "This sale was supposed to start at two o'clock," he complained.

A little tribute, there. The commissioner—perhaps already in Ben Thorpe's pay—hardly dared start an important sale in the absence of this slouching, nondescript-looking representative of King-Gordon.

"No word has come from your partner at all," the commissioner said.

"He ain't coming."

Three men who sat in chairs grouped around one end of the table looked at each other. They ignored King and Roper, as hostile dogs ignore an enemy of whom they are yet keenly aware.

The big man in the light-colored hat was Ben Thorpe—*the* Ben Thorpe, whose far-scattered holdings perhaps already exceeded those of King-Gordon. Ben Thorpe, who, some thought, first learned his tactics with Quantrell's guerrillas, and got his start with those same tactics in the dark, ugly days of the cross timbers. As he sat here today he was no longer the lean night rider, the watchful raider he once had been. Thick-shouldered now, heavy-bodied, he was today more than ever a power feared in the cattle country—still unscrupulous, still menacing, but now of a different sort: a power of wealth of organization, and of bought-up law.

Thorpe's face was big and mask-like, with eyes heavy-lidded, sleepy looking. The black suit he wore was well cut; both collar and shirt were freshly starched. Only the thickness of the skin of his face, laid now in rounded folds, attested his saddle years. He had a way of speaking softly, of moving softly, with a deceptive inertia.

Beside him, the tall man, lean and narrow-bodied as a slat, was Cleve Tanner; a hawk-faced man, keen-eyed, so cleanly shaven that the tight skin of his jaws seemed to shine. Cleve Tanner was manager of Ben Thorpe's Texas holdings, the breeding grounds from which Thorpe's whole organization drew its strength.

The other, the man who seemed uncommonly dark, even among these sun-darkened men, was Walk Lasham. Some thought Walk Lasham had more than a little Indian blood, but his exact origin was unknown. Those who thought they knew all about it claimed that Walk Lasham, like Cleve Tanner, had ridden with Ben Thorpe in the bloody days of the cross timbers. He was Ben Thorpe's manager in the north, now; under his poker-faced watchfulness lay Ben Thorpe's northern holdings, the feeding grounds now necessary to any wide operation in the cattle trade.

"Seems like," said Ben Thorpe, "we've waited long enough."

THE deputy commissioner said, "If Mr. Gordon isn't coming, I suppose we might as well begin." He raised his voice. "This," he said, "is a federal auction, to place by public bidding certain lands in the charge of the Indian Department, by the authority of the Secretary of the Interior and the President of the United States; namely, certain lands. . . ."

He droned through his preamble perfunctorily; everyone in the crowd knew exactly what was involved. Something more than land was here changing hands. To hold the Crying Wolf would mean all but supremacy in the north. But this thing was bigger than that. The two organizations which here clashed again were the great powers of the trails; behind each of them were whole counties of Texas mesquite grass plains, great areas of the middle short-grass country, scores of outfits. The struggle between them had developed with the Chisholm trail itself—a decade-long combat between men of diametrically opposed principles and methods. And now—

"This land," the deputy commissioner concluded, "is thrown into blocks. I think, gentlemen, you are already familiar with the placement of the lands. Block 1 includes, as previously agreed, an estimated one hundred sections, or sixty-four thousand acres, known hereinafter as 'Block 1'; bounded on the north by—"

Cleve Tanner leaned close to Ben Thorpe, whispered, and Thorpe nodded.

"I shouldn't think," said the deputy commissioner, "we need hear any bid of less than ten cents per year, per acre."

"I'll take an acre and a half," said King.

Thorpe looked impatient. "Two bits an acre," said Thorpe.

"I'm bid twenty-five cents per year per acre on the hundred sections of Block 1," the deputy commissioner translated.

(Continued on page 50)

Piping Hot

Your geography will inform you that East Texas is the largest oil field in the world, but it probably won't tell you a thing about the official graft, bribery, violence and other corrupt practices extant there—all parading under the banner of "states' rights." Mr. White, a native Texan, makes some startling revelations about his home state

By Owen P. White

I MET him at Kilgore in the East Texas oil fields. He was a big, swarthy man with a happy disposition, apparently no conscience and an amazing frankness. "Why, sure," he said, "I'm running hot oil. Plenty of it. I've got a hundred thousand barrels in storage above ground right now and I'll move every drop of it."

He continued talking. He told me a great deal about crookedness and corruption in connection with the control of the East Texas oil field; asserted that he could prove that one state official had made at least a million dollars in graft and then, returning to a discussion of his own achievements, he added this: "And when I found that I had to do it I lined up sixteen state senators at five hundred dollars apiece to kill House Bill 99. And believe me," he concluded, "I never pay 'em until they deliver the goods."

This man's statement may or may not be true. The goods, however, were delivered, and House Bill 99, which would have greatly embarrassed the hot-oil gang by creating a criminal district court in the heart of the East Texas oil field, was killed by the Texas Senate to the end that law enforcement, in the most lawless section of the United States, is still so primitive that it is no more than a misdemeanor—with a twenty-five-dollar fine attached—for a man to dynamite his neighbor's pipe-line or blow up his refinery.

Shortly after this eminent Texan had departed, another, of a totally different type, dropped in. This man was a short, heavy-set fellow who wore a big hat and packed a big gun which, before we had been talking five minutes, he had pulled out and handed over for my admiration, saying: "The toughest thing about handlin' the job that I been on around here is that every time I knock some feller's ears down with that six-shooter I then got to go to work and clean the blood and hair off it. 'Cause blood, you know, rusts a gun up something awful."

This man's job, as a "Special Texas Ranger," had been to keep undesirable persons, such as state oil inspectors and federal investigators, off the land of one of the major oil companies, and—"Were you able to do it?" I asked. "Well," he answered with a grin, "none of 'em ever came back for more. I never had to work any of 'em over a second time."

After that my informant drew me a chart showing how, by using fake valves and storage tanks with concealed outlets, the major company for which he had worked had cheated on hot-oil runs. He even said that if I wanted to go with him right then he'd show me within twenty minutes two ten-inch by-passes running out of two ten-thousand-gallon tanks.

But perhaps, now that the idea that the atmosphere of the East Texas oil field is tainted with bribery, thuggery, official dishonesty and cheating by everybody has been broadly hinted at, all in connection with the hot-oil game, we had better explain what hot oil really is.

Hot oil is oil produced in *excess* of the daily amount which the federal government, in its effort to conserve a national resource by balancing production against demand, has allotted to each one of the oil-producing states as the quantity which it can *legally* send out into interstate commerce.

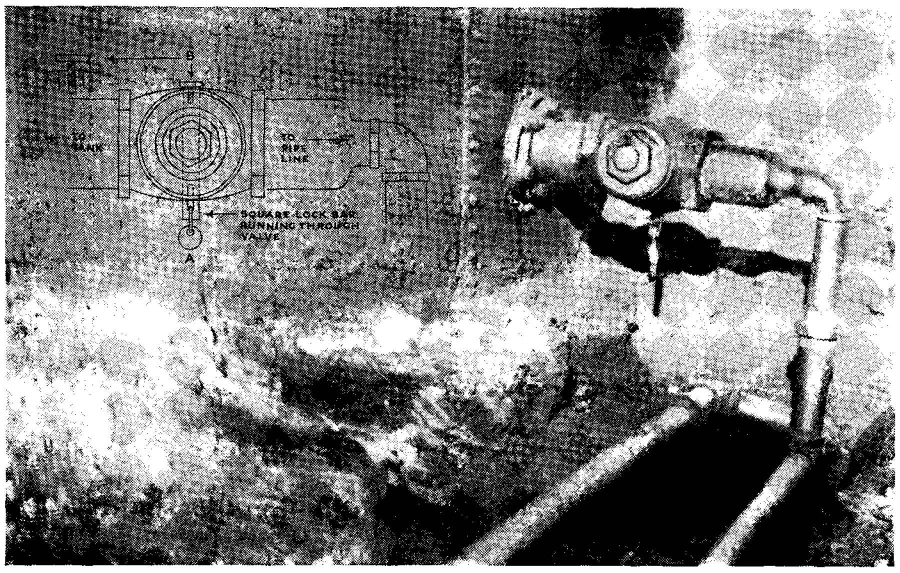
A Reckless Program of Waste

This proposition sounds simple but it isn't, because, although Secretary Ickes is the Administrator of the Oil Code, he has no authority to enter a state for the purpose of controlling excess production. All he can do is guard the border lines to try to prevent illegally produced oil from crossing them, thus leaving it up to the states themselves either to obey or not to obey his allotment orders. All of the states, except one, are trying to conserve their oil, obey the federal government and cooperate with it. Texas isn't trying, and, according to what the newly elected governor told this writer, it has no intention of doing so if it can help it. He said that he was unalterably opposed to any federal interference with the oil business in Texas, and to enforce his remarks he took from his desk drawer a copy of the Democratic state platform on which he had been elected and he marked therein a paragraph which reads as follows:

"We oppose the abdication or surrender of the state's power to control its natural resources. We likewise oppose any federal encroachment upon the exclusive power of this state to control the production of oil and gas. We oppose any plan that results in the arbitrary, compulsory unitization of oil fields."

That's enough. Texas is bound. In utter disregard of the fact that oil is an irreplaceable resource, necessary for national defense, and that we are today consuming more than we are discovering in new fields, thereby dipping heavily into our reserves, Texas, concealing its real motive, which is to run hot oil and make money behind a hypocritical wail about "states' rights," is now pledged to carry on with the most reckless program of waste, coupled with political chicanery and law evasion, that this country, or any other perhaps, has ever seen.

The top pipe, a by-pass, taps the neck of a legally-closed well through a concealed underground connection



This trick valve, through which "hot" oil is flowing, is apparently closed and sealed (A). The lock-bar top (B) has been unscrewed, the bar dropped, the valve opened and the bar, with seal intact has been replaced

But let's introduce a few particulars. Texas, of course, has its own law for the restriction of production. But it doesn't restrict. It was not intended to. On the contrary it is obvious that its intent was to produce revenue for the state. It does—here's how it works. All oil wells in Texas—and there are sixteen thousand in the East Texas field alone—have their "allowable," which means, for instance, that a well with a potential capacity of, say, eight thousand barrels a day can *legally* produce only one hundred barrels.

Clearly that is quite a hardship on the owner of that well but the state fixes it for him by saying that if he really wants to violate the law by running wide open he can do so by paying a penalty of one thousand dollars a day.

That's easy. By paying a thousand-dollar fine our well-owner can bring to the surface and put in storage eight thousand dollars' worth of oil, at which point the state again comes to his aid by asserting, through its courts and its attorney general, that all oil upon which the fine has been paid has thereby become blessed. In other words, it is legal and therefore the State Railroad Commission, which also has control of production, *must* accept it for transportation in interstate commerce. That's about all the hot-oil boys are after, because, through practical experience, they have found that once they get their oil moving, either in tank cars, trucks or via pipe-line, it won't be long until they get it out of the state. In the meanwhile the state of Texas, virtually a partner in this illegal traffic, is not doing so badly, as is indicated by the fact that within the week in which this article was written it collected $84,000 in fines in *one day*.

Suppose, however, a hot-oil runner doesn't want to split with the state by paying the penalty, how then does he operate? Again it's easy, and again, in the end, Texas comes to the rescue of the law violator. I have already spoken of fake valves, blind tanks and by-passes. These are all essential parts of the no-partnership system. By the same token so are some of the state oil inspectors. These men, I was told, whose duty it is to inspect operations and gauge oil tanks, draw a salary of $112 a month from the state for so doing. In addition to this sum, so I was reliably informed, their charge against well-owners whose tanks they *do not* tamper with and whose operations they *do not* supervise is twenty-five dollars a day.

Now watch and see what happens. One of the hot-oil boys, either by mechanical devices, or by paying off the inspector, has managed to get ten thousand barrels of actually illegal oil in storage and has gotten caught with it. Does he worry? Not a bit. The courts are his friends. Perhaps they've been fixed. I would hesitate to say that they haven't because, right in the face of a hot-oil traffic which amounts to at least one hundred thousand barrels a day, they have established the ridiculous doctrine that all oil above ground, having been produced under the supposed supervision of the Texas Railroad Commission, is presumed to be legal until it is proved to be illegal.

Therein lies the joker. You can't prove anything regarding the identity of oil. It all looks, tastes and smells exactly alike. Furthermore, there are *thirty-three thousand storage tanks* in the East Texas field into which and out of which the stuff comes and goes every day and consequently how could it be possible to demonstrate that this is a barrel of legal oil whereas that one is not? Obviously it can't be done and so all that the hot-oil man's lawyer has to do is locate a reasonable judge, step into his courtroom and ask for an order compelling the State Railroad Commission to accept his client's oil for shipment.

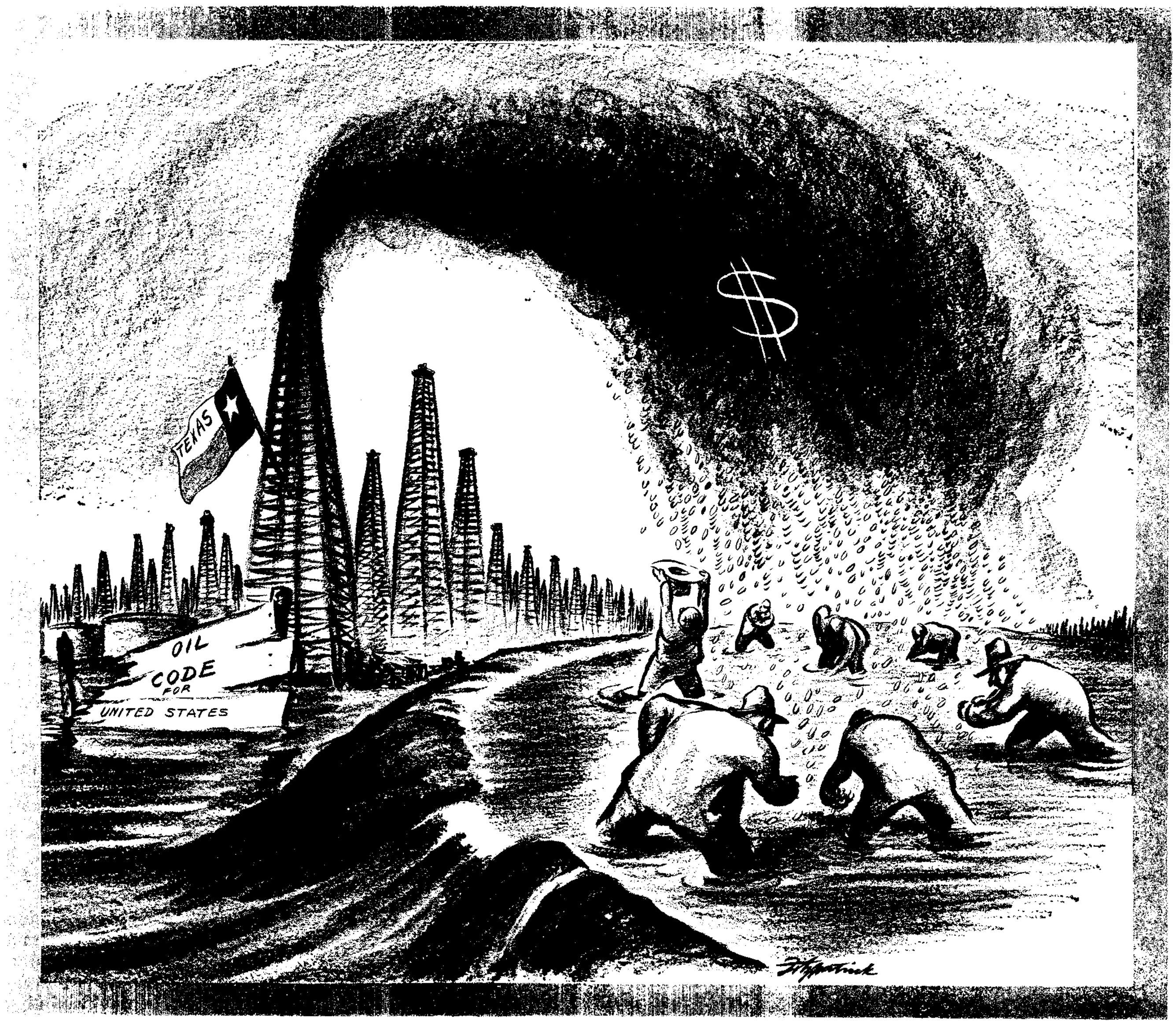
Oil Field Insanity

Clearly then, from the governor of the state on down to the hot-oil runners themselves, the attitude of the Texans toward a system of controlled production that would conserve oil is one of antagonism. Why? Cash is the answer: plenty of cash. Having under their control in the East Texas field the largest aggregation of wealth that was ever discovered at one spot on this planet, the Texans, for the past few years, have been stepping out high, wide and handsome in their effort to squander it. They've succeeded nobly. Due to an insane drilling program, indulged in by both the major and the independent oil operators, who were each trying to steal the other's oil—and are still doing so—it is probably safe to say that *two billion* barrels of oil which could have been recovered by scientific methods have been lost to this country forever.

The same general condition prevails in regard to natural gas in Texas. Even as East Texas contains the largest oil field in the world so does the Panhandle contain the largest reservoirs of natural gas, and by the same token even as the one is being wasted so is the other. Here, in a nutshell, is the story of gas. For the sake of producing a mere ten thousand dollars' worth of gasoline the casing-head refineries in the Panhandle waste the equivalent, in natural gas, of $170,068 worth of crude oil. Or, put it this way: Every day in the year, out there in the Texas Panhandle, and with the consent and knowledge of the state, *one billion* cubic feet of gas, *capable of producing 4.2 times as much horse power as the great Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals will produce when completed, is blown into the air and thrown away!* The above are all facts, and yet the governor, the Railroad Commission, the legislature, the judges and the representatives of the state of Texas in the national Congress say that the people of the United States, through their Secretary of the Interior, have no right to interfere.

The federal government naturally takes the contrary position, holding that our oil and gas resources belong to the nation and that *all* the people have the right to keep a *few* people from wasting them. The federal government is trying to prevent waste, and is succeeding everywhere except in Texas.

There's the rub. The oil and gas resources of Texas are as great, almost, as those of all the rest of the country put together, and consequently until it falls into line, by honestly enforcing its own laws instead of encouraging their violation for a profit, it stands as a constant menace.



Texas, by its opposition to "federal encroachment" in the oil fields, recklessly squanders the nation's resources

But Texas Doesn't Care

Through the activities of its bootleggers who handle the illegal oil which its courts have blessed, Texas keeps the entire oil industry in such a state of turmoil and uncertainty that no man in it, not even the president of the great Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, can go to bed tonight feeling sure of what he will wake up to tomorrow. If while he has slept East Texas has yanked the bridle off and gone wild, his business will be wrecked. So will that of some three hundred thousand individual producers whose wells are on pump in old fields and are providing us with our very highest grades of lubricating oils. These little fellows cannot stand the cheap competition that Texas thrusts upon them.

But does Texas care? It doesn't. So long as it can sweeten its treasury with fines, so long as its vote-seeking officials can fraternize with and mollify the hot-oil gang, and so long as its legislators can continue to attend the parties given by the oil lobbyists who literally infest the capital every time the legislature meets, Texas doesn't give a whoop as to what happens to the oil resources of the rest of the United States.

To assume, however, that the oily influence of Texas oil has been felt only within the limits of the state itself would be a grave mistake. Oil is a national resource. It therefore exerts a national influence, and hence if we really want to see Texans performing at their best we must now, even at the risk of providing a few eminent gentlemen with a few moments of uncomfortable reading, take a look at a few things that have happened in Washington and elsewhere since the code for fair competition in the oil game went into effect. At the outset of that part of the discussion it must be understood that the oil code is different from all the other codes in that it has two missions to fulfill. Its first mission, of course, based upon the recovery theory of the NIRA, is to pull the oil industry out of the hole that the depression dug for it, while its second rests upon the idea of conservation of a natural resource.

Clearly these two purposes must, at times, conflict with each other, but nevertheless, and despite the statements of certain individuals in the hot-oil game who damn the Oil Administration and assert that the Administrator should be boiled in some of their product, a careful examination of statistics shows that Secretary Ickes has been highly successful in executing the first half of his double-barreled job. Many oil companies which had not done so for several years are now paying dividends; others are increasing theirs; royalty owners are drawing down approximately thirty per cent more than they have for several years; twenty-five per cent more men are employed today than during the year preceding the adoption of the code; their wages are about twenty per cent higher and their hours much shorter.

History of an Oil Bill

As Oil Administrator, Secretary Ickes has accomplished these things and is in no wise ashamed of his record. However, as he frankly stated to this writer, he could have accomplished much more, especially in connection with the second part of the job, if it had not been for the fact that the Texas delegation had deliberately killed the oil bill that he and the President had both asked to have passed.

But how, some curious reader may ask, could the Texas delegation in the national Congress consistently oppose the present Democratic Administration? They couldn't, that is, not consistently they couldn't, but when any man, or group of men, attempts to serve two masters it is inevitable that sooner or later one or the other of those masters is going to get double-crossed. It happened that way during the last Congress, and when the mists that enshrouded the developments that led to the demise of the Thomas-Disney bill had been blown away it was only too apparent that the hot-oil gang of Texas, aided and abetted by their representatives in both houses of the national Congress, had won out against President Roosevelt.

Here are the outstanding facts in the matter: The Thomas-Disney bill contained two main features. One would have given the Secretary of the Interior power to determine the "allowables" for each state and to prevent shipment of excess oil from any state into interstate commerce. Then, if that didn't work, the other section of the bill gave him authority to go into the state and determine the amount which any individual well or pool could produce. The last part of this bill was what hurt the Texas hot-oil boys. They didn't mind the first part because with the assistance of their state courts they already knew how to violate it with impunity. But the second section was tough. If it

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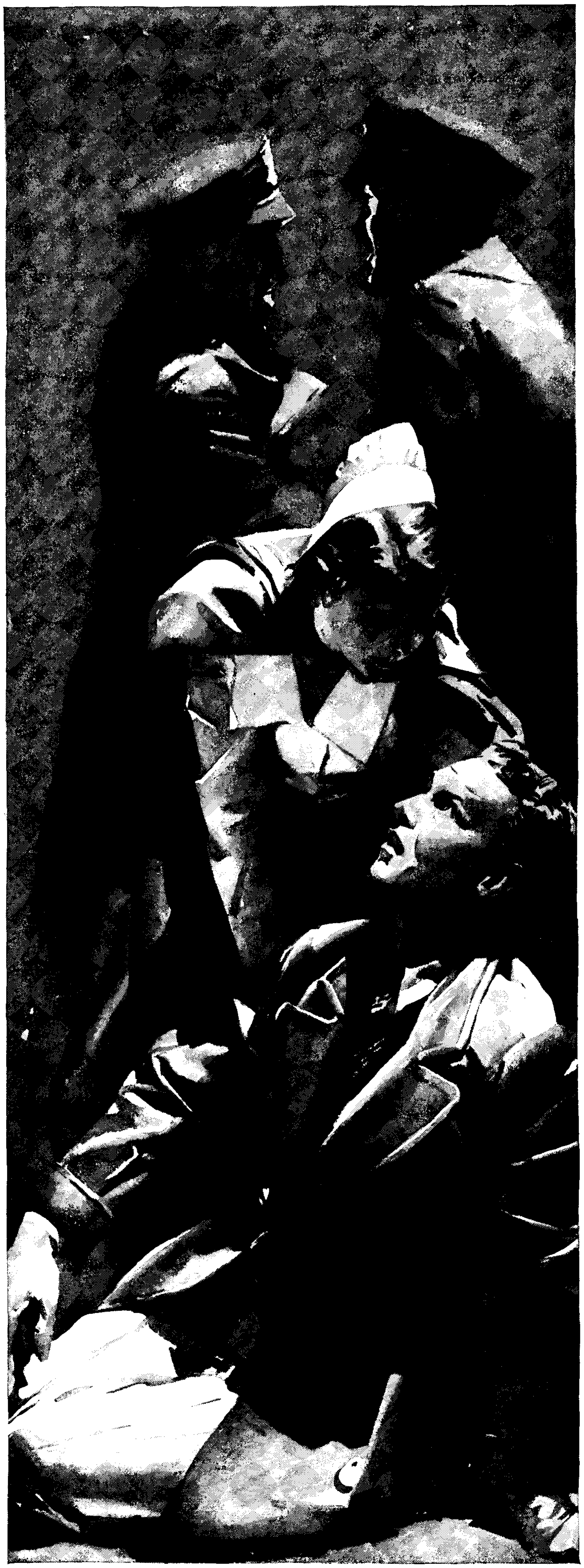


He found that Helena's arms were helping him to rise

The Double Lotus

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Young Dr. Andrews takes a nurse to Chinatown—a hospital melodrama as sinuous and exciting as a tong leader's trail

IT WAS half past five, and a dark morning. Heavy fog hung over Chinatown, and over the commanding pillared pile of the hospital atop the hill overlooking bay and Gate.

Helena Coleman, on night duty in Emergency B, heard the indicator rap out her call, followed by that of the newest of the surgical internes. If Dr. Evans, on ambulance duty, wanted help, something certainly must have happened. She thought, as she ran for the elevator, cape over her arm, "I'd like to see a little excitement."

Inside the elevator, Dr. Andrews was struggling with shirt, collar and necktie. Helena, stepping in, said, "Good morning, doctor. What's the call? D'you know? Here . . . let me. . . ."

She had to stand on tiptoe to bring the loop into place; she would have liked it better if the big surgical interne had told her gruffly to get away. When the door clanged open at the basement ambulance room, Dr. Evans demanded, "Is it love, Coleman, or didn't they teach Dr. Andrews how to tie knots in Shanghai?"

Helena saw that Evans was both amused and very pleased with himself. Experience made her say, "Aren't you coming, doctor?"

"Me?" asked Dr. Evans. "No, darling. You look sweet this morning. Dr. Andrews and I have swapped jobs. He'll certify that the stiff in Chinatown is dead, and I'll catch up on sleep. Very fair, says I."

The ambulance engine was humming; Helena glanced up at Andrews with such curiosity that the surgical interne explained, "Dr. Evans thought I might be of use this morning because I speak Chinese—"

"I wouldn't let anyone get me out of bed on a morning like this," the nurse said. "And then go around and boast about it."

Dr. Evans showed his surprise, but he said, "Do I ever tell, darling?"

WHEN the ambulance slid down the runway, Helena, on her narrow seat inside, spoke with candor. "Why didn't you refuse, doctor? Or d'you believe in turning the other cheek?" She should have been admiring Larry Evans' sagacity, which was of a piece with his good looks. For the first time, perhaps because of the grayness of the morning after her night on duty, she was questioning even that.

Andrews realized that the hospital knew about his father in China, but there was no reason to explain to this girl that the older man was a medical missionary. Steadying himself as the ambulance gathered speed, he thought, "I wonder if she knows how lonesome a fellow can be when he doesn't know anyone? Why'd she speak up for me? I've seen Evans with his arm around her. . . ."

Helena pulled her cape closer. "Everyone'll pass you their rotten jobs now," she said.

"I don't mind," Bill Andrews told her, and was silent.

At last the ambulance stopped. New bag in hand, Bill stepped out, with the nurse behind him. "Got him in the chest, they did," he heard. "Maybe he ain't dead. He's still warm."

There was no blood on the pavement of the dark, deserted alley. While Andrews began his examination, his ears were attuned to sounds; the mechanical whisper of the idling motor, the patrolman's breathing as he held a flash over the chest Bill had exposed, the crackle of Helena's uniform as she moved to assist. The Chinese was dead. The bullet had passed between the ribs, finding the heart.

"He's dead, all right," Carrigan remarked. "Mind waitin' while I put in a call for th' wagon, doc?"

WHEN the officer had marched into the fog toward a call-box, Helena said, "I hoped when we came out tonight that . . . oh, we'd see something. Something exciting."

Dr. Andrews looked at her; she seemed all lovely eyes above the blue cape. He said, "I know how you feel. This interneship is my fling, too. I go back to China when it's over. I wish we'd found something other than a murdered coolie."

Helena retreated into her nurse's shell. "He might've been a merchant prince, with his clothes changed—"

"His forefingers are too rough." He bent, and lifted one of the dead hands. "See? He's a coolie." Sharply, he thought aloud: "Funny. His hand is warm. Warmer than it was."

"Or your hands are colder," Helena said practically. "If you certify him as dead and he isn't, it won't be funny."

Andrews began a series of quick tests, which, in view of the wound, it had seemed ridiculous to make before. There was not the slightest bedewing of his watch crystal. He tried the finger-ligature test, finding it negative. Lastly he pressed down on the finger nails, first of the hand he was holding, then the other, the left hand. As he pressed the forefinger, a tiny bit of rice paper was forced from under the nail, no larger than the cross-section of a cigarette. He was far too intent on his task to notice this, but the nurse, watching also, stooped and picked it from the wet pavement where, falling, it had stuck.

Carrigan's voice boomed down her question with, "He'd better be dead, doc, because I sent for th' wagon."

"He is. I was just making positive."

"This was under his fingernail," Helena broke in.

The officer announced, "Chinese writin'. You just thought he had it, miss. It must've been on th' sidewalk all th' time. I remember a case where—"

"It says, 'The double lotus,' " translated Bill.

"You tryin' to say you read Chinese?" When Bill nodded, Carrigan grunted, "Well, read it off like it sounds in Chinese, and"—report book out—"I can turn it in an' save th' sarge trouble."

Helena was looking at him; it was very quiet. Bill's voice rose distinctly, that the officer might set down the unfamiliar sounds on paper. He said the two words and, without warning, without noise of the opening of some shutter, a shot roared loud in the narrow alley.

Carrigan yelled, "What th'—"

Shoving the girl behind him Bill began to crackle out in Cantonese, questioning the invisible assailant. The answer came, short, ugly and defiant. Andrews snapped, "*Kam fan yan ko' ni* . . . if you had hit us, it would have been murder."

"Drop the paper to the earth," the hidden voice ordered. "Depart. Otherwise, you will all go on a longer journey."

Bill could feel Helena's excited hand on his arm, could hear her quick breath. He almost grinned as he retorted, "Only assassins fire from concealment. What harm is there in two written words?"

The yellow circle of Carrigan's torch peered through the fog, searching out the blank, shuttered windows one after another like a god's eye; the patrolman whispered, "Keep talkin', doc. I'll spot 'em. No danger. Just tryin' to scare us . . . *ahhh!*" Into his cry of pain was mingled the girl's startled exclamation. Bill felt the weight of the officer's stricken body as he fell against him. He turned, pushing Helena aside, and, striking out, smashed an advancing Chinese under a raised stabbing arm. A knife clattered to the pavement. Then someone smashed him over the head and he went down.

HE HEARD, or thought he heard, the report of a gun; head clearing, he found he could come to his feet, and that Helena's arms were helping him to rise. Carrigan was saying to a fellow bluecoat, "That's the fastest ride . . . any dead wagon . . . ever made. I thought you'd hear . . . my gun."

The alley was clear of Chinese again. The officers with the machine from the morgue were questioning Carrigan and Andrews and the driver all at once; it was Bill who said "All this can wait. My bag, Miss Coleman." As he set to work with an emergency dressing, he added, "Just loss of blood, but he's got to go to the hospital. I'll tell you there what little I know."

An officer said, "Headquarters'll want to send somebody from the Chinatown detail."

In the ambulance again, turned, for her, to a haven of safety, Helena said, "They grabbed my hands. To get the paper circle. What was it, doctor?"

"Just what I said. Part of an eighty-word poem. Most Chinese youngsters learn it. 'And in the double lotus keep . . . my hidden heart asleep.' The lines are on the tomb of some lady who was buried up on Fu-Kie Mountain."

Helena was silent as the ambulance, carefully driven now, turned the last corner toward the hospital. Then: "What you read in Chinese started the trouble. Why?"

"I've been trying to figure that. The words . . . '*and in the double lotus keep . . . my hidden heart asleep*' . . . are supposed to be a prayer that the man who loved her wouldn't know how much she loved him, too, since it would have hurt him to have lost what he might have had. I . . . I'm no good at explaining."

"That's sweet," said Helena. "Larry Evans would never have remembered a thing like that. Quickly, she added. "What has it to do with men trying to kill us?"

"I don't know. I'm going to find out."

The ambulance was on the hospital driveway before Helena said, "Rule eleven, conduct of nurses, says that any nurse who accepts invitations from internes will be dismissed. Do you know that rule, doctor?"

Bill's heart skipped a beat: "You'll go anyhow? I . . . I wish you would. I didn't want to ask."

They were both very professional when they watched orderlies lift the stretcher to the elevator.

IT WAS after nine before Andrews was able to satisfy the questions of the Chinatown detail detectives. Again and again he explained that in China there were no tongs, hence no tong wars, and that he was as much in the dark concerning the meaning of the affair as they were.

One of the detectives said, "Naturally you're curious, doctor, but don't go to Chinatown this afternoon. Stay away, until tonight, anyhow. There'll be white men there then, because it's the monthly lottery drawing. Grand prize. Hundred thousand. We . . . what'd you say, doctor?"

"I just made a noise," said Bill.

"We're trying to connect the crime with the drawing, ourselves," smiled the detective, "but a dead coolie doesn't figure. The big lotteries, like this, are run on a different system each time. If you think that the printing on the bit of paper was a lottery symbol, it can't mean anything, because it was readable and not blotted out with ink, the way tickets are marked by the players."

"How is it done?" asked Andrews.

"The Chinese cover eleven out of eighty characters with a brushmark. Eleven marked correctly, and you win the hundred thousand. It happens once in twenty years. The Chinese are satisfied to have a seven spot—seven characters correctly marked. That pays pretty well."

"And no one would commit murder over an unmarked ticket for a drawing which hadn't taken place," agreed Bill lightly. "I see what you mean."

Dr. Wynne, his superior, was waiting to talk with him next, and Dr. Wynne was provoked. "The autopsy surgeon's report doesn't speak well for your certification of death," he informed Bill in the corridor. "It indicates that the Chinese must have been living when you examined him. The body was almost at normal temperature when it reached the morgue. How do you explain that?"

Andrews told what tests he had used. "He was dead," he insisted deferentially. "I did observe an apparent rise in temperature, but—"

DR. WYNNE waited until the corridor was empty; he said grimly, "I've noticed when an interne goes on ambulance duty with a pretty nurse his diagnoses are hardly dependable." Relaxing, "Dr. Evans played you a doubly dirty trick. He's that sure of Coleman. Tantalizing you with her. Although even our irresistible Larry has discovered that he'll probably have to marry her—"

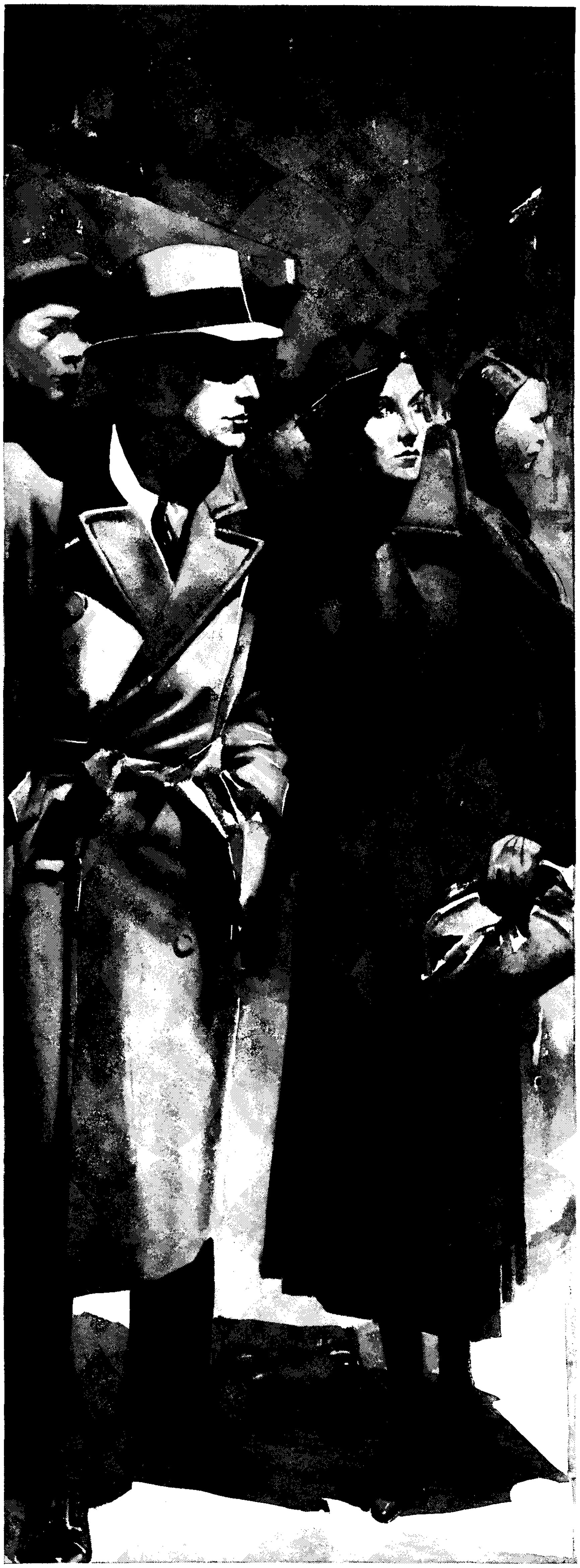
"The hell he will," said Dr. Andrews.

"Eh? I merely thought I'd warn you. After breakfast read up on temperatures. In case you're questioned about the Chinese. Read Murphy, Whitfield, Ulrich. I don't want one of my men made a fool of. Find some long medical terms."

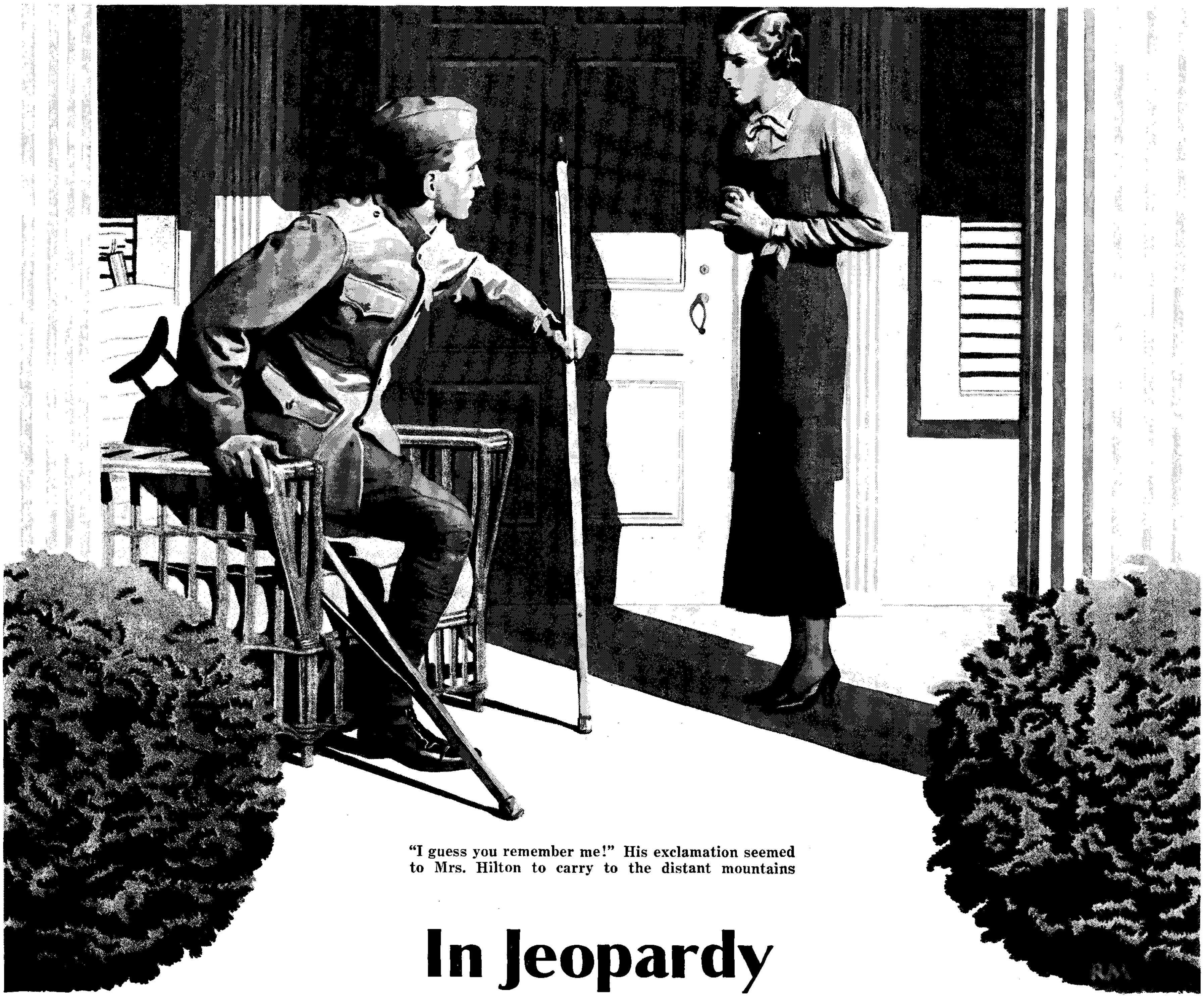
"Yes, doctor. Will you want me tonight?"

"No. You might tell the house doctor where you'll be."

(Continued on page 53)



Suddenly he said, "I won't let anything hurt you"



"I guess you remember me!" His exclamation seemed to Mrs. Hilton to carry to the distant mountains

In Jeopardy

Wherein Mrs. Hilton meets her past strangely: A story far more tense, far more sharply dramatic than a man who saw it happen ever dreamed it was

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

MRS. HILTON stood at one of the west windows in her bedroom and looked across the wide fields to a range of low hills. She had inherited the fields and the beautiful old house from her husband, whom she had married in September, 1918, and to whom she had said goodby at the gangplank of the Jupiter a week later. The goodby was final, so was Jim Hilton's yearning gaze at the fading shores. A hundred cases of influenza developed before the vessel was well out of the harbor and he was not to see any shores again, not even those of France.

Mrs. Hilton was tall, with a proudly set head; she wore a brown crêpe dress the color of her clear brown eyes.

The clock struck eight and, though that was the hour at which she had ordered breakfast, she still stood staring at the west. There were eleven women coming to lunch—Sophy, the housemaid, would wish to put her room in order early. There were many reasons why she should go downstairs at once, but still she did not move.

It was the seventeenth of October—the luncheon had been set for today because this was the day when Lady Ellen Ralston, Mrs. Arthur Hevenstreet's sister, could come. The Hevenstreets were apple people, their orchards surrounded Colchester and their signs were everywhere on the highways—"Hevenstreet Apples."

Lady Ralston was in the States for a month—a gentle creature very different from Mrs. Hevenstreet, who was loud-voiced, domineering, proficient in the language of the stable but deficient in English grammar. Besides Mrs. Hevenstreet and Lady Ralston there would be Mrs. Lee Hilton, who owned Thunder Cloud, sire of famous racers, himself a Kentucky Derby winner; Mrs. Gorham and her mother; the Misses Cherry, who were apple people; Mrs. Frame and Mrs. Walcott, whose husbands bred horses; and Miss Abernethy and Miss Graves, who were visiting Mrs. Frame.

THE seventeenth of October was not a day which Mrs. Hilton would have selected for a luncheon; it was an anniversary which she liked to keep, which, indeed, her heart compelled her to keep. She tried to forget, to think only of her guests, but she could not forget, she woke remembering, and now the clear October light was exactly like the clear light through which three years ago today she had flown from Santa Fe to Colorado Springs. At this moment she was stepping into the plane, her Santa Fe friends waving farewells.

A letter from Arthur Hevenstreet lay against her heart. "Take the morning plane to Colorado Springs and drive to The Antlers." Colorado Springs was far from Virginia; she flew without a thought of discovery and without a single reproach of conscience, though this was the first clandestine act of her life. Arthur Hevenstreet was ill, Mrs. Hevenstreet had let him go west alone—but she needed no excuses.

Only recently, now that the excursion was three years in the past, and she no longer woke grief-stricken and shuddering in the night, and that sometimes, heartsick, she found the memory of Arthur's face a little dim, had she begun to feel a vague, occasional uneasiness. Sometimes sitting at the head of her table, sometimes sitting in her pew at church, she flushed and felt her heartbeats quicken. At once and easily she reasoned away her fear: "No one can possibly find it out!"

She heard Sophy close a door at the end of the hall but still she did not move. She saw again the miles of piled rocks beside which she flew— "So that's why they're called the Rockies!" she had thought, amused at her astonishment. She saw again the dams of Pueblo—up that road, they had told her, walked a President of the United States, the hope of his life dissolved in tears, the message of his heart and soul lost on a thick and stammering tongue. She saw again every person in the plane —the stout pilot, the frightened girl, the tall man with the gigantic hat.

SHE saw, most clearly of all, the one-legged veteran of the World War who drove the taxi which carried her and the air mail from the airport into Colorado Springs. She remembered nothing of the short journey until they turned into the broad street and she saw the imposing hotel filling its end, and Pike's Peak, already snow-capped, behind it. She had clasped her hands across her heart and leaned forward, her eyeballs burning with the intensity of her gaze; she had seen . . . as she caught her breath Sophy knocked and opened the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hilton."

A vague premonition of trouble, a fear that Sophy might have looked into her heart, the recollection of frustrated passion, all closed Mrs. Hilton's throat.

"Mrs. Hilton," said Sophy again.

"Yes, Sophy." Mrs. Hilton's lips were stiff. She meant to walk toward the door, but her feet were weighted down.

Sophy was frowning a little. "There's a young man downstairs to see you. He says his name's McCarthy. He says you'll know who he is."

"McCarthy?" Mrs. Hilton smiled; the strange paralysis had passed. At Sophy's next sentence it returned; she felt as though she would be forever fixed where she stood. Her hands clenched into fists, her eyes darkened.

"He's a soldier in uniform, on crutches. He has only one leg and he's dreadfully pale. He was very sure you'd want to see him."

"What shall I do?" Mrs. Hilton asked herself. Aloud she said, "You asked him to come in?"

"He's sitting on the porch. It's not cold, it's really very warm in the sunshine." Sophy stepped back to make room for Mrs. Hilton's swift approach. "Cook would like a word about the salad."

Mrs. Hilton was halfway down the steps. "I'll come to the kitchen, tell Cook."

To the right opened a drawing-room with tall windows, to the left a library with a bright fire burning on the hearth. Everywhere were vases of chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Everywhere was the perfect order to be found in houses where women live alone without men and without children.

Mrs. Hilton looked about as though she were in a dream. The house seemed unreal—reality waited her on the porch. She stepped out, carefully and softly closing the door behind her.

RISING with difficulty from a low wicker chair beside which stood a little satchel, a tall young man in olive drab with a round, sparrow-like head and pointed nose balanced himself on crutches. There was not even the stump of his left leg. However halting and painful the motions of his body, there was no lack of spontaneity in his smile. There was pain in his eyes and not only pain but the shadow of death.

"I guess you remember me!" His exclamation seemed to Mrs. Hilton to carry to the distant mountains. Her color came and went, flowing and ebbing with her breathing. The soldier sat down quickly, his laugh an apology. "I'm a bit unsteady. They took more of my leg off since I seen you an' I can't seem to balance."

Mrs. Hilton stood before him, her hands clasped, pity and terror in her brown eyes. The vague uneasiness was sharpening, though she did not yet realize all the dangers implicit in the presence of this soldier on her porch. "Yes, I remember you!" She glanced over her shoulder—the windows were closed. "Where do you come from so early in the morning?" Other questions occurred to her, some of them merely rhetorical. "Where are you going?" "How soon are you going?" "Have you talked to anybody?" "Will you talk to anybody?"

She saw the headline of a Colorado Springs paper with "Arthur Hevenstreet of Colchester, Virginia," in large letters. "Do you know"—her thoughts went on addressing the crippled soldier —"do you know that in a few hours Mrs. Arthur Hevenstreet will be in this house? Don't you know that I can't let you see Mrs. Arthur Hevenstreet or hear her name?"

McCarthy laughed again. She remembered his light laugh, his almost incessant flow of speech. "I came by bus. I'm on my way to Walter Reed Hospital. Seems I've got some interesting bug they want to study; otherwise I could 'a' gone back to the Veterans' Hospital out there. They say three times is luck, but it isn't for me. I don't see what more they can take off!"

Mrs. Hilton began her question with an unintelligible stammer. "You came by bus all the way from Colorado Springs?" she said at last.

"Yes, I did. The bus line don't come through this place, understand. I just thought I'd take a little detour and see you again. I'm not in any hurry."

"How did you know where I lived?"

"You signed your name and address in the airport at Santa Fe. You know the little paper you sign promising not to sue 'em if you die. After you left I asked Fats—you remember Fats, the pilot?—to look you up, and he did. He wrote down your address; I got it here." McCarthy patted his side. "I thought I'd like to see you once again. My mother's passed on."

Mrs. Hilton blinked in an effort to clear her brain. She remembered for the first time signing a slip under the eyes of her friends in Santa Fe. She had had a vague, foolish idea that somewhere, flying through space, she might lose her name before she reached Colorado Springs.

"Your mother was very kind to me," she said. "What shall I do with him?" she thought. "What in the world shall I do with him?"

"THAT day sure stands out," said McCarthy, hoarse and smiling. He was deathly pale and the corners of his mouth quivered; his gaze was like a beseeching hand stretched out to Mrs. Hilton. "In the first place"—Mrs. Hilton drew an audible breath, again she looked over her shoulder at the closed door and windows—"in the first place you took my taxi without lookin' scared. Most folks are afraid to travel with me even though the government trusts me with the mail an' I been doin' the Peak drive an' the Corley drive ever since I lost my leg. An' I can never forget how that poor gentleman stepped out under the portico of The Antlers as we drove up. I never can forget that. I—"

"He died," thought Mrs. Hilton. "Arthur Hevenstreet died; he was crushed to death before my eyes. In a way I died too."

"I said to my mother when I took you home, I said, I couldn't of took her on into the hotel with all the crowd an' excitement, could I? An' she said of course I couldn't. It seemed as if the whole Springs an' Manitou besides was there in two minutes. The poor gentleman!—he wasn't an old gentleman, not by no means—they said it was as if he ran to meet somebody and just couldn't wait. He stepped right in the path of the truck. If he hadn't of been excited he would of seen it. He was there all alone. His name was in the papers, but dog' if I can ever remember it. He—"

Mrs. Hilton interrupted McCarthy. In her heart she cried, "Stop! Stop!" To McCarthy she said, "How soon are you due at Walter Reed?"

McCarthy leaned back in the deep chair. He breathed heavily, then he smiled. "When I get there. It's up to me. Before I report I'm goin' to look 'round a little if I can. I'd like to see where the President of the United States lives an' The Capitol and The Spirit of St. Louis and where the Unknown Soldier's buried. I'd"—McCarthy grew still whiter; he ceased to speak, as though he had no more breath.

"Have you had breakfast?" inquired Mrs. Hilton.

"No, I haven't. I said to that nice young lady that opened the door, I said—"

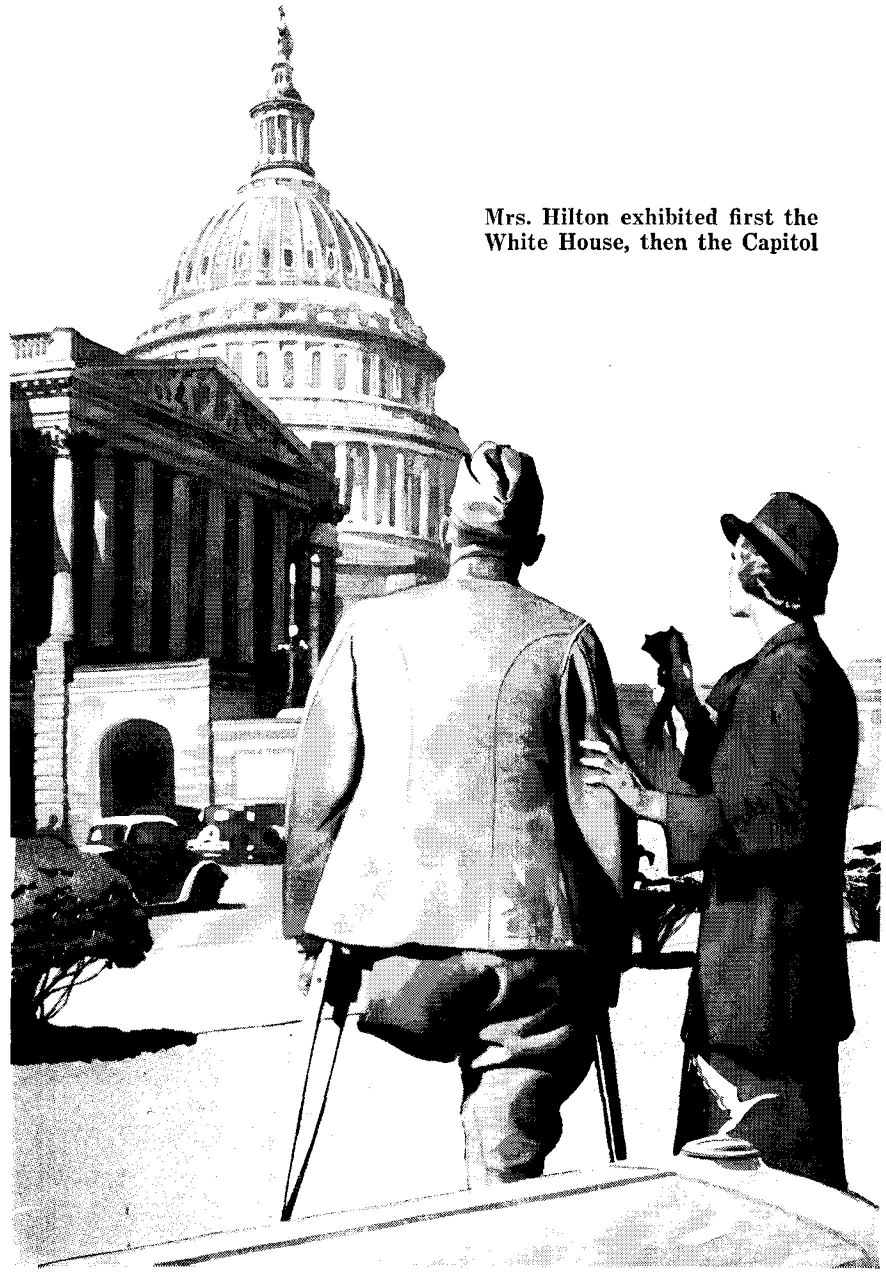
"Mrs. Hilton," interrupted Sophy from the doorway, "Cook would like—"

"I'm coming in," answered Mrs. Hilton. "This young man will have breakfast with me. Tell Cook he'll have fruit and cereal and plenty of bacon and eggs."

"I ain't very hungry, ma'am," laughed McCarthy.

Mrs. Hilton stood with her head turned until the door was closed; when she looked back at McCarthy her neck felt stiff. "What did you say to the young lady?" she asked.

"I said I knew you when you were sight-seein' in the West." McCarthy looked up at the wall of the house, out over the drive winding in through the oak grove, then down at his poor body. "I thought I ought to give her an excuse for coming."



Mrs. Hilton exhibited first the White House, then the Capitol

MRS. HILTON lifted McCarthy's little bag and went toward the door. She thought for an instant that she would have to call someone to help McCarthy up from his chair, but he succeeded in lifting himself. She forgot her terror long enough to let her heart ache for him. He hopped across the porch and up the single step into the vestibule.

"Be careful!" warned Mrs. Hilton. "The rugs slip. Come this way."

McCarthy's rubber-tipped crutches made no sound, but his single shoe of bright new leather creaked with every step. Mrs. Hilton led the way to the end of the hall and opened the door of a white-tiled washroom. "You'd like to wash your hands, then we'll have breakfast."

"I sure thank you," said McCarthy.

Mrs. Hilton passed the door of th
dining-room. Mary, the waitress, w
setting the long table; she had spr
the lace cloth and placed in the cent
silver bowl filled with Talisman
the bowl a present to a Hilton
George Washington. Mary st
fore the sideboard taking silve
boxes; hearing Mrs. Hilton's
she followed her with a lor
look.

In imagination Mrs. Hi
table and the women sitti
sister-in-law, Mrs. Lee H
Ralston and Mrs. Go
mother and the Misses
Frame and her guests
and Mrs. Walcott
Hevenstreet, older
had somehow trap
She heard Mrs. G

(Contin

It Takes Experience

By Katharine Roberts

The flapper went out with the hip flask and the woman of thirty has come in with vintage wines. Which is to say, fashion now smiles on the poise of maturity—and designs an appropriate wardrobe

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALFREDO VALENTE

Fay Bainter as Fran Dodsworth, in delicate gray lace adopted for sympathetic moments

Black velvet, a triumph in wicked simplicity

Fran sails wearing inappropriate velvet and sables

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to wear the luscious fabrics and the flowing lines of this year's gowns with sufficient distinction, to carry gracefully their aura of experience that savors less of the tang of the hip flask and rather more of the bloom of rich vintage.

Now instead of thirty attempting to look sixteen, sixteen, sartorially speaking, is trying to take on something of
poise that reaches ahead toward
. Mother is not harking back to-
lhood; daughter is harking up
ead.

ing the notes of this pæan of
y and seeing the swirling folds of
ly gowns from the inspired coutu-
ers, one looks about for the perfect figure to wear them—slim and lithe, yet not flat; curved, yet by no means the circular belle of the nineties. And finds it in—of all people—Mrs. Dodsworth, of Zenith. Rather, in Fay Bainter who plays her. Better still, Miss Bainter has for the part a complete new wardrobe, charmingly significant for thirty and up.

When she started playing the wife in Dodsworth last February, she dressed that well-known gentleman's spouse in clothes at once so chic and so wearable that they were the talk of New York. Now in the new season, with the drama continuing its hit record and promising a country-wide tour whenever Broadway will let it leave, the lines of the play remain the same, but the lines of Mrs. Dodsworth's clothes must be altered to fit the vagaries of the current mode. And Mrs. Dodsworth, even in her vainest moments, admits to being thirty—well, say, thirty-five.

"Her new things are even lovelier than last year's!" enthused Fay Bainter in her clipped, quick, light voice which has vitalized so many interesting characters in recent years in the theater. "They really are!"

"How are you going to get anything to out-do that extraordinary blue organdie that you wore in the scene in the moonlit garden?" I demanded. Last spring the public ordered so many copies of it from the designer that the manufacturer ran out of material, and when Miss Bainter needed a small piece to mend a ruffle not one square inch could be found.

Clothes Make the Mood

"Well, they *are* more beautiful," she maintained with a certain stubbornness.

Now I've known Fay Bainter for a good long time and, when it comes to fashions, I know that she knows. Even when she played Topsy in the revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin two years ago and was attired in a one-piece garment made of burlap sack with a bit of printing at the rear, she wore it with something of an air. And as the languorous Parisienne in Jealousy, she was dressed with all the soft and luring clothes that her Parisian heart could long for. Then again, when it came to accomplishing the opposite appearance, her infallible knowledge of lines had done the trick and, as the spinster in Somerset Maugham's For Services Rendered, she had used a dress just a size too large for her and an inch or two too long to give her figure that retreating, apologetic primness that characterized the woman of that play.

Clothes for different characters—clothes for different moods—a figure that fits the fashions of the minute—a woman begins to live on the day she looks her best—she looks her best today at thirty—life begins at—oh, well, draw your own conclusions! Off the stage or on, Fay Bainter is the expert to demonstrate our point.

With a home, a husband, and a young son who is frightfully particular about the way she dresses, she knows the problems of the woman in private life. And in the theater, when playing a modern woman, she has always dressed in clothes that are logical for the women in her audience rather than in the more emphasized gowns which may look all right on the stage but which become strangely bizarre in the domesticity of a non-theatrical boudoir or drawing-room. As a consequence, her stage dresses inspire many copies.

The Right Gown at the Right Time

She beamed at the ice-blue satin, the bright blue and silver lamé, the lace that looked like a delicate gray cobweb, the deep rich green velvet, of dresses spread around the room and her voice was muted with awe of the designer who created them. "Look," she said. "Aren't they glorious?"

"Mrs. Dodsworth's a lucky woman," I opined.

"Oh, call her Fran," said Miss Bainter in an intimate tone.

"Very well, then, Fran—I suppose her name is Frances—"

"Fran to you," insisted Miss Bainter.

"Well, I was saying, Fran's a fortunate woman."

"She's an utter fool," her interpreter accused her. "She has all these completely beautiful outfits and she doesn't know how to wear them. She puts them on for the wrong occasions. It's the unforgivable crime committed by women like Fran who have the money to buy the right things but not the experience to know when and where to wear them." She chuckled happily. "I had a grand time planning her mistakes. It's a neat bit of characterization, don't you think?"

Of course, you know the story of Sinclair Lewis' book that is the basis for

(Continued on page 34)

Fired

Scott Crane, advertising man, makes a girl giggle—a romance of 1935, which is rendered more sparkling by the fireworks at the end

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

MR. L. L. CANDLESS, president of Candless and McCreavy, Advertising, had a large, well-tended face by which he set great store. For years and years this visage, loyal and constant, had remained a major satisfaction, not because it was comprised of chiseled, classic features, charming the beholder, but because a kindly fate had so arranged it that no human eye, however keen, had yet been able to detect, upon its pink expanse, a single flicker of emotion. It was L. L.'s pride, come weal, come woe, come all the crises in the advertising business, that his bland, inscrutable façade, his modulated voice, his air of cool detachment, never yet had failed him. Even in the present circumstances he was suavity itself.

"Good morning, Mr. Crane," he said. "Sit down."

Scott sat. He thought: "Old frozen puss; you never know if he has called you in to fire you or make you a vice president."

"Mr. Crane," L. L. said, "you've been writing copy on the Trevor Shoe account, I understand."

"Why, yes," Scott said. So that was it! The word had finally got around!

"YOU wrote this piece of copy here?" asked Mr. Candless, pointing to an opened magazine.

"Yes, sir," Scott said, and tried to look as modest as he could. The advertisement was headed: "Millions in Saved Soles." A darned good slant, too; everyone had thought so and the Trevor people had been getting letters from their salesmen and their dealers telling how much business it was pulling. Pretty doggone decent of the copy chief to pass the word along and give him all the credit.

"This heading," L. L. said, "that was your own idea?"

"I guess those things just come to you," Scott said. "It just occurred to me to play a little on the words and so—"

"And so you played on them. Ah, yes."

Scott smirked. He moved a little nearer to the border of his chair and thrust his head a trifle forward to receive the wreath of verbal posies. Probably there would be something even more acceptable bestowed: a raise. Well, he had earned it.

"Well, Mr. Crane," said Mr. Candless finally, "the playful little heading of this ad has cost this agency the Trevor Shoe account and seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of billing!"

Scott heard the words all right, but they were crazy! "Millions in Saved Soles" had somehow lost them the account? But that was crazy! But—but—

"But everybody thought that copy was—was swell!" Scott gasped. "Why, everybody!"

"With just one exception," Mr. Candless told him. "Mrs. Harrison H. Trevor."

"Who?"

"The widow lady who owns sixty-five per cent of Trevor stock."

"I don't see what *she* could object to."

"Neither," Mr. Candless said, "did I, until I found out where the fortune came from that enabled H. H. Trevor to finance the business. Well, it seems it came from Mr. Trevor's father, who had earnestly accumulated such a pile, by labor in the vineyard, that it finally caused a pretty general degree of skepticism."

"Labor in the vineyard?" Scott asked.

"In the vineyard," Mr. Candless said. "The elder Mr. Trevor was a very highly publicized evangelist."

"Good Lord!"

"Precisely," Mr. Candless said. "You see now? 'Millions in Saved Soles!' The perfect play on words to cause a titter in the rarefied society in which the present Mrs. Trevor aims to move. And so I feel I need say little more, young man, except that in such cases there has got to be a goat and in the present one the chosen animal is Candless and McCreavy."

"But darn it," Scott said, "we are not supposed to know the Trevor family history. They can't blame us! Besides, their advertising manager okayed that copy and—!"

"And he," said L. L., "has been guillotined as well. No, Mr. Crane, we're out and sixty-five per cent of Trevor stock has said so in a loud, infuriated voice. The lady will not listen to us, will not see us, does not even answer our pathetic letters of apology. Well, Mr. Crane?"

"WELL," Scott said, "I suppose you mean that I'm out, too? And I suppose you think that fair?"

"No," said Mr. Candless, "frankly I do not; and if I were a younger, stronger man, in better physical condition, with an iron stomach—but the trouble, Mr. Crane, would be the sight of you, for every time I saw your shining face I'd think of 'Millions in Saved Soles' and every time I thought of it I would advance a step or two toward apoplexy. Surely you can see my viewpoint?"

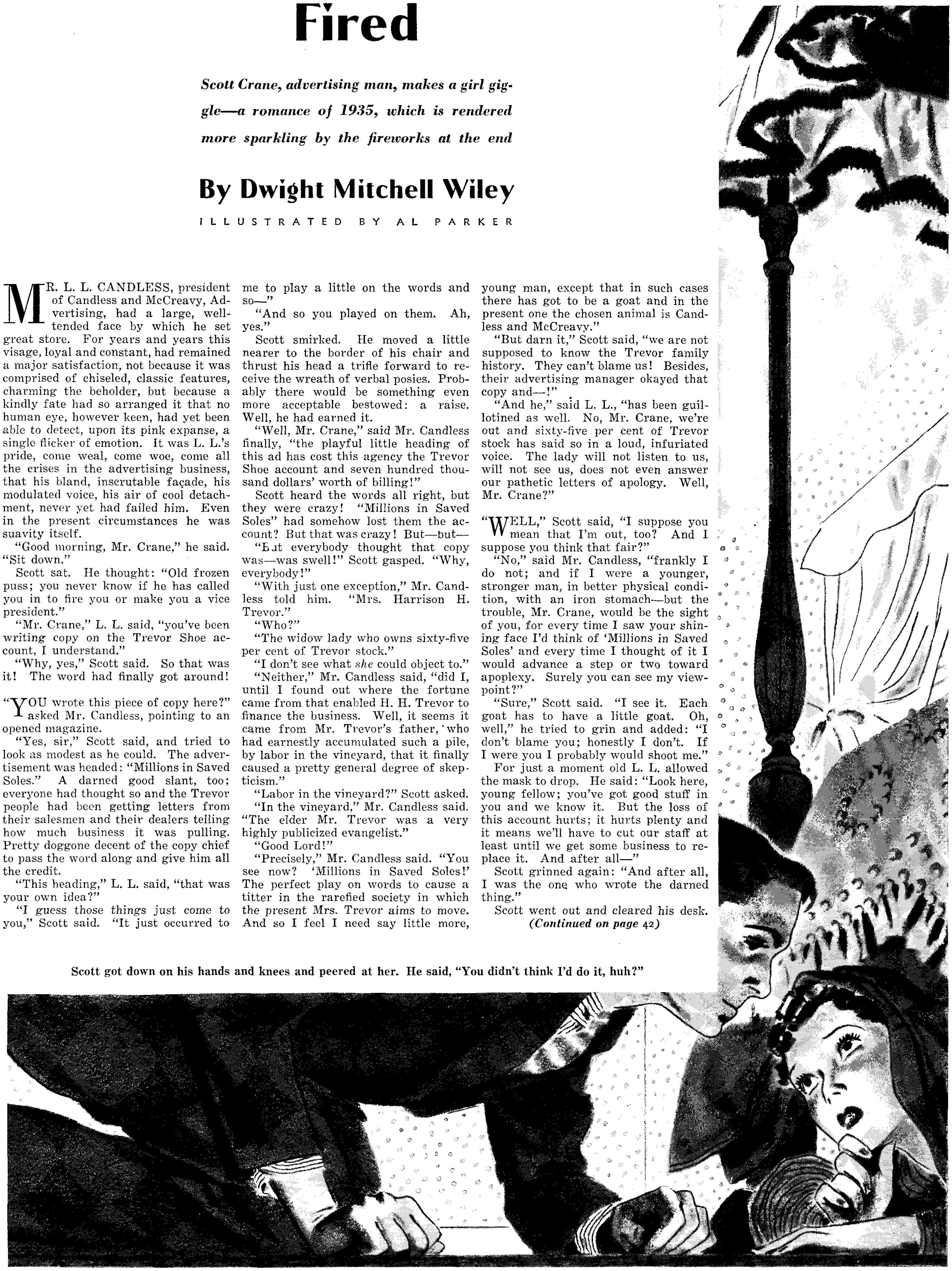
"Sure," Scott said. "I see it. Each goat has to have a little goat. Oh, well," he tried to grin and added: "I don't blame you; honestly I don't. If I were you I probably would shoot me."

For just a moment old L. L. allowed the mask to drop. He said: "Look here, young fellow; you've got good stuff in you and we know it. But the loss of this account hurts; it hurts plenty and it means we'll have to cut our staff at least until we get some business to replace it. And after all—"

Scott grinned again: "And after all, I was the one who wrote the darned thing."

Scott went out and cleared his desk.

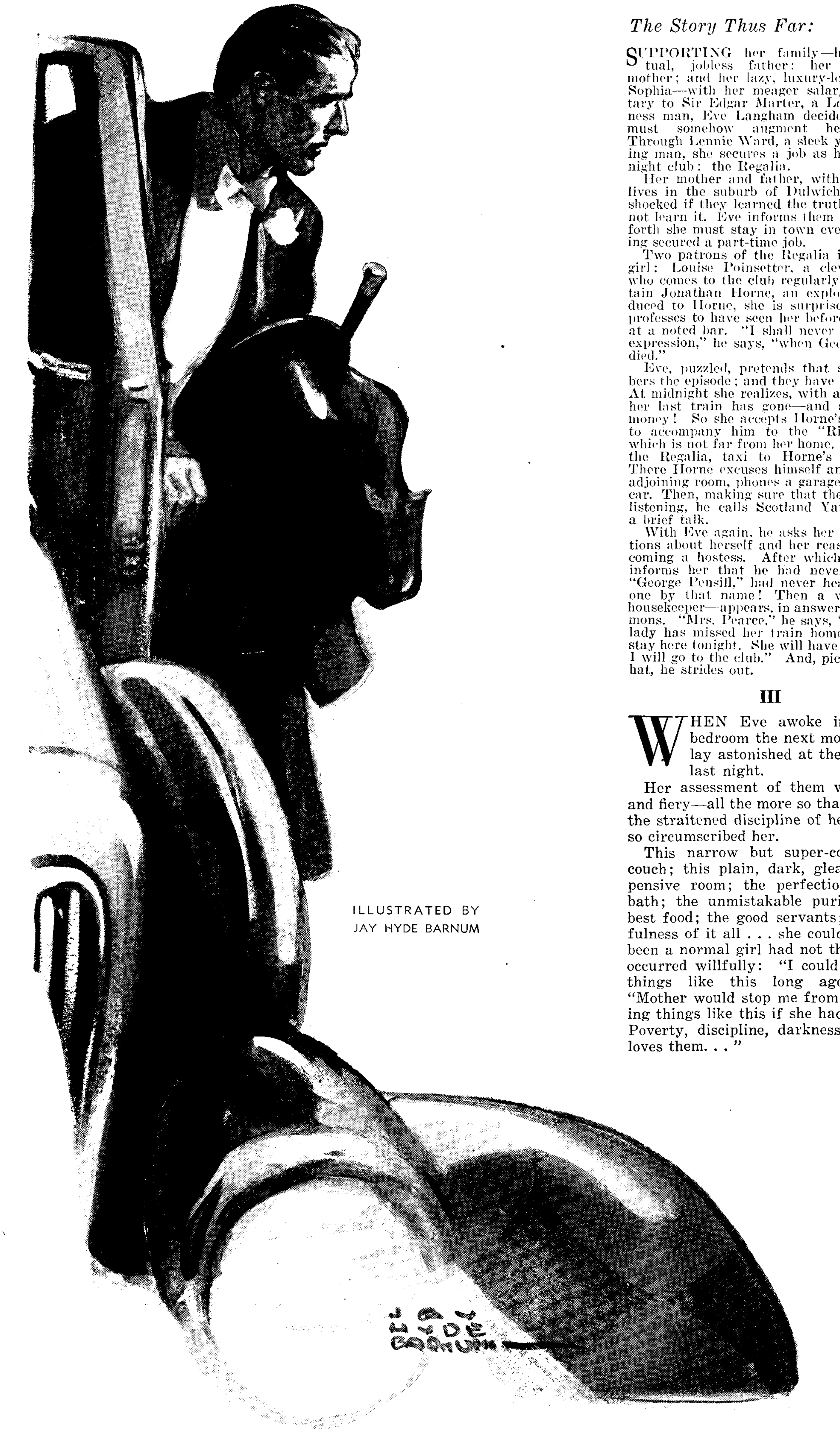
(Continued on page 42)



Scott got down on his hands and knees and peered at her. He said, "You didn't think I'd do it, huh?"

Woman of the Family

By May Edginton



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Story Thus Far:

SUPPORTING her family—her ineffectual, jobless father: her avaricious mother; and her lazy, luxury-loving sister Sophia—with her meager salary as secretary to Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, Eve Langham decides that she must somehow augment her income. Through Lennie Ward, a sleek young dancing man, she secures a job as hostess in a night club: the Regalia.

Her mother and father, with whom she lives in the suburb of Dulwich, would be shocked if they learned the truth. They do not learn it. Eve informs them that henceforth she must stay in town evenings, having secured a part-time job.

Two patrons of the Regalia interest the girl: Louise Poinsetter, a clever woman who comes to the club regularly; and Captain Jonathan Horne, an explorer. Introduced to Horne, she is surprised when he professes to have seen her before—in Paris at a noted bar. "I shall never forget your expression," he says, "when George Pensill died."

Eve, puzzled, pretends that she remembers the episode; and they have a long talk. At midnight she realizes, with a start, that her last train has gone—and she has no money! So she accepts Horne's invitation to accompany him to the "River Club," which is not far from her home. They leave the Regalia, taxi to Horne's apartment. There Horne excuses himself and, from an adjoining room, phones a garage, orders his car. Then, making sure that the girl is not listening, he calls Scotland Yard and has a brief talk.

With Eve again, he asks her many questions about herself and her reasons for becoming a hostess. After which he calmly informs her that he had never known a "George Pensill," had never heard of anyone by that name! Then a woman—his housekeeper—appears, in answer to his summons. "Mrs. Pearce," he says, "this young lady has missed her train home. She will stay here tonight. She will have my room—I will go to the club." And, picking up his hat, he strides out.

III

WHEN Eve awoke in Horne's bedroom the next morning, she lay astonished at the events of last night.

Her assessment of them was young and fiery—all the more so that, till now, the straitened discipline of her life had so circumscribed her.

This narrow but super-comfortable couch; this plain, dark, gleaming, expensive room; the perfections of the bath; the unmistakable purity of the best food; the good servants; the restfulness of it all . . . she could not have been a normal girl had not the thought occurred willfully: "I could have had things like this long ago!" And: "Mother would stop me from ever having things like this if she had her way. Poverty, discipline, darkness . . . she loves them. . . "

In delicious leisure, unfolding the newspaper that came on her breakfast tray, she found a society column: "One of our most decorative transatlantic visitors, Louise Poinsetter, a stranger to us until this season, was at the Regalia Club last night. . . ."

"This morning I hardly envy her," Eve thought.

Horne's precipitately checked approaches last night were amply apologized for by this bed, this ease, this attention; by his perfect exit from the scene.

"If Mother could see me. . . !"

A SOUND sleep from one A. M. till seven-thirty had not erased the impression of her mother at the other end of the wire, after midnight.

She had telephoned her as soon as Horne had gone.

. . . "Yes. Missed the train. THEY . . . had a party. Ought to have let me go? I didn't want to go. It was fun. Fun! I say, fun! The thing you hate, mother. Fun! . . . No, I won't call my employer to speak to you, or tell you her name . . . I'm staying in their house tonight. . . . All right, mother, talk as much as you please tomorrow night—if you *must* sit up again."

"Of course I'll sit up again. I know my duty—"

The obsessed voice ceased as the daughter hung up the receiver.

Eve Langham felt a new woman; a free, glad, rejoicing, wiser woman who began to know how to live, when she entered Marter's exactly as the city clock struck nine.

Work went wonderfully. It was curious how easily one accomplished things, overcame the little emergencies and rushes of a specially intensified business morning, when one had this beautiful feeling of top-of-the-wave!

All things seemed right to her. She had never before basked in this aura of serene confidence. What little things heartened a woman! Altered her life!

SIR EDGAR asked her as they finished the morning's letters: "What did you do last night?"

And she answered: "I danced."

"Again?" he joked, leaning towards her over his big desk, pleased and alert.

"Yes, again," she nodded.

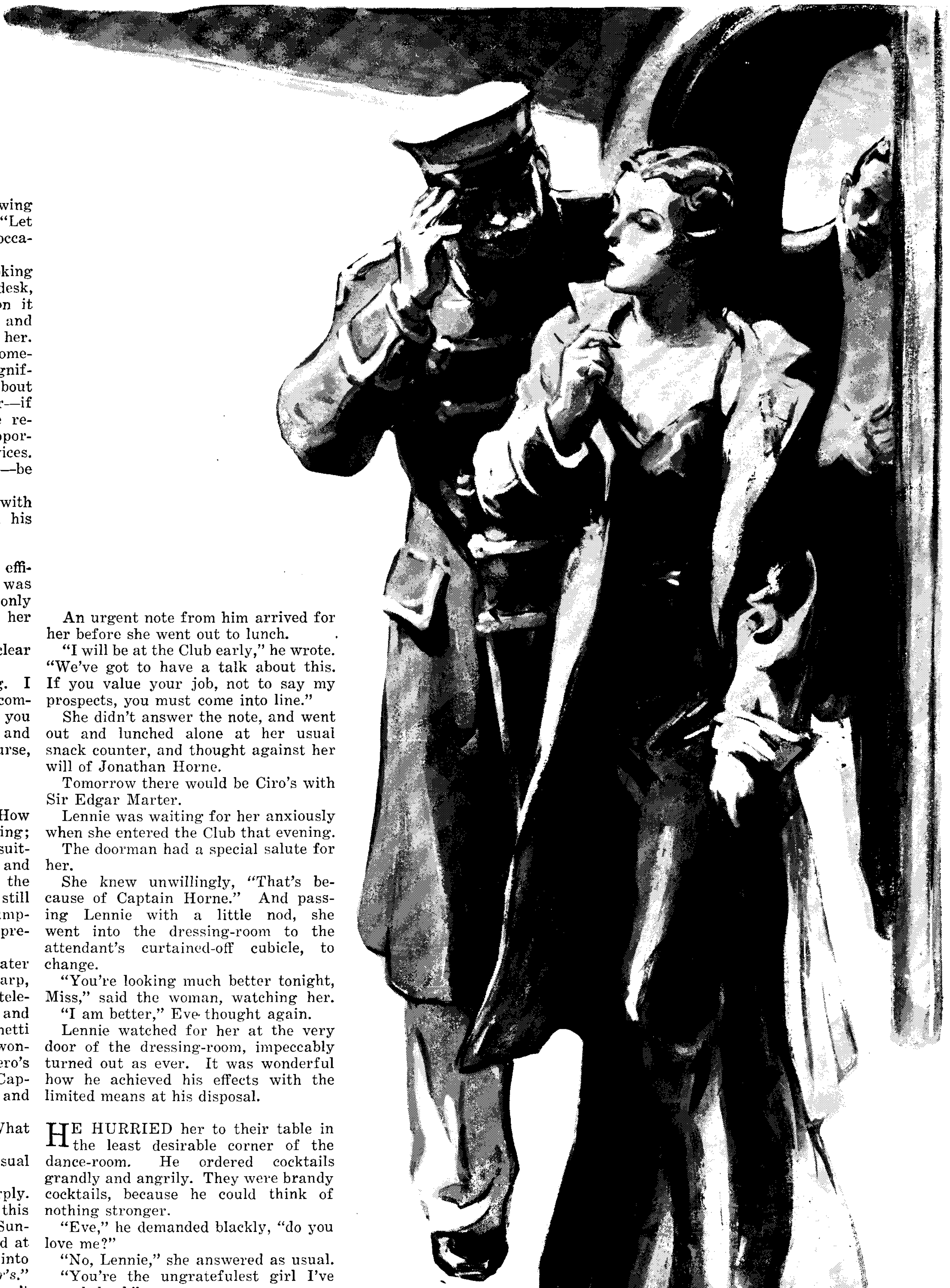
She felt freer and easier with him, almost as if they were both citizens of the same powerful world.

"You're going gay?" he suggested softly, with a little upward inflection of the voice accompanying the insinuating lift of his eyebrows.

"I shan't let my work here suffer, Sir Edgar."

"Of course it won't," he said, his voice soft and quiet. "Your work will improve, Miss Langham. What have I told you? Jill is just like Jack—all the better for a little fun." He paused. "There is a lot of fun to be had, my dear, if you know how to set about it."

Into his eyes crept a certain wistfulness that she had no interest in analyzing. She would not have read it aright anyway, for it was a wistfulness born of memories and regrets; memories of a life of monotonously arid domesticity, in spite of his success; and regrets that he had not made his tentative escapes years earlier, as soon as his fortune began to grow.



The doorman was saying with his pleasantest smile, "Driving home tonight, Miss?" and his look was congratulatory

As she reached the door, not knowing how his eyes followed her, he said: "Let me see, tomorrow is the birthday occasion? Good; good!"

He sat for a little while, looking down at the shining surface of the desk, his stubby fingers drumming upon it while he soliloquized expectantly, and came to a decision as to his gift to her. It was going to be a definite gift, something that would suggest its significance to any girl with her wits about her, and yet which he could cover—if cover seemed necessary—with the remark that he was taking this opportunity to reward her very loyal services.

But cover should not—would not—be necessary!

He was not very clever yet with women, and the matter exercised his mind.

WHILE she worked swiftly and efficiently at her typewriter, Eve was thinking of Horne; and it seemed only relevant that he should telephone her just then.

His voice came very deep and clear over the wire:

"Miss Langham? Good morning. I hope my housekeeper made you comfortable? . . . That's good. . . . Will you lunch with me today at any time and place you choose? I know, of course, that your hours are scheduled."

She refused.

Point-blank she refused.

He must not think that her "How dare you!" last night meant nothing; that after what he might suppose a suitable retreat she would step forward and fall into his arms. In spite of the chivalry of his hospitality, she was still quite angry with him for his assumptions; she was on the defensive, prepared to assert her pride.

So that when a few minutes later Lennie rang up and, in rather a sharp, anxious voice, said: "I'm sorry to telephone you, dear. I know it's wrong and all that, but as a matter of fact, Tonetti has just telephoned me, and we wondered—that is he wondered—and Fero's been asking—what you got out of Captain Horne last night?" very coldly and guardedly she replied: "Nothing."

"Nothing?" Lennie pressed on: "What time did you get home?"

She hesitated only a moment: "Usual time."

"You're a liar," Lennie cried sharply. "I telephoned your mother too, this morning, to ask if I could come on Sunday, and she told me you had stayed at your employer's house." A sneer ran into his jealous voice. "*Your employer's.*"

"Ring off," she demanded. "I can't talk now."

"You've *got* to talk."

"Not now."

"You must tell me something to tell Tonetti."

A devil seized her and she replied briefly: "Tell him that I'm sure Captain Horne is a financially sound client. Let him sign all his bills! His household is excellent. It's lavish."

The stifled abuse at the other end was lost to her as she hung up the receiver.

A moment after, she was sorry that she had said that, but it was done; and any candor in the necessary little network of lies which seemed to be weaving round her was a relief. She had squared up to Lennie, anyway.

An urgent note from him arrived for her before she went out to lunch.

"I will be at the Club early," he wrote. "We've got to have a talk about this. If you value your job, not to say my prospects, you must come into line."

She didn't answer the note, and went out and lunched alone at her usual snack counter, and thought against her will of Jonathan Horne.

Tomorrow there would be Ciro's with Sir Edgar Marter.

Lennie was waiting for her anxiously when she entered the Club that evening.

The doorman had a special salute for her.

She knew unwillingly, "That's because of Captain Horne." And passing Lennie with a little nod, she went into the dressing-room to the attendant's curtained-off cubicle, to change.

"You're looking much better tonight, Miss," said the woman, watching her.

"I am better," Eve thought again.

Lennie watched for her at the very door of the dressing-room, impeccably turned out as ever. It was wonderful how he achieved his effects with the limited means at his disposal.

HE HURRIED her to their table in the least desirable corner of the dance-room. He ordered cocktails grandly and angrily. They were brandy cocktails, because he could think of nothing stronger.

"Eve," he demanded blackly, "do you love me?"

"No, Lennie," she answered as usual.

"You're the ungratefulest girl I've ever helped."

"Love has nothing to do with gratitude," she argued. "I am grateful."

He seized on this straightway:

"Very well, you must justify me with Tonetti and Fero. I got you this job; I told them you could do it. I told them that as far as men were concerned, you were an absolute winner if you liked to be."

"Well, what is it you want me definitely to do?"

Still blackly, he said in a complaining voice: "It isn't what I *want* you to do. Only necessity knows no law. I adore you, Eve. Do you suppose I am *pleased* because you went home with Horne to his flat?"

(Continued on page 56)

The Perfect Track Man

By Quentin Reynolds

If you run [illegible] the mile in four minutes, or can hurdle [illegible] pole vault fourteen feet six inches, [illegible] Dean Cromwell; he's looking for [illegible] to find him

SOME day he'll come along," Dean Cromwell said, and there was a wistful look in his eyes. "Some day he'll come along and I hope he comes to the University of Southern California."

Dean Cromwell is one of the world's great track coaches. His credentials? He has taken ten track teams to the annual I. C. A. A. A. A. meets and five of these teams have won what amounts to the world series of track. But he wasn't thinking of these as we sat in his office at the university. He was thinking of a dream that all track coaches have—the dream of a sprinter who will one day run the hundred yards in nine seconds flat. That is the Golden Fleece of the cinder path. It is a dream that may never materialize except in the minds of track coaches.

"A man who will run the hundred yards in nine seconds," Cromwell continued, "must have four things: First, he must have a terrifically fast start. Second, he must 'gather' quickly—that is, get to his maximum speed within the first twenty-five yards. He must, of course, have a stride that will enable him to maintain that high speed and then he must have a driving finish.

"No one sprinter who ever lived had all of those," he continued. "This as yet undiscovered man will have to leave the mark the way Yoshioka of Japan leaves it. You'll remember that in the final of the 100-meter at the last Olympic Games Yoshioka led by three yards at the halfway mark. He just flashes from that start at full speed. He starts in high.

"Then this imaginary speedster, in addition to leaving the mark fast, must get even faster by the time he runs twenty yards. We call this the 'gather.' Frank Wykoff 'gathered' faster than any sprinter I ever saw. Many sprinters don't get up to their maximum speed until the forty-yard mark. Then it's too late. Wykoff hit top speed at twenty yards.

Three Men in One

"Then"—Cromwell opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a photograph of a chunky lad breasting the tape in a driving finish—"this wonder man of ours must have a finish like Charley Paddock, the greatest of all finishers. Eight yards from the tape Paddock seemed literally to explode, to hurl himself across the line. He was often third, eight yards from the finish, but he nearly always came through with that blinding burst of speed to win.

"Yoshioka, Wykoff, Paddock—take the greatness of each and mold them together and we'll get a nine-second hundred. Coaching will never do it alone. You know a coach can help, but a coach can't put speed in a boy's legs. Both Wykoff and Paddock came of athletic stock. Paddock's father was a runner and his grandfather was a country physician in Abingdon, Virginia, who as often as not walked from patient to patient. Sprinters are born—not made. Paddock was a great sprinter when he was a high school kid. When he came to me all I did was to put a finishing touch here and there. I lengthened his stride to give him more speed in the middle of the hundred, but that's about all I did.

"No, you can't but speed in a boy's legs. But some day a boy will be born with that speed and he'll acquire the getaway of a Yoshioka, the middle speed of a Wykoff and the driving finish of a Paddock.

"And now"—the coach was warmed up to his subject—"consider the mile. Not many people think that there'll ever be a mile run in four minutes, but I do. To run a mile in four minutes a runner will have to do four sixty-second quarter miles. I saw two boys recently run a mile, doing the second half in exactly two minutes, and the first half in just a few seconds over two minutes. They were Bill Bonthron and Glenn Cunningham.

"If we find a runner who can do a first quarter-mile lap the way Gene Venzke does, we'll have a start. Then he'll have to have a second lap like Beccali, the Italian's. There's a grand runner. He can follow any pace and he has a tremendous heart. Now we need a third-lap runner like Glenn Cunningham.

WIDE WORLD

Bill Graber, pole-vault champion, tops the bar at 14-4⅜, but Dean Cromwell, track coach of champions, looks forward to a 14-6 vault some day

The hundred in nine flat? Here's the man who might do it—a composite of three great sprinters: Yoshioka, with the fast getaway; Wykoff, middle speed man; Paddock, strong finish man

Cunningham usually loafs that second lap, but he goes to town when that third quarter starts. Now, if we can combine with this the last lap of either Bonthron or Lovelock, we'll have a four-minute mile.

Raising the Ceiling

"They are all grand milers, these boys I've mentioned, but each lacks something that will make it possible for him to run that four-minute mile. One of them might possibly develop it. Cunningham, Bonthron, Beccali—all are potentially four-minute milers. First, of course, they'd have to hold the conviction that it could be done. Then they'd have to be able to judge their pace so that they'd run each quarter in sixty seconds.

"And now," Cromwell went on, "let's consider the pole vault."

Cromwell is well qualified to talk about the pole vault. He has developed the two greatest pole vaulters of all time, Lee Barnes and Bill Graber, present holder of the world's record.

"The first great pole vaulter," Cromwell said, "was Charlie Hoff of Sweden. Before him the ceiling was always considered to be thirteen feet. If a man managed to get over thirteen feet—well, he was breaking par for the course. Hoff aimed at fourteen feet and finally he made it. Then Sabin Carr of Yale came along. He had about everything. He was broad-shouldered, fast, had smooth form and was filled with a desire to be a champion. He did fourteen feet and one-half inch. Carr had tremendous speed and when he took off it was literally like an airplane taking off. He just gathered speed and swooped upward.

"Then Lee Barnes came along in 1929 to raise the pole vault ceiling to fourteen feet one and one-half inches. Barnes had great strength in his arms and his back. He used to lift himself into the air as though a catapult were sending him off.

"Most people thought that the ceiling had been reached, but along came Bill Graber, the present champion. In 1932 Graber did fourteen feet four and three-eighths inches. Graber had and has something the others didn't have to a like extent. When he gets up there at his peak height he can drive himself upward and over the bar just by the amazing strength in his arms.

"Some day we'll find a man who can hit fourteen feet six inches. That is comparable with a nine-second hundred or a four-minute mile. The man will have to have amazing speed, great agility and acrobatic skill. He must be able to control his body while it is in the air. In short, he must have the speed and form of a Sabin Carr, the great 'pull up' of a Lee Barnes and the final drive off the pole that Bill Graber has. And he'll do fourteen feet six inches.

"If I could find these three boys," Cromwell said with a smile, "or even if I could find one of them, I'd feel amply repaid for having devoted twenty-five years of my life to coaching track men."

Everything Under Control

By H. I. Phillips

Suppose the New Deal had hit Plymouth, Mass., in 1620 and the Pilgrims had got all tangled up in the alphabet. You can't? Well, Mr. Phillips, the prominent historian, can

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

Plymouth, Mass.—1620

DECEMBER 16, 1620.—Miles Standish and Tom Clark went ashore from the Mayflower in a small boat to make a settlement today. Arrows fell all around them. They returned crestfallen and very critical of the Mayflower leadership which has permitted them to expose themselves to danger.

Dec. 21—We landed on a rock on the shore of Plymouth this morning. There was much dissatisfaction, some of the boys insisting that better arrangements should have been made for them. The country appears to be a vast wilderness. This is very disheartening. Violent speeches were made on all sides. Elder Brewster made an address promising expert planning.

Dec. 22—The MWRA or Massachusetts Wilderness Removal Administration was formed today. Everybody seems relieved.

Jan. 2, 1621—Indians killed several prominent settlers this morning. The redmen appear more savage than anticipated and the Pilgrims are much upset. They insist they should have been warned. Governor Carver has called a meeting of advisers.

Jan. 4—Indian raids are lowering the morale of the settlers every day. The governor announced today that he had formed the CTIA or Check the Indians Administration.

Jan. 8—There is a rumor that the entire Indian problem will be taken over by administration experts. Everybody feels better.

Feb. 12—These Indian raids are continuing, despite the CTIA. The governor made an address declaring a critical emergency to exist because of a surplus of Indians.

Feb. 16—The CTIA this afternoon ordered the Massachusetts colonists to plow under every third redskin.

Feb. 18—We are finding it a terrific task to clear the land, build houses and find food for existence. Discontent is general. There is talk of serious trouble this winter if something isn't done by the leaders of public thought and action.

Feb. 20—Some of the boys think what the Pilgrim Fathers need is a dictator or "Kingfish."

Feb. 21—There are widespread arguments over the terms of the contract between the Massachusetts company and the settlers, allotting one hundred acres to each settler over sixteen years of age and providing for distribution of the earnings. "We are living in a new era," declared one of these men in a speech today. "The old system is finished."

Feb. 24—Bears and wolves are so numerous that the colonists are greatly discouraged. They say there was nothing in the agreement about fighting bears and wolves. The contention is that the Pilgrim leaders were either dishonorable or shortsighted, and in either case, unfit.

Feb. 25—Governor Carver has referred the matter of the bears and wolves to a commission of seven men and one woman.

March 1—It is increasingly difficult to get food. Wild turkeys are so scarce that the council has ordered a Wild Turkey Census and promised weekly bulletins and charts to aid the settlers in locating them.

March 16—An Indian chief walked into the settlement today. He said his name was Samoset and that he would like to bring a sachem called Massasoit to confer on a New Deal.

March 22—Massasoit came today. He said he was anxious to avoid further fighting. The governor named a Mediation Board.

March 25—This has been a terrible winter. Nothing but zero weather and blizzards. We are terribly low in spirits. The PCSRA (Pilgrim Council Snow Removal Administration) is doing its best but we still seem to have lots of snow and ice.

April 3—Scurvy, malignant distemper and colds have carried off hundreds of settlers this winter. Governor Carver perished and was succeeded by Elder Bradford, who reassured the colonists by saying that scurvy and malignant distemper hit a new low during the last thirty days. There was much cheering.

April 10—Sam Bentley and his wife were scalped yesterday afternoon by Indians. Governor Bradford called a meeting of the CBTRS or Colonial Board to Reduce Scalpings this morning to see what could be done about it.

June 6, 1627—The contract signed by the Pilgrims with the Adventurers calling for payments of 1,800 pounds sterling, payable in bonds of 200 pounds at Michaelmas for nine years, is more burdensome than was expected. There is strong talk of repudiation as the agreement has meant much hardship and the Adventurers, being 3,000 miles away, can't do much about it anyhow.

June 20—Isaac Allerton's trip to England to ratify the agreement and assure the keeping of the contract was called off today. The Pilgrims decided that, due to the difficulties of meeting payments, it would be better to repudiate everything.

Connecticut—1638

June 4—The PIEB or Pequot Indian Eradication Board has been formed here with Captain Miles Standish as Administrator.

June 5—Administrator Standish cracked down on the Pequot camp at Wessagusset today.

June 6—The few Pequots left at Wessagusset signed the codes proposed by Administrator Standish today, I am reliably informed.

Aug. 10—The Connecticut colony went off the wampum standard today.

Boston—1775

April 15—British troops are making such suspicious movements, believed to indicate an early movement into the interior from Boston, that Samuel Adams and John Hancock created two important bodies today, the NCSB (North Church Signaling Board) and the STATEMVAFC (Spread the Alarm to Every Middlesex Village and Farm Commission). Paul Revere was named chairman of the latter.

April 16—Paul Revere and his board of six colonists met today and seized suitable horses, giving a twenty years' note for the same.

April 19—The NCSB and STATEMVAFC coördinated perfectly early today. Signals showing a British advance by sea were flashed to the NCSB and the Revere committee leaped to their saddles and galloped through the countryside, arousing the people. The MMOL, Minute Men of Lexington, is being organized.

April 20—A number of colonists refused to get up when called by the Revere board. They declare they will test the board's authority in the courts.

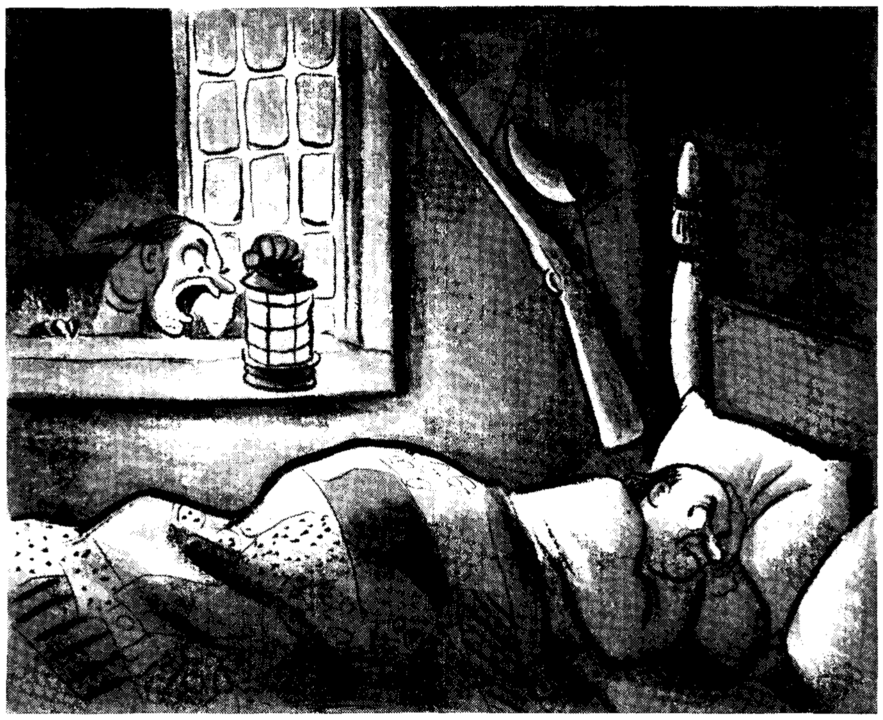
Valley Forge—1777

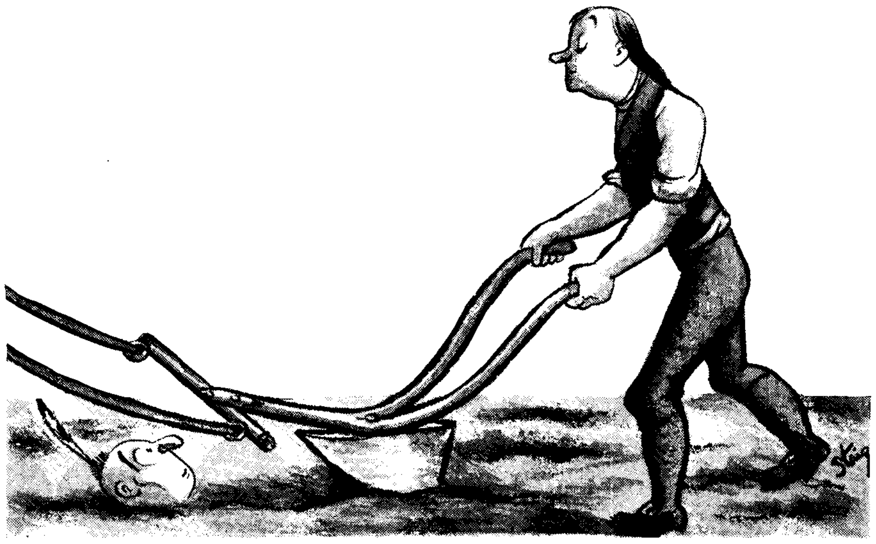
Dec. 11—An appeal to the Continental Congress by General George Washington saying that it would be difficult to hold out through the severe winter without better support from the government brought a statement from Samuel Adams denying that the crisis was as serious as some people were trying to make out.

The Continental Congress supplemented Mr. Adams' statements by sending the general several pages of statistics to prove to him and the sufferers at Valley Forge that morale is 12% ahead of last winter, that the snow up to the 10th inst. is much deeper in Europe than in this country and that the best available figures indicate that the number of frozen feet at Valley Forge has been exaggerated by at least 3½ per cent.

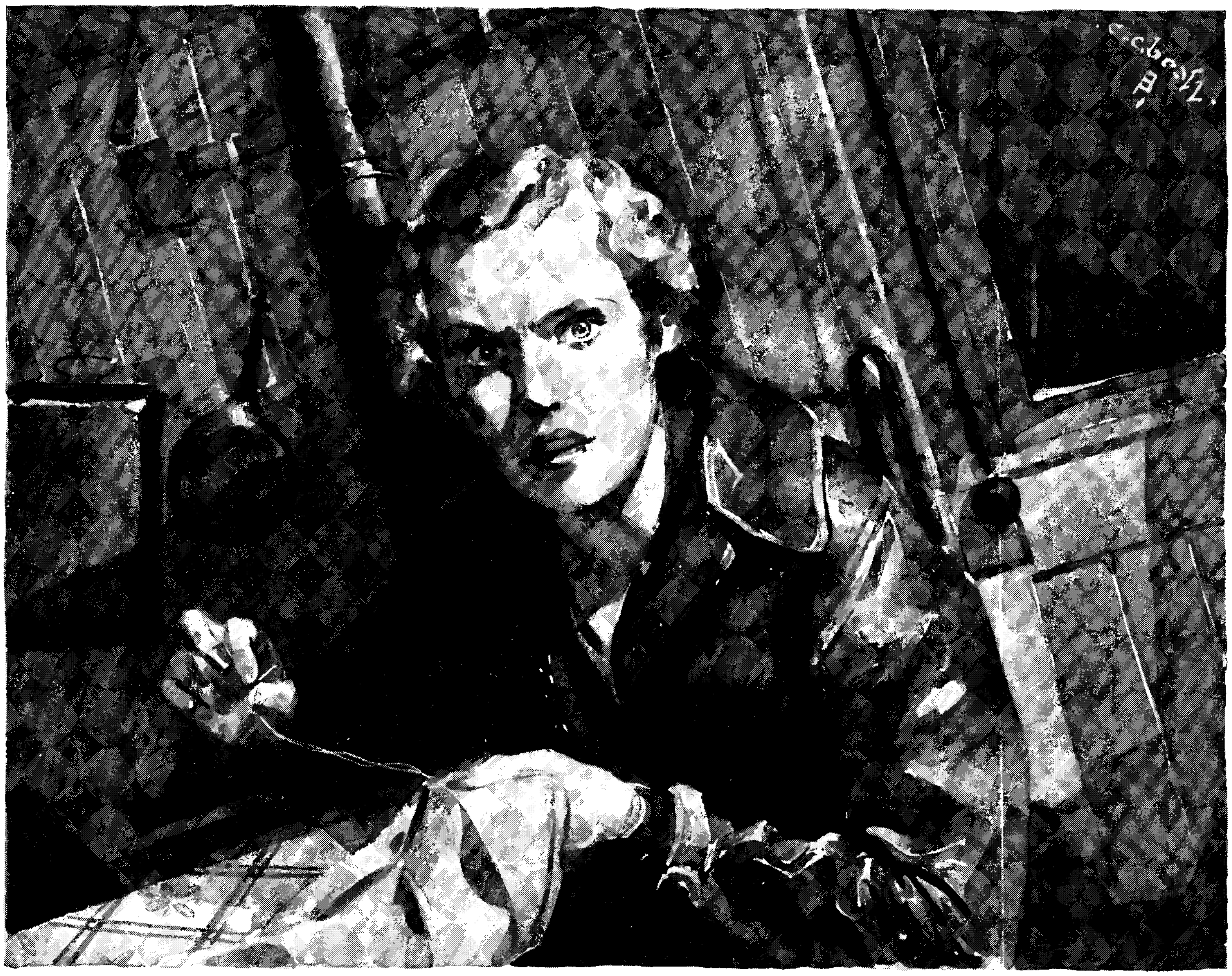
Thomas Jefferson expressed the conviction that there was no such place as Valley Forge.

April 18, 1620.—Signals were flashed to the NCSB and the Revere committee galloped through the countryside





Feb. 16, 1620.—The CTIA this afternoon ordered Massachusetts colonists to plow under every third redskin



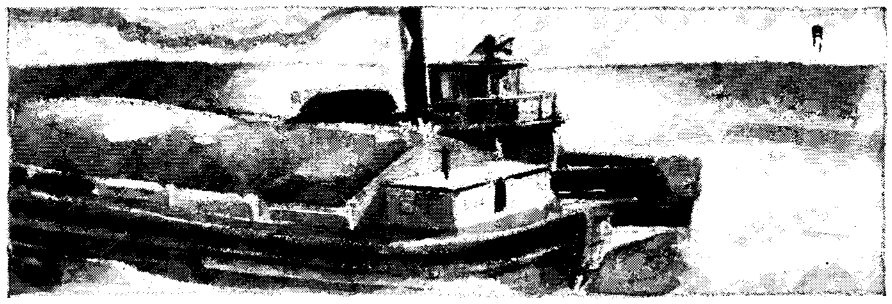
She wasn't used to the sea. She didn't know it could be enormous and black and menacing like this

Honeymoon Cruise

By Burnham Carter

A slow-moving, battered old barge—who would ever think of looking there for romance and nobility of spirit? Which suggests this story of the Star of the Sea—and two men and a woman

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



THE Star of the Sea was a ponderous squat barge that carried coal, lumber, and barrels along the Atlantic coast. Bill Stacy, its captain, said that the name was "kinda poetic"; his remark was both a tribute to and an admission of some slight fancifulness in the nomenclature. Secretly, he was as proud of his boat as a naval officer of his flagship. On board everything was neat. There were no loose planks on the deck that ran narrowly along the sides and expanded at the bow and stern. The small rectangular cabin aft, where he and his brother Joe lived, was orderly, even if it needed painting, and the windows were clean.

Sometimes Captain Bill covertly wished for curtains like those that hung in the cabins of some of the married barge-keepers; but he dropped the idea after he had remarked to Joe how nice they looked, and Joe had grunted. Joe's grunts were singularly expressive; he conveyed approval or disapproval eloquently by emitting the same short sound. In a group of men habitually silent, Joe was known as a silent man. Some said it was because Joe did so much "readin' "; in his leisure moments he sat on the deck leaning against the cabin, studying an old newspaper.

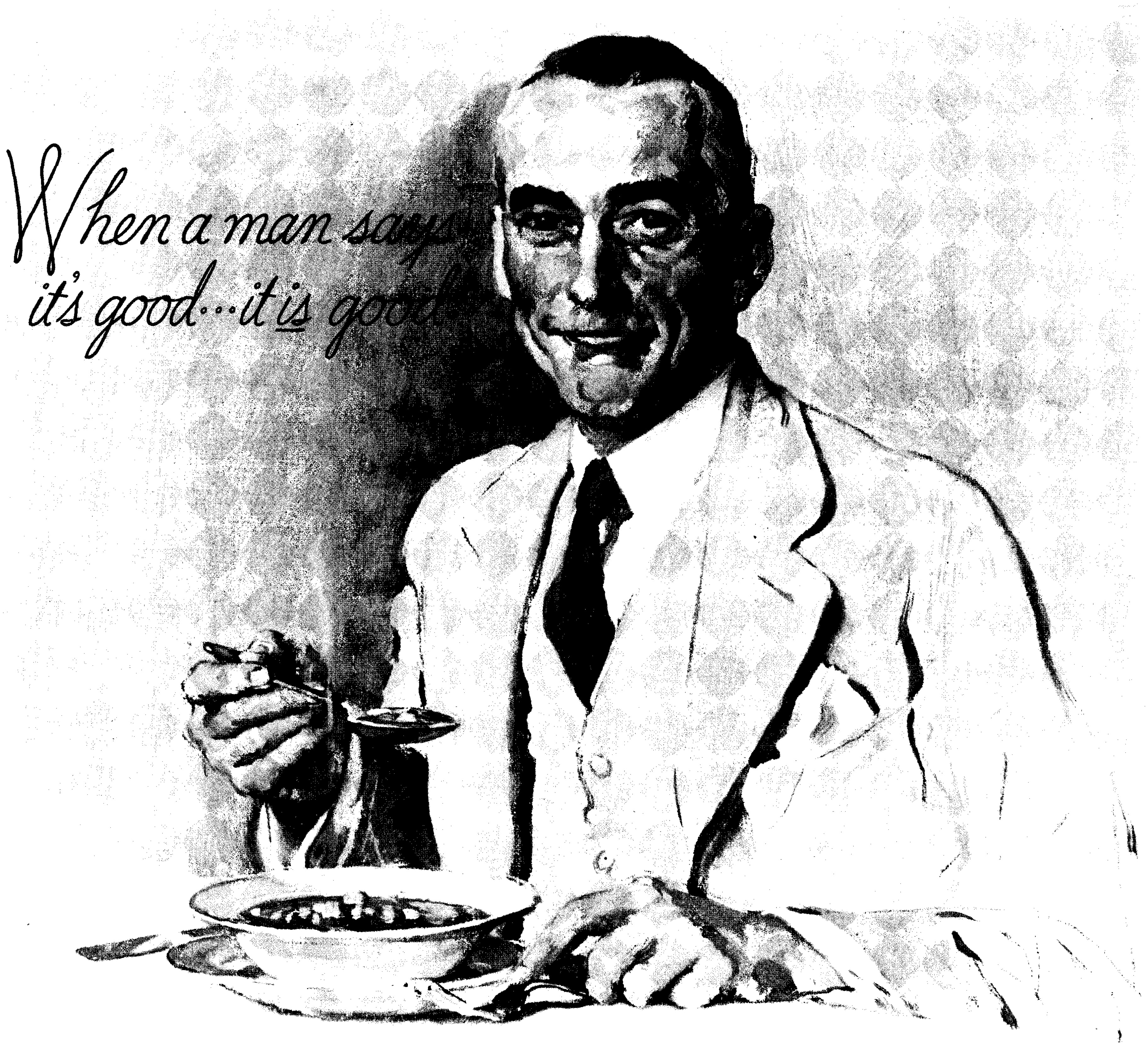
On the other hand, among a group of men habitually silent, Bill was known as a talker. When the Star of the Sea was tied up to a wharf, Bill would visit two or three barges during the day and chat for five minutes or so. He was well liked. He was cheerful. His round face frequently smiled, and his blue eyes twinkled. He wasn't yet forty and he had a short, sturdy figure. The barge wives liked him especially; he was what they thought their husbands were before they married them.

THE Star was loading up in New York with a transshipment of flour for Boston when Bill got his thumb in the way of a barrel. He couldn't handle the ropes or help with the cargo, so the company told him to lay off until the next trip. A deck hand was assigned to Joe. It was the first trip Bill had missed in eight years. He went down to the South Street docks to see the barge off. He felt pretty disconsolate as the rope cable was hitched to the tug, and the Star of the Sea started out from the pier; but once she was riding in the East River, pushing the water imperturbably away from her, he forgot his regrets in his excitement at the sight. "My, don't she ride swell!" he said aloud.

Bill walked down the dock to the South Streeet Bar & Restaurant, "Table or Counter Service," for lunch. He chose a table because he felt he deserved it.

A waitress brought him a hand-written menu, and he looked at it a moment. "I guess I can't read that writin'," he

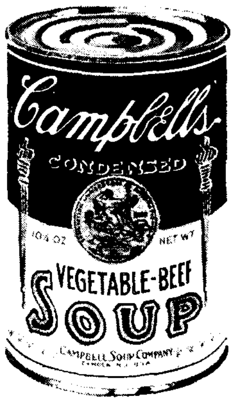
(*Continued on page 59*)


When a man says it's good...it is good!

21 kinds to choose from . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

Eating Campbell's
Every day
Sends me smiling
On my way!



TRUST a man to know good soup when he tastes it . . . If there's one thing he's frank about, it is the food he eats . . . Yes, too frank sometimes, to a woman's way of thinking . . . But there's never any doubt about it, at least . . . And when he gives his O. K. to the soup, that's all she wants to know . . . agreed . . . the soup is good!

Describing Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup as a "natural" for men is just another way of saying that it is a soup for hale and hearty appetites . . . the real old-fashioned vegetable soup with hunger-quelling pieces of meat among its nourishing vegetables . . . a meal in itself . . . one that especially fills the midday need for sustaining food . . . tempting and delicious to eat . . . wholesome and easily digested.

Have you school-children in your home? Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is just made for their yearning appetites!

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

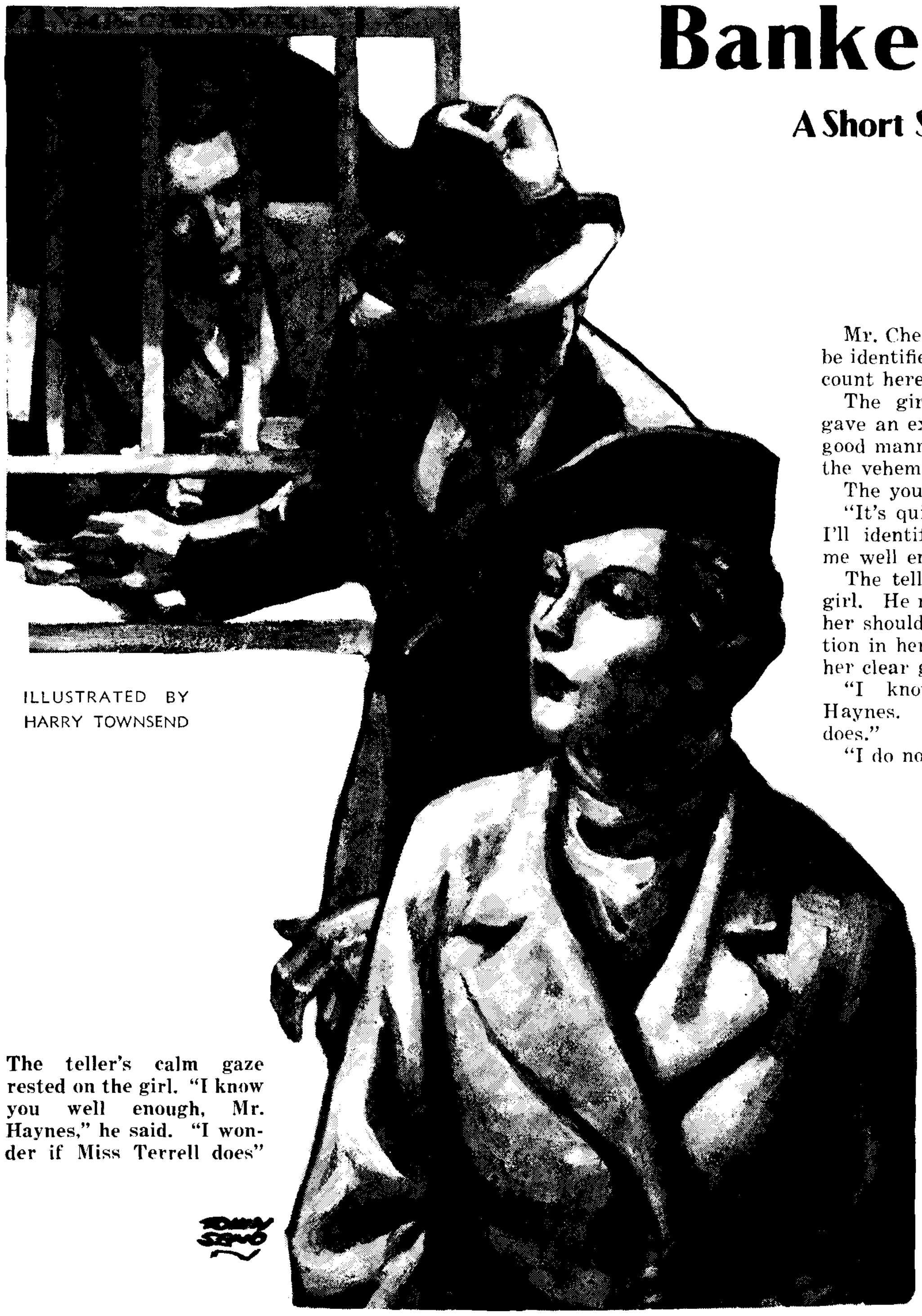
LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

Bankers Always Say No

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Jerome Barry



ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY TOWNSEND

The teller's calm gaze rested on the girl. "I know you well enough, Mr. Haynes," he said. "I wonder if Miss Terrell does"

THE good-looking young woman in the green wool suit and smart tilted hat turned away from the grilled window in the bank and then whirled back to it in a swift rush of anger.

"But I tell you this draft is drawn upon your bank!"

The young man with the moody black eyes and the air of vexed impatience who was next in line dragged a handful of papers from his pocket—passbooks, deposit slips, and checks—and thrust them under the grille.

"I know the draft is on us," the teller said placidly. "But you'll have to be identified to us as Miss Vivian Terrell. Don't you know someone who has an account here?" He picked up the papers the young man had thrust at him.

"I know very few people in the city," the girl said. "But my employer is a depositor here. You could telephone him—"

"He would have to come down in person."

The girl glanced at the austere little brass sign over the grille: MR. CHENOWETH.

She said in a voice that crackled with cold exasperation, "My dear Mr. Chenoweth, do you mean to tell me that I'd have to drag a busy man halfway across the city?"

"Identification of yourself is your problem, Miss Terrell, not ours. Doesn't your employer ever come by this way during the business day?"

The girl said furiously: "No. And he isn't my employer any more. I resigned today. Listen: I'll open an account myself. I'll deposit this draft." She stared him down triumphantly.

The young man with the moody eyes rested one elbow on the ledge and examined the girl's lovely profile with interest, but Mr. Chenoweth merely went on for a few seconds methodically examining the papers the young man had handed him. One of them he looked at closely, then laid aside face down. Finally he glanced up at the girl.

"I'm afraid we couldn't open an account for you," he said. "Not with this draft."

THE girl sighed patiently. "You think that if I opened an account I'd just deposit this draft until it was cleared and then draw it all out again?"

"Wouldn't you?"

She hesitated for a second, then said crisply, "Yes. The sooner I'm out of your city the better I'll be pleased. I wired home for this money so that I could clear up all my obligations and be free to get the soles of my shoes permanently clean again. Now tell me what I can do to get this draft cashed before I starve to death."

Mr. Chenoweth smiled. "If you could be identified by someone who has an account here—"

The girl clenched both hands and gave an exclamation that combined the good manners of a suppressed sob with the vehemence of a very small scream.

The young man spoke up sharply.

"It's quite all right, Mr. Chenoweth. I'll identify Miss Terrell. You know me well enough."

The teller's calm gaze rested on the girl. He noted the sudden stiffening of her shoulders, the chill lack of recognition in her face, the mounting anger in her clear gray eyes.

"I know you well enough, Mr. Haynes. I wonder if Miss Terrell does."

"I do not," the girl said icily.

The teller shrugged. "You see, Mr. Haynes? It would be highly irregular."

The girl was striding across the dully gleaming tiles with a vigor that set her green wool skirt snapping at her calves like an angry terrier.

The young man said: "I'll be back."

He followed the girl swiftly through the revolving doors and caught up with her on the street.

"Have you enough to eat on?"

"No." She answered without even bothering to glance at him.

"Have lunch with me?"

"No."

"You'd sooner starve, wouldn't you?"

She walked blindly into the edge of a sandwich man's sign, spun around, and found herself facing the young man, who held her by both elbows to steady her. She shook herself vigorously free.

"I was disappointed in you before, George Haynes," she said, "but now I hate you."

A WHISTLE shrilled, the crowd surged out over the crossing, and the girl was swept half a dozen yards away before he could make his way to her again.

"I thought," he said, "that we'd spent the whole last half of this morning deciding that you hated me and that from then on we would be perfect strangers."

"And what did you do? Instead of behaving like a decent stranger, you were in a hurry to get me out of the way."

"Vivian! In a hurry to—"

"You were! Just as you got me out of the way the other night, so you could go home with that singer—"

He shoved his hat despairfully off his forehead. "For the Heaven-knows-how-manyeth time—I never got you out of the way. I looked all over for you and found you'd left with your new friend, the curly-headed what-was-it. Of course I took Lorna home after you'd gone off and left me alone there like the world's prize mope. Was I to—"

"Was I to wait around forever, while you stood at the piano and helped her to sing and turned music? And if you didn't want to get rid of me then, you did today! You spoke right up and offered to identify me! If that Mr. Chenoweth hadn't been such a stickler I'd have my money now and be buying a ticket home. And you'd be satisfied, I hope."

They were both walking blindly now, swung around by every eddy in the crowd. They came to a curb and went to step off. Two enormous hands, backed by two blue sleeves, pushed them firmly back.

"Will you wake up here or in Bellevue Hospital?" the traffic cop roared. "Do you *want* to be under a truck?"

"Darling," George Haynes said distractedly, "I never wanted to get you out of the way! I spoke up and offered to identify you only because I'm so crazy about you that whatever you want to do is all right with me." He took both her hands in his and clung to them desperately. "No matter how mad I get with you, I have to give in to you. If you really wanted to hate me and go away, then I had to help you do it, even though it wrecked me forever."

Her face, lovely and distraught, was within a foot of his. "Wrecked you forever? Oh, what do you suppose it's doing to me?"

"Then, honey, how *can* you—"

"Oh, George, darling, I *can't!* If I could, I'd have let you identify me."

FOR a moment they were both crying quite frankly, and pressing each other's hands, and looking through the tears into each other's eyes. Then they went marching back into the bank.

"It works out all right, for you have given up your job, darling," George Haynes said, "but I've got to look out for mine now for both of us. Where's my passbook?"

They sauntered gayly arm in arm, and the folds of the girl's skirt smoothed themselves against her shapely legs like little green kittens purring and leaning sleekly by. There was no line before the teller's window.

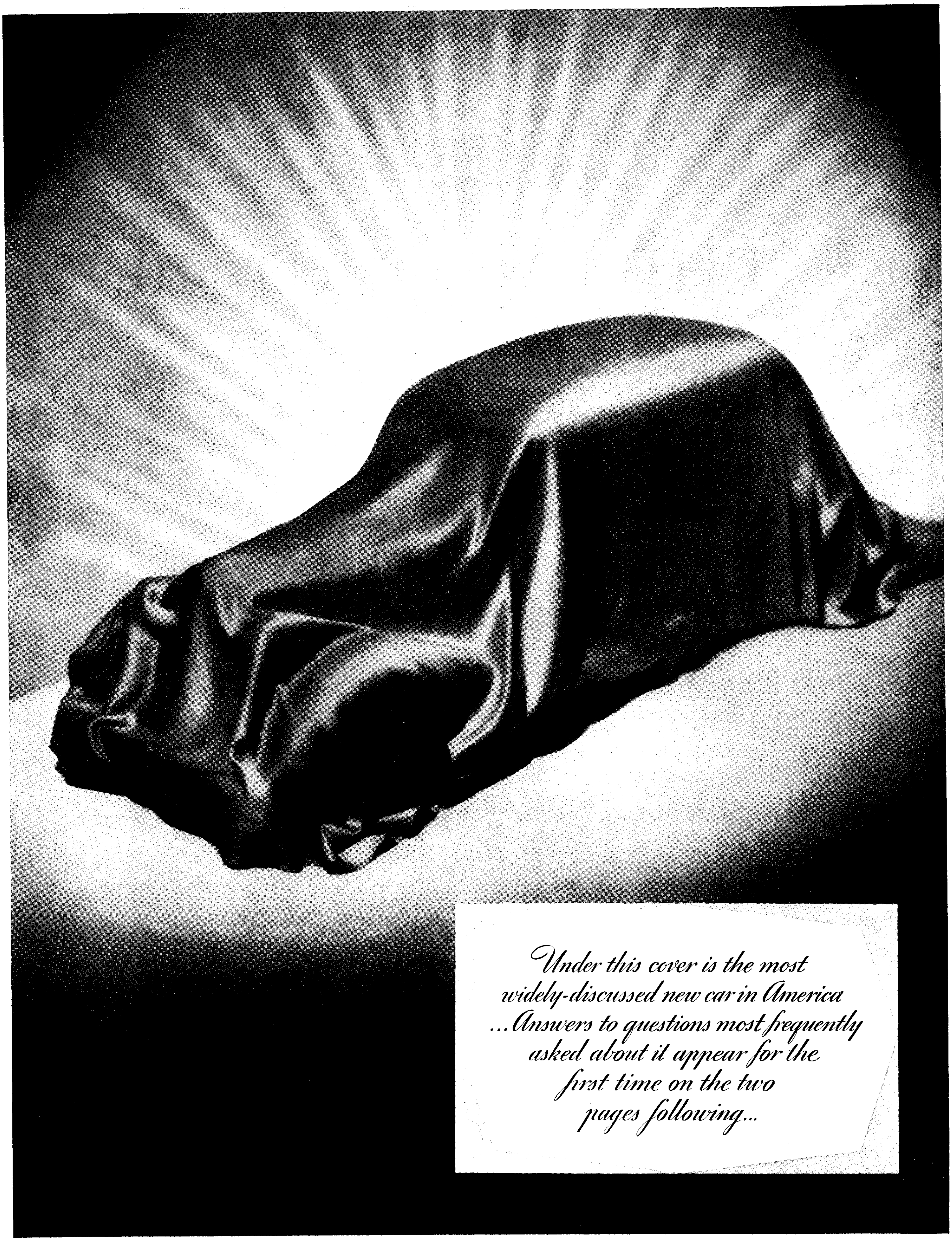
"Mr. Chenoweth," George Haynes said, "you don't know it, but you're Cupid. You use a check protector instead of a bow and arrow, and a safe-deposit box instead of a quiver, and you say 'no' instead of 'yes', but you're the real thing. If you had said 'yes' instead of 'no,' you might have thought you were fostering a nice little romance, but do you know what you'd have been doing?"

The suave self-satisfaction that covered everything in the Monolith Trust Company shone a little stronger on Mr. Chenoweth's features.

He drew from a shelf beneath his ledger the slip of paper he had earlier set aside from the papers George Haynes had given him.

"I really thought," he said, "that it might be better if Miss Terrell's plan to shake our dust from her feet were delayed just a little. But I don't think you'd better delay any longer in using this. I really don't."

He pushed toward them the marriage license of George Haynes and Vivian Terrell.


Under this cover is the most widely-discussed new car in America ...Answers to questions most frequently asked about it appear for the first time on the two pages following...

WITH THIS CAR PACKARD BRINGS FINE-CAR QUALITY INTO THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

THE PACKARD 120

Few new cars have ever been preceded by such a flood of interest from the motoring public. Letters asking for information about this new Packard have come, not only from all parts of the United States, but from a dozen foreign countries. Because of this intense interest, Packard takes these pages to answer some of the questions most frequently asked.

Q. Will it look like a Packard?

A. Yes. It will have the famous Packard identifying lines and traditional Packard beauty.

Q. Will it have the Packard name?

A. Yes—it is a car we are proud to call a Packard.

Q. Is it a real Packard?

A. Yes, it is a real Packard—every inch of it. From radiator to rear axle Packard has given this new car design characteristics and a mechanical excellence as definitely Packard as its appearance.

Q. Has it been thoroughly tested?

A. *First*—the Packard 120 has been given the greatest of all tests—the test of time. Packard motors, clutches, axles, steering assemblies, bodies, have been proved in the millions of miles they have been driven by their owners. And all that Packard has learned through 35 years of research and engineering and manufacturing practice is inherited by this newest, most modern of motor cars.

Second—at the Packard Proving Grounds, in traffic, in country-wide driving under all conditions of roads and climates, this car has been given the most rigorous and exhaustive tests ever given any Packard, and to the best of our knowledge, ever given *any* new car.

Q. Has it a straight-eight motor?

A. Yes—a motor designed by Packard and built by Packard; one that includes all Packard has learned in 35 years of motor building. It is, we believe, the most powerful motor ever put in a car of this size.

Q. What is its horse-power?

A. 110 horse-power—*active and economical horse-power*, because, contrary to usual practice in cars of this price, the motor has an aluminum head—eliminating the necessity of premium motor fuel.

Q. Is it economical on gas?

A. In competitive driving tests, the Packard 120 gave more miles per gallon of gas than any other car its size and weight. Packard engineers got orders to design a motor that would be a miser on gas—and they've done it.

Q. How much does the car weigh?

A. The 5-passenger sedan weighs 3685 pounds—heavy enough to provide unusual comfort, safety, and roadability, and light enough to be economical to operate and easy to handle.

Q. Is it a large car?

A. Yes. It is a big car with more than ample head room and leg room. Extra wide doors provide unusual ease in getting in and out of the car. It is more than 16 feet in over-all length and 120 inches in wheel base.

Q. Is it a good performing car?

A. Yes. While it will easily do 90 miles an hour on the highway Packard is proudest of its ability in traffic and at the stop light. It is, we believe, the most agile of all cars of its size and weight.

Q. Has it an all-steel body?

A. It has better than that. Packard has *improved* upon the all-steel body, retaining and plussing the strength of all-steel and eliminating its tendency to develop squeaks, rattles and rumbles. The Packard 120 has a Packard-built Safety-plus body—in Packard's opinion the strongest, safest, most modern body that ever went on a chassis.

Q. What is the ventilating system?

A. The standard Packard type—one that lets every passenger have plenty of fresh air without the penalty of drafts, rattling or sticking windows, or other inconvenience.

Q. Has it independent wheel suspension?

A. Yes—Packard's own exclusive SAFETFLEX design which introduces for the first time the *safety* of torque-arm construction.

Two steel arms of tremendous strength carry all torque and horizontal load applied to the front wheels, including all braking forces. The springs themselves are relieved of these stresses and strains.

As a result, live rubber cushions can be used throughout the mechanism. These rubber cushions keep road shocks from reaching the frame and passengers—shocks that would otherwise be transmitted if only metal bearings were used.

Advantages:—a far softer ride, greater safety, no "gallop" or sidesway, positive wheel alignment, tires that wear longer, fewer points to lubricate, greater freedom from service adjustment, and a car that is more easily controllable at all speeds on all kinds of roads.

Q. Has it hydraulic brakes?

A. Yes—with far greater "stopping power" than you will ever need, even in mountain country. In addition, these brakes have a feature never before found on a car of this price, the Packard-type dirt and water seal.

Q. Is it a car my wife can handle easily?

A. The answer to that question is just two words long—drive it! Steering is almost effortless. The improved Packard clutch works with velvet smoothness. The car stops with little more than a tap of the toe. You can park it in little more than its own length. A ninety-pound woman can drive the Packard 120 all day without fatigue.

Q. Is it quiet at high speeds?

A. It is quiet at *all* speeds. Without question Packard has contributed more to the silencing of a motor car than any other manufacturer. Everything that Packard has learned about building quiet into an automobile has been applied to the Packard 120.

Q. Will service costs be low?

A. Yes, for three reasons:

First—by examining the car, you will find that Packard engineers have greatly reduced service requirements. For example, there are fewer places to lubricate because the engineers have used more anti-friction bearings than you will find in any other car of this price. And because this is the most completely new car in America, because it was possible to take advantage of the newest engineering developments, the frequency of lubrication has been cut at least in half. *Outside of the crankcase, no point on this new Packard needs attention oftener than six times a year.*

Second—the necessity for frequent adjustments and for the replacement of parts is practically eliminated by Packard precision manufacturing methods which have long been the standard of the industry.

Third—Packard has established the definite policy that charges for service and parts shall not be higher for the Packard 120 than for other cars in its price class.

Q. How many body styles will it have?

A. Seven. 5 Passenger Sedan; 5 Passenger Club Sedan; 5 Passenger Touring Sedan; 5 Passenger Touring Coupe; 2-4 Passenger Sport Coupe; 2-4 Passenger Convertible Coupe; 2 Passenger Business Coupe.

Q. When can I get delivery?

A. Early in March. By placing your order now at any Packard showroom you can make sure that you will be one of the first to drive one of these great new Packards. *And so great is Packard's confidence in this new car that you may place your order now and take delivery or not as you please when you actually see your own new car.*

Q. What will be its price?

A. All America has been waiting for the answer to this question. All America will cheer when it hears the price of the PACKARD 120. So tune in your N. B. C. Network station (WJZ and associated stations) next Tuesday, January 8th—8:30 Eastern Standard Time. In a brief interlude between the beautiful melodies of Lawrence Tibbett, Alvan Macauley, President of Packard Motor Car Company will tell you the amazing price of this amazing new car.

Chart and Graph Man

In an office near the White House, excavating for the vote, lives Emil Edward Hurja, once a miner, now the prophet extraordinary of the Democratic party. Want to know how you'll vote in 1936? Ask Hurja

By Ray Tucker

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

EVERYBODY tries to sell the craziest schemes to political campaign managers. Every headquarters has a special doorman to head off crackpots. In 1928, a mad year, John Raskob had two. Even they weren't enough, for they let in somebody who convinced him that Al Smith could carry Pennsylvania. But they may have made an even more serious slip. They turned away a young man named Emil Edward Hurja.

You can't blame them much. He looked like just another crank advertising an expensive scheme for telling how and why people would vote in an election for which only the date was known. He wasn't even a politician. He was a bulky, lumbering mining analyst, with a cubby-hole office in downtown Manhattan. No, Mr. Raskob could not be disturbed; he was busy signing the checks which were to endear the Democrats to Pennsylvania. So the up-and-coming but diffident Mr. Hurja bowed himself out and stowed away his charts and slide rule.

The scene may have been what Al calls "a historic event." Although Mr. Smith lost overwhelmingly in the electoral college poll, a redistribution of 500,000 votes would have made him President. Had Mr. Raskob concentrated on states where his man trailed only slightly, the tally might have been different. At least he might have made such a showing that he would have been the logical candidate in 1932. And Mr. Hurja, in view of his subsequent sharpshooting as Democratic analyst, diagnostician, mathematician and forecaster, would have spotted states more susceptible to spade work than Pennsylvania.

It's a Matter of Sampling

But Mr. Hurja is persistent. He usually strikes pay dirt wherever he digs. In early 1932 he took his theories and tables to Frank Walker, who was one of four men to finance Franklin D. Roosevelt's pre-convention campaign. To Mr. Walker, who breezed into New York from Butte, the young man with a system explained it in mining terms. He told how he had hit upon his theory of vote-trend analysis while chasing through Yukon gold fields as a newspaper reporter.

"You apply the same test to public opinion that you do to ore," he said in effect. "To discover whether a vein will pay, miners grab samples of ore from many places on its face. Then they pulverize them and melt them down. The residue, with only a small margin of error, shows whether the mine is worth working. In politics you do the same thing. You study polls among all classes and sections of voters; you check new trends against past performances; you establish percentages of shifts among different voting strata; you supplement these data with trustworthy information from competent observers in the field, and you can predict an election result almost to a mathematical certainty."

Although slightly incredulous, Mr. Walker gave Hurja a desk in his office and let him play around. Jim Farley, dubious at first, listened. The early tests assayed too high—too Democratic—but reports from the field corroborated them days later. Set to doing chores, Hurja discharged them conscientiously. He was regular and resourceful, especially the latter. When Jim asked him to scout around for a few extra tickets at the Chicago convention, he returned with a handful. The chairman showed his surprise.

"I had to become a delegate from Alaska to get them," Hurja grinned. "I used to live up there and I found that the boys needed a proxy. I took the job and I'm on the platform committee."

Needing delegates more than tickets, particularly delegates who would tailor the platform to Roosevelt in advance, Farley would have hugged his volunteer aide if his arms could have encompassed the Hurja circumference. The incident earned a real trial for his system, and when the campaign opened, he was assigned to sample the political ore.

Disappearing from front rooms of headquarters, he became a mysterious figure known only to the inner board of strategy. His office resembled an engineer's shed on a construction job. Maps ruled off in tiny, varicolored squares draped the walls. Tables and desks were swamped beneath almanacs, political records, old newspaper files and freshly cut clippings, legislative summaries, reports and letters. He made it his business to study every newspaper and magazine poll, no matter how limited in social or geographical scope. He knew every type of voter—at least on paper. With slide rule, pencil and percentage tables he added, subtracted, divided and calculated. He came up perspiring with predictions, and these he painted in, county by county, on his map—blue for Roosevelt, light blue when not so sure, red for Hoover and light red when only Hooverish.

The nation, he reported regularly, was a gold mine for the Democrats. But his daily two-page analyses did more than splash smiles on the faces of the chairman and the candidate, who received "rush" copies at Albany. They reflected slumps due to shifting sentiment or laziness of party workers. They warned when GHQ should shift an oratorical battalion from safe New York so as to win voters in shaky states. They formed the basis for victorious chants by Mr. Farley, which helped to shatter the morale of the Republicans and to make it hard for them to persuade old contributors to loosen up.

An Election-Year Byword

The propaganda effect of his predictions is a definite political asset, especially as they have been uncannily correct. Political writers at Washington have faith in them, and they color all headlines and gossip. He talks frankly, and the expression, "Hurja says," is a byword in newspaper offices and political centers around election time. In 1932, for instance, his average error for the eight mountain states was 564 a state. He gave Roosevelt a plurality of 300,000 and it was 295,489. He predicted a 185,000 plurality for the Dakotas as against an actual 190,000. In Oregon he was off by 552, in Kansas by 506, in Washington by 1,507. He predicted a nation-wide Democratic plurality of 7,500,000, and it was 7,200,000. He was wrong in Delaware, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, which he counted for the Democrats by narrow margins.

In the 1934 elections he clinched his reputation as a seer. He spotted Maine district by district, and his premonitory reports sent Democratic sappers and miners swarming into the state. In

(Continued on page 41)

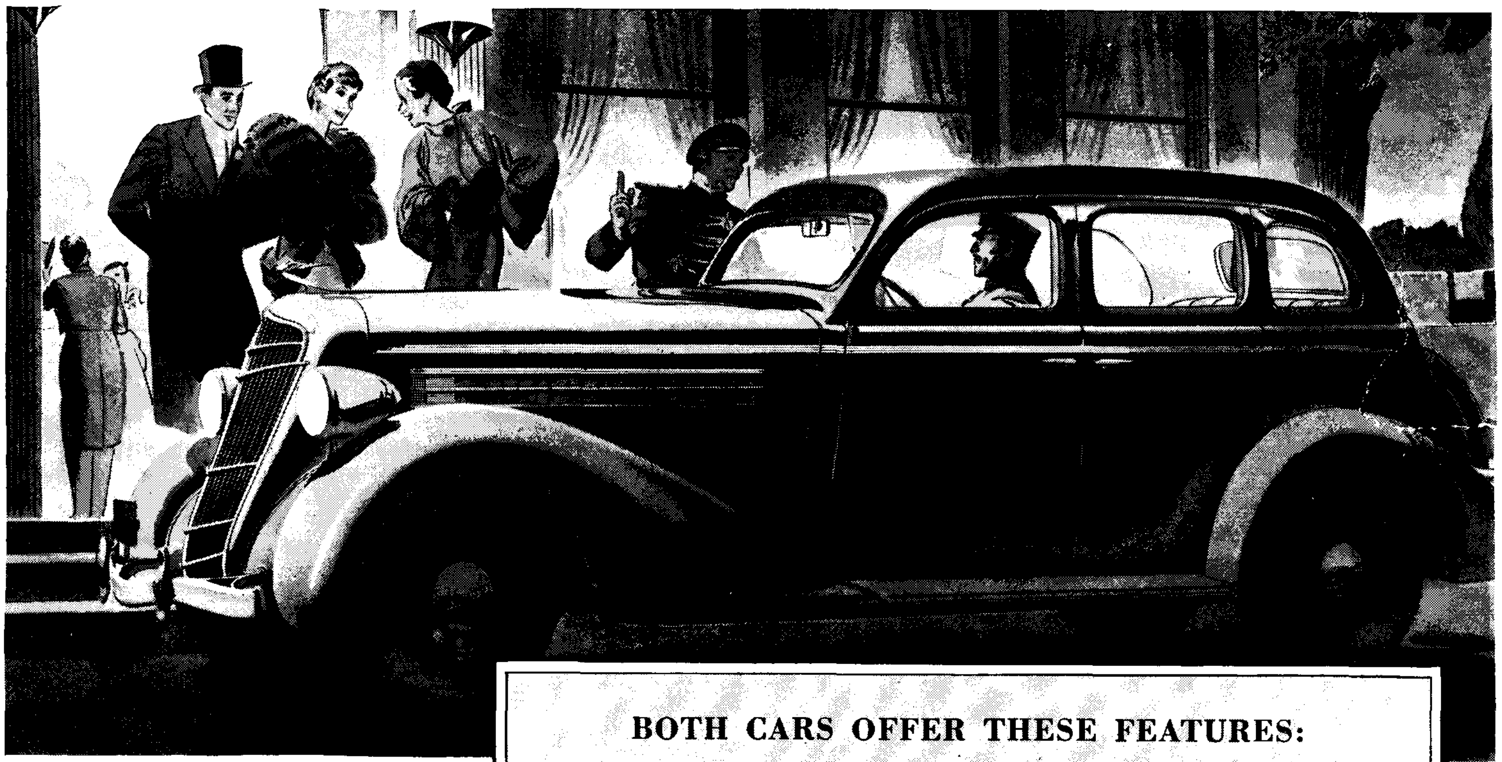
Edward Hurja, who has brought mathematical accuracy to the formerly uncertain business of political prophecy

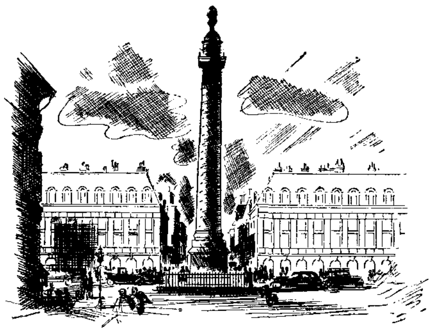
PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

De Soto, winner of the Grand Prix

PRESENTS

TWO GREAT WORKS OF ART IN AERO-DYNAMIC DESIGN





In Europe, as well as in America, it's De Soto that "Sets the Style."

New Streamlined Cars at Popular Prices

Do you remember how De Soto startled the industry last year . . . by announcing the famous Airflow model?

The car that won the Grand Prix style award at Monte Carlo . . . captured the New York to San Francisco economy record, averaging 21.4 miles per gallon . . . and then shattered 29 A.A.A. Contest Board speed records.

This year . . . De Soto again makes news introducing not *one* new car . . . *but two!*

• • •

First—De Soto presents the new Airstream model. A new car created by the same engineers who made the Airflow. It is thus a scientifically streamlined automobile.

Under the hood is a miracle-working engine of 93 horsepower . . . with a cruising speed of 85 miles an hour . . . yet an amazing new gas and oil economy.

You've never had such a ride! Independent wheel suspension gives the front springs a much slower action. Redistribution of weight has eliminated the "double bump." And an amazing new type of tapered leaf springs in the rear give flexibility never before possible.

The new All-Steel Body of this Airstream De Soto (above) is far roomier than the average car. Floors are 3¼ inches lower to give a more natural and more comfortable sitting position. Front and rear doors open from the center post, a feature unanimously approved by owners of last year's Airflow.

Result: In the Airstream De Soto you have a car, light in weight, which rides easier and gives more comfort than any other car today with the exception of the new Airflow.

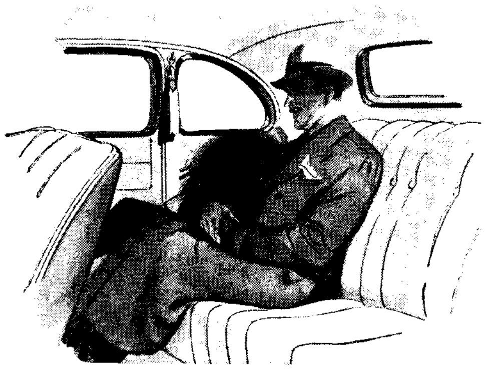
And that brings us to the second chapter of the story. This year, De Soto presents a new Airflow that has been brilliantly restyled.

The front end has been beautifully improved . . . without in any way changing its streamline efficiency. Interiors are more sparkling than ever . . . with handsome new fabrics and a beautiful new instrument panel.

If you haven't driven an Airflow . . . with its 100-horsepower engine . . . its thrilling performance . . . its sensational Airflow Ride . . . you've a great experience coming to you.

Both De Sotos are now on display. Two great works of art in Aero-Dynamic Design.

You want a streamlined car, of course. And now you can afford a De Soto. See them both . . . drive them both . . . and then ask yourself this question: "Which De Soto will it be?"



Note how the front end of the new Airflow De Soto (below) has been brilliantly restyled

BOTH CARS OFFER THESE FEATURES:

Improved performance . . . Airflow De Soto, 100 horsepower—Airstream De Soto, 93 H. P. Amazing speed—plus sensational economy in gas and oil.

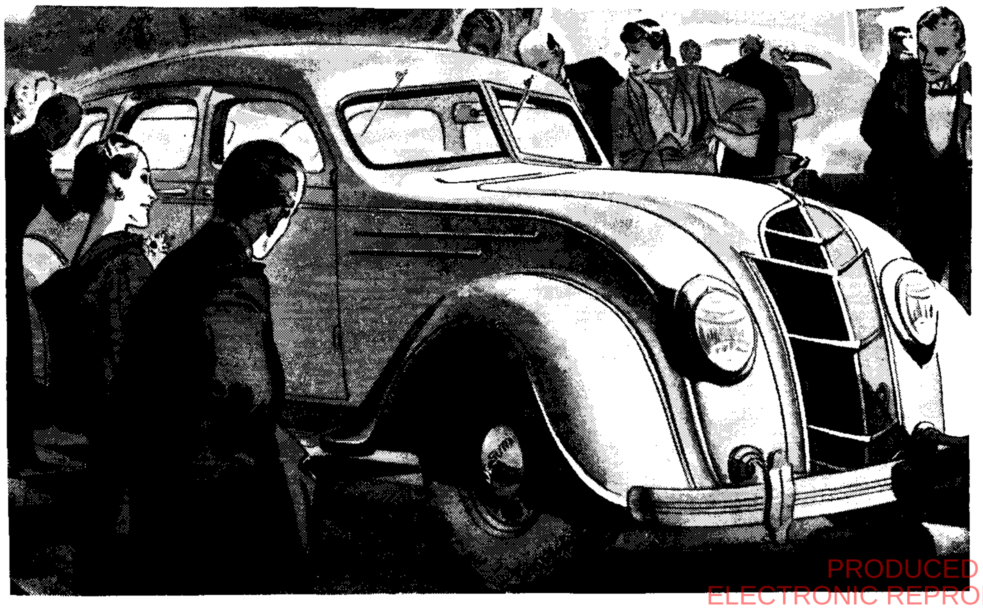
New-type Tapered Leaf Springs and Redistribution of Weight . . . give a revolutionary improvement in riding comfort.

Improved Hydraulic Brakes . . . always equalized, always dependable. Centrifuse brake drums make linings last many times longer.

All-Steel Bodies . . . for greater safety. De Soto—pioneer in this type of body construction . . . now makes Frame and Body virtually one unit.

Floating Power Engine Mountings . . . that banish motor vibration.

New Syncro-Silent Transmission which takes all noise and effort out of gear shifting. It's the easiest shift on any car.



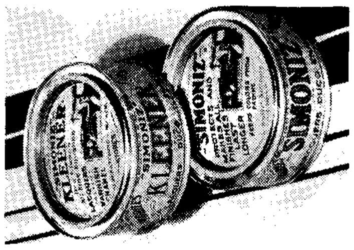
DE SOTO

Airflow & Airstream

AMERICA'S AERO-DYNAMIC STYLE LEADERS

STOPS "FINISH ROT"

Simoniz gives positive protection against "finish rot." It keeps this destructive decay from dulling and destroying the finish.



To Make Cars Stay Beautiful MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

Every car needs Simoniz in Winter as well as in Summer. So keep your car Simonized. Then, when Spring rolls around the finish will still look new and beautiful. "Finish rot" won't have a chance to ruin its beauty. Simoniz protects and guards the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading. What if your car is dull and discolored? There's where the new, improved Simoniz Kleener comes in. It restores the lustre to the finish quickly, easily and safely. Simoniz, too, is easy to apply, and it makes the finish stay beautiful. Take the advice of millions and insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. There's nothing else like them! The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

"ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR!"

Piping Hot

Continued from page 11

became law, as seemed certain because a majority in both houses were in favor of it, Secretary Ickes with his foolish ideas regarding conservation would become all-powerful and so it was that orders were immediately sent from the oil fields to the Texas delegation in Congress that that bill had to be defeated.

This was quite embarrassing. The voices of two masters were speaking at once. From the White House came the word, "The Administration wants this bill passed immediately." From Texas came the terse order, "Kill it," and as some of the Lone Star gentlemen had been so foolish as to promise to vote both ways the situation for a time was rather hectic. On the Senate side Senator Tom Connally, stanch friend of the Administration that he is, hastily declined the honor of introducing the bill. Over in the House the Honorable Sam Rayburn, also of Texas, after stalling the matter off as long as possible, likewise refused to sponsor the measure. But, after it had been sponsored by Mr. Disney of Oklahoma, Mr. Rayburn again barged into the picture by vehemently demanding that it be referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce, of which he is chairman, rather than to the Mines and Mining Committee, which had already promised to report it out promptly.

Sam Took Care of Them

For some undisclosed reason Mr. Rayburn won out and the bill was referred to his committee, whereupon all the Texans, feeling sure that Sam would take care of them, began to breathe easier. Sam, of course, did his duty. Days passed and no word regarding the oil bill came from behind the closed doors of the Texan's committee-room. The Administration got impatient. It began to ask questions and was finally informed, through grapevine communication, that Mr. Rayburn would *not* consider the oil bill unless President Roosevelt, personally, called him up on the phone and asked him to do so. According to the best information obtainable, the President yielded to the extent of phoning Mr. Rayburn three times and writing him two letters asking him to report the bill favorably. Apparently, though, Mr. Roosevelt's voice is not as rich in oily persuasiveness as that of East Texas because the thing that the Honorable Sam finally snatched from the hat and waved in the face of an astounded House of Representatives was *not* an endorsement of the President's oil bill but rather a resolution calling for a congressional investigation to determine whether or not *any* oil legislation of any kind whatever was really needed!

In the meantime, over in the Senate, where the oil bill had finally been introduced and had been promptly reported out by the Mines and Mining Committee, it was being massacred by a different method. Having been favorably reported, it was ready to be voted upon, but as a vote would have placed Senator Tom Connally, who was up for reelection, squarely on the spot between his two masters, the one in the White House and the voters in East Texas, here was a consummation that had to be avoided if possible. It was possible. The Vice President is also a Texan—one who is noted for his loyalty to his state and its statesmen—and so it befell that the oil bill was held up in the Senate until after Mr. Robinson of Arkansas, who had perhaps been carefully coached as to just what to say, had time to go to the White House, where he solemnly informed the President that, although the majority of the senators were favorable to the Administration's bill, it couldn't pass because the Louisiana Kingfish was against it and would filibuster it to death!

Can you imagine the Democratic leader of the Senate going to President Roosevelt, confessing and expecting to be believed that, single-handed and alone, Huey Long was able to defeat an Administration bill? Keen observers in Washington are of the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt didn't believe the tale for a moment. He saw through it, though. Behind it he sensed the Garner opposition to federal interference with the oily business in Texas and so, rather than risk a showdown with the Vice President at a time when he was trying to bring about a quick adjournment of Congress, he let the thing slide.

If you feel that you are equipped to grapple with further dubious doings in connection with hot oil, allow me to call your attention to the mystery of the code. Therein lies one of the most astounding stories that has come out of Washington in several years. As briefly as possible here it is:

Back in the early days of the NRA when everybody was building codes, the oil men, of course, erected one for themselves. They met in Chicago for the purpose, and as the production of hot oil has always been looked upon by decent men in the industry as an unfair trade practice, it was there proposed to include in the document a paragraph which would enable the federal government to deal hotly with the hot-oil gang. But a voice was raised in opposition. It was the voice of Texas. According to what Governor Allred told this writer, a very prominent lawyer from his state stood up in the Chicago meeting and advanced the theory that under no circumstances could the federal government go into his state to enforce production regulations and that therefore any reference in the code to anything except interstate commerce was unenforceable and might just as well be omitted. The argument that ensued lasted far into the night, with the result that the Texan lost, so that when the oil code was finally presented to the President for his approval and signature it contained this paragraph:

A Missing Paragraph

"If any subdivision into quotas of production allocated to a state be made within a state any production by any person in excess of any such quota assigned to him shall be deemed an unfair trade practice and in violation of this code."

That's a very clear statement. As long as it was in the code any Texan who produced more oil than his own state authority said he could produce would be violating the code and could therefore be jumped upon by the federal government. Which naturally explains why the Texas lawyer didn't approve of it.

Now follow carefully. On August 19, 1933, President Roosevelt signed the oil code with the above paragraph in it, and then, almost *five months later*, on January 8, 1934, General Hugh Johnson affixed the seal of the NRA to the document as the President had signed it and, with the certification that it was a true and correct copy of the oil code, turned it over to the Department of the Interior and the Petroleum

Administration Board. Thus the code which was handed to Secretary Ickes was one under which he could put fear into the souls of the hot-oil gang. He went to work to do so. Case after case was made out by his investigators and turned over to the Department of Justice for it to prosecute. Nothing happened. Cases accumulated; law violation was unabated and whenever the Petroleum Administration wanted to know what was wrong it was informed that nothing was, except that under the code the Department of Justice couldn't find any basis upon which to file its suits.

This went on for about eight months; a good deal of hard feeling had been developed between the Department of Justice and the Petroleum Administration; millions of dollars' worth of hot oil had emanated from Texas, and then, practically by accident, it was suddenly discovered that the *one crucial paragraph which Texas had wanted omitted in the first place had actually been omitted from the copies of the code which the Department of Justice had and upon which it must base its actions.*

This was a bombshell. There were two oil codes. One had teeth in it, whereas the other, the one in the hands of the department with the power to bite, had had those teeth drawn! Who had drawn them; why, and how had it been possible for General Johnson to certify to a copy of the code as being true and correct when, apparently, it was not?

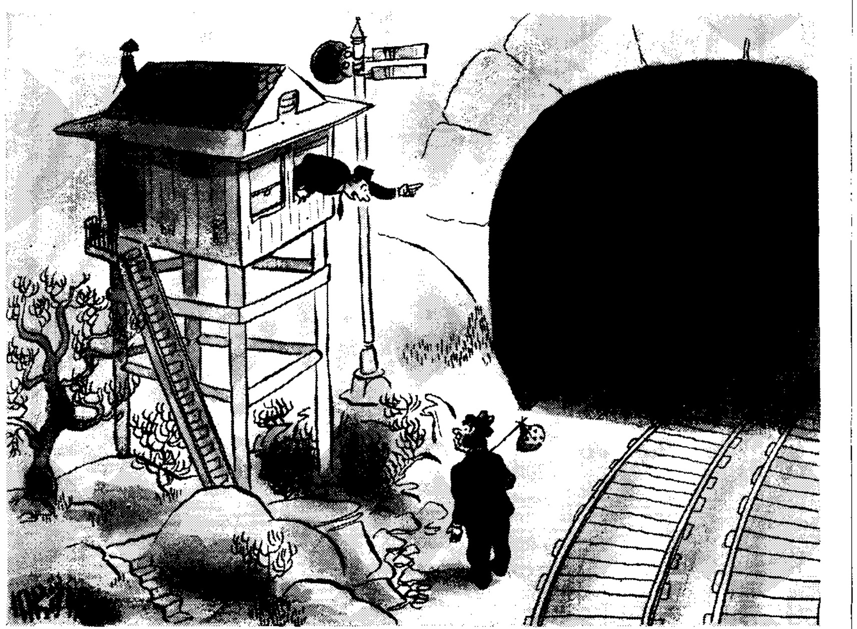
The explanation that one gets in Washington is entirely unconvincing, but here it is. On September 13, 1933, almost a month after he had signed the original oil code, President Roosevelt signed a series of amendments to it, one of which might be interpreted as striking out the obnoxious paragraph. But if it did strike it out, then how could it have happened that four months later, on January 8, 1934, as already stated, General Johnson could have certified to the Petroleum Administration that its copy of the code containing the paragraph was true and correct? What was the matter? Didn't General Johnson ever receive a copy of the amendments, and if not, why not? There's the real mystery.

It is now clear, though, that it was never the intention of the President to omit the paragraph, because as soon as the omission was discovered the so-called error—which had meant huge profits to hot-oil producers—was quickly corrected. But is it logical for anyone to believe, as they ask you to in Washington, that the thing was really an error, and that it was a mere *coincidence* that the one paragraph that was dropped from the code was the only one in it under which the federal government could have punished the hot-oil gang in Texas? Perhaps if it were not for three facts one might strain his credulity to the point of agreement. But when it is remembered that Texas was against the paragraph from the outset; when the prima facie evidence points to the conclusion that General Johnson never saw the amendment which struck it down, and when it was hinted in Texas, as it was several times to this writer, that some of the East Texas hot-oil lawyers had always known about the missing paragraph and had held the knowledge as an ace up their sleeves, the whole thing begins to take on the appearance of an effort on the part of the Texas oil gang to by-pass the federal government.

Ickes vs. Texas

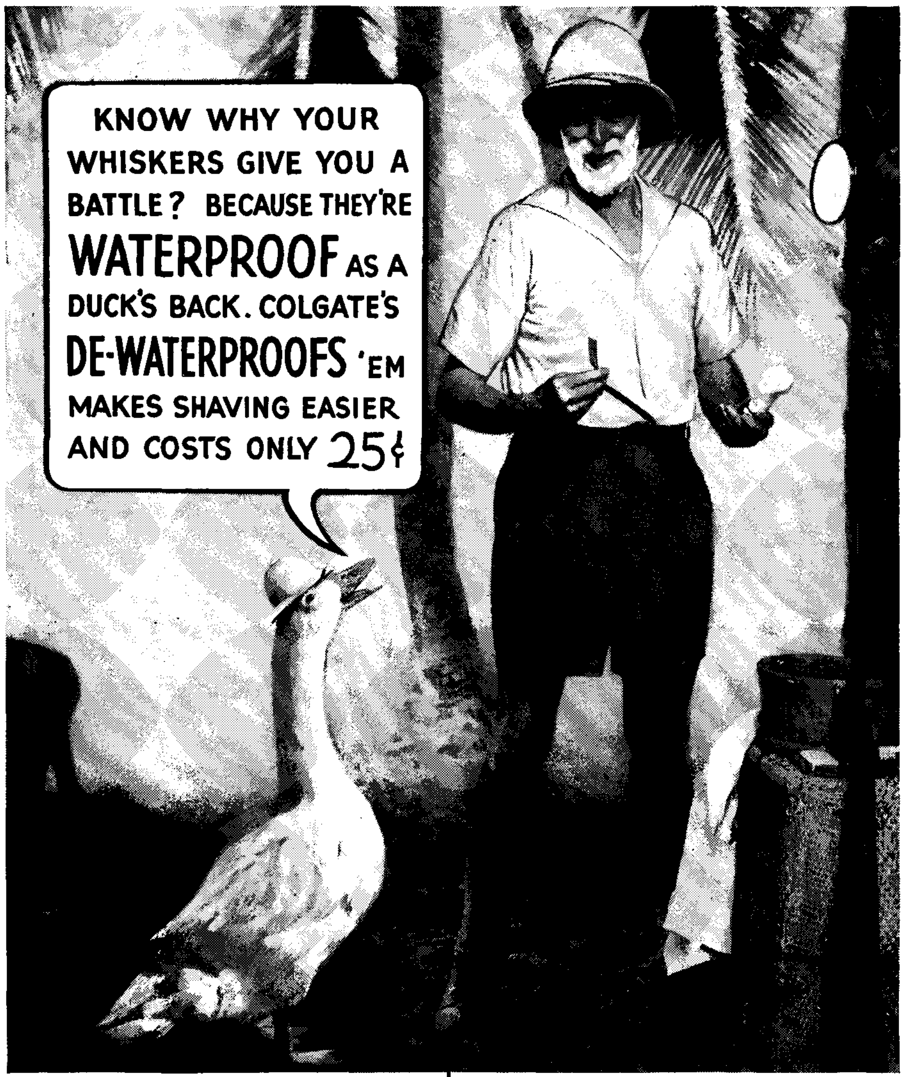
If so, it was temporarily a success. From now on, though, the prophecy is that things will go differently. As Oil Administrator, the Hon. Harold L. Ickes is angry. In discussing with this writer practically all the conditions set forth in the foregoing article he made it clear that he knows exactly where Texas stands. He harbors no illusions regarding the attitude of the new Lone Star administration toward law enforcement and the destruction of oil and gas resources, and neither need that administration harbor any as to his position. He states it frankly. He represents the people of the United States in their war against waste and law violation and in that connection he says, in substance: Texas has always had it within its power to stop the illegal production of oil but it has never done so and hence has been more responsible than any other factor not only for the plight in which the oil industry found itself prior to the adoption of the code but also for the difficulties that have plagued the federal government since then. He therefore concludes that, although it may sound well for Texas to talk about "states' rights," it none the less follows that before it insists upon what it terms its own sovereignty it should learn to use it by enforcing its own laws. If it doesn't, some superior power will.

That's Mr. Ickes' platform, and he intends to stand on it. Can Texas dislodge him? The contest promises to be worth watching.



"If you're going in there, see what's happened to the 5:15!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR


KNOW WHY YOUR WHISKERS GIVE YOU A BATTLE? BECAUSE THEY'RE WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS 'EM MAKES SHAVING EASIER AND COSTS ONLY 25¢

LOOK!

Every whisker is a tough whisker. And here's why...Nature wraps each whisker in a waterproof coating of oil—and that's what makes whiskers hard to soften.

OUCH!

But—there's one way to soften whiskers and get a bang-up shave. Simply remove every last trace of that waterproofing!

CAN'T TOUCH ME!

That's just what most shaving creams do *not* do. They *can't* remove *all* the waterproofing because they whip up into *big-bubble* lather . . . and those big bubbles can't get close to every whisker.

I'M DONE FOR

So lather up with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It froths up into *small-bubble* lather; bubbles so tiny that whole swarms of them crowd *close* around each whisker.

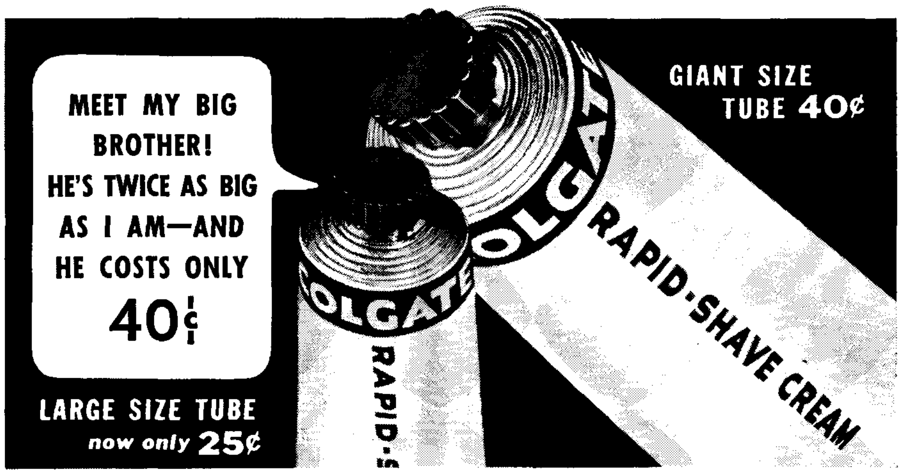
A CINCH FOR ME!

These tiny, *little* bubbles go to work on each whisker and strip away every last vestige of that waterproofing. They *emulsify* the oil . . . float it *all* away.

SWELL!

Then they seep down inside every whisker, soak it *soft* and limp. And your razor goes through 'em like a knife through cheese. Try Colgate's! You'll find you can shave faster . . . and your face will feel better. The large tube is now only 25c.

P. S.—*For a perfect finish to a grand shave—try Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men*


MEET MY BIG BROTHER! HE'S TWICE AS BIG AS I AM—AND HE COSTS ONLY 40¢
LARGE SIZE TUBE now only 25¢
GIANT SIZE TUBE 40¢
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

FOR 1935 - THIS NEW

HUDSON *Built* TERRAP

We'd like to have you think of these new Hudson-built Terraplanes as *your* cars—not as *ours*. For Hudson had *you* in mind—you careful, well-posted, value-seeking buyers in the lowest price field—when the 1935 Terraplane was designed and built.

Terraplane's success in 1934 told us clearly that you did not want a wholly and radically different automobile for 1935. But Hudson would not be content unless these new cars brought you every improvement and refinement—every worthwhile new feature—that would make them an even better "buy" for you. We wanted to give you *all* you can get in *any* low priced car—*plus* much that belongs to Terraplane alone.

★ *What's new in style?* Remember, last year's Hudson-built cars set a vogue that is being followed, even in highest-priced cars, in 1935. But Terraplane, with a year for advancement, has moved style another year ahead. With longer, lower bodies. More sweeping, graceful lines. Narrower radiators, smarter hoods, louvres, lamps and trim.

★ *How about bodies?* Terraplane was a *big* car last year. But Hudson has made it bigger still. Bigger outside. Bigger inside. Comfort for three in back seats or front—more leg room, too. For the first time, bodies with ROOFS of STEEL—floors of steel, too. Rugged steel all around you—even overhead. And, as in 1934—your spare tire enclosed at the rear—full all-year ventilation—radio available on all models.

★ *Did you want more power?* In 1934 Terraplane broke record after record for acceleration, hill-climbing—all-around performance. But this year we wanted you to have an even bigger reserve of power. So we added *more*—giving you 88 horsepower—yes, 100 if you want it—with increased gas mileage and *doubled* oil economy. Hudson performance in the lowest price field—that's the *big news* of the 1935 Terraplane!

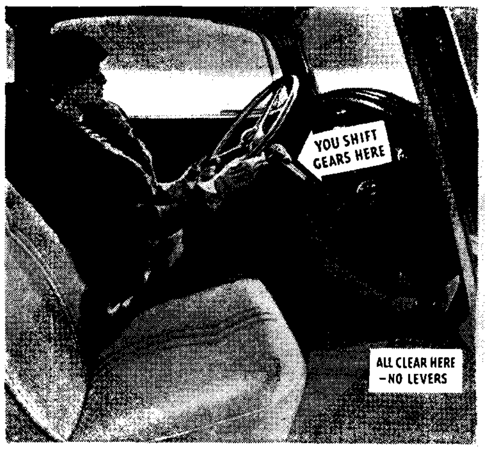
★ *Thinking about brakes?* This year, Terraplane brings you a new way of stopping—more quickly, more smoothly, more *safely*—in a short, *straight* line. Huskier Bendix Rotary-Equalized Brakes—positive, even pressure on all four brake drums.

★ *What about easy riding?* There's *balanced* bigness in the new Terraplane—longer, gentler springs which, with improved oil-cushioned shock absorbers, smooth the roughest roads. Axleflex independent springing available on all models.

Have you started shopping for your new car? Remember it pays to "Stop, Look and Listen!" Don't decide on the first one you see, even if it is a Terraplane. Look at the others, too—and drive them. Let a point-by-point comparison show you exactly what you get in a Hudson-built Terraplane that you don't get anywhere else. Any Hudson dealer will gladly let you put a Terraplane through its paces.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ontario

The ELECTRIC HAND



IT'S DRIVING MAGIC—NEW SAFETY —THE DREAM OF A GENERATION OF AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS COME TRUE!

An Exclusive "Surprise Feature" On 1935 Hudsons and Terraplanes

A really basic automobile improvement! Easy, positive, power-controlled gear shifting—with pre-selection. Goal of a generation of automotive engineers. No shift lever, but no change in the time-proved Hudson transmission. You shift without even taking your hands from the wheel—with a finger touch. Move the control key any time, to the gear you want to use next—that's pre-selection. Then shift smoothly and silently just by lifting your foot from the accelerator. (Available on all Terraplanes.)

CARS NOW ON DISPLAY

Your choice of nine Terraplane models—Coaches and Sedans available with or without trunks.

TUNE IN ON HUDSON "NEW STAR REVUE" featuring Kate Smith—Every Monday evening at 8:30 E.S.T., 7:30 C.S.T., 9:30 M.S.T., 8:30 P.S.T.—Columbia Network.

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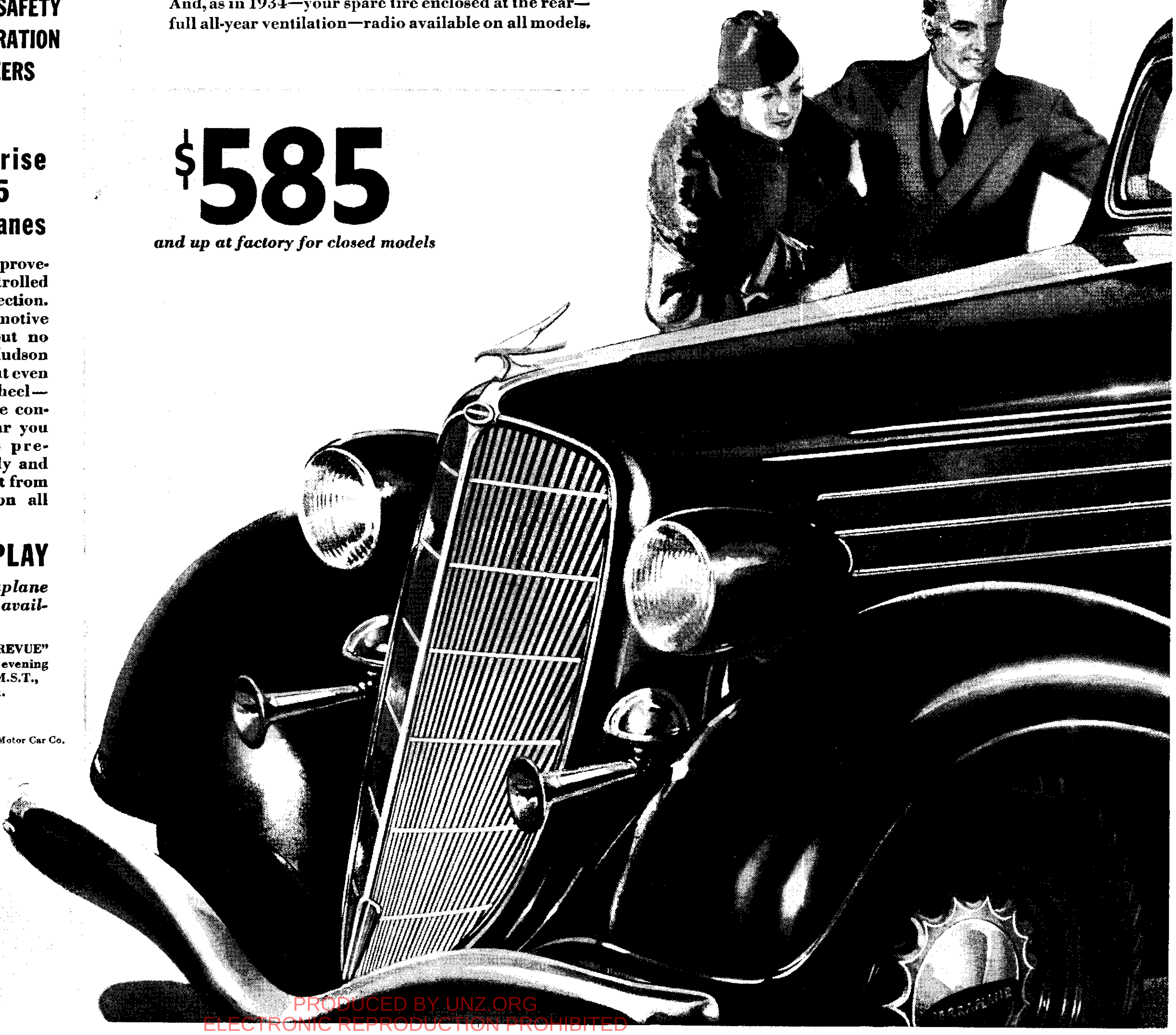
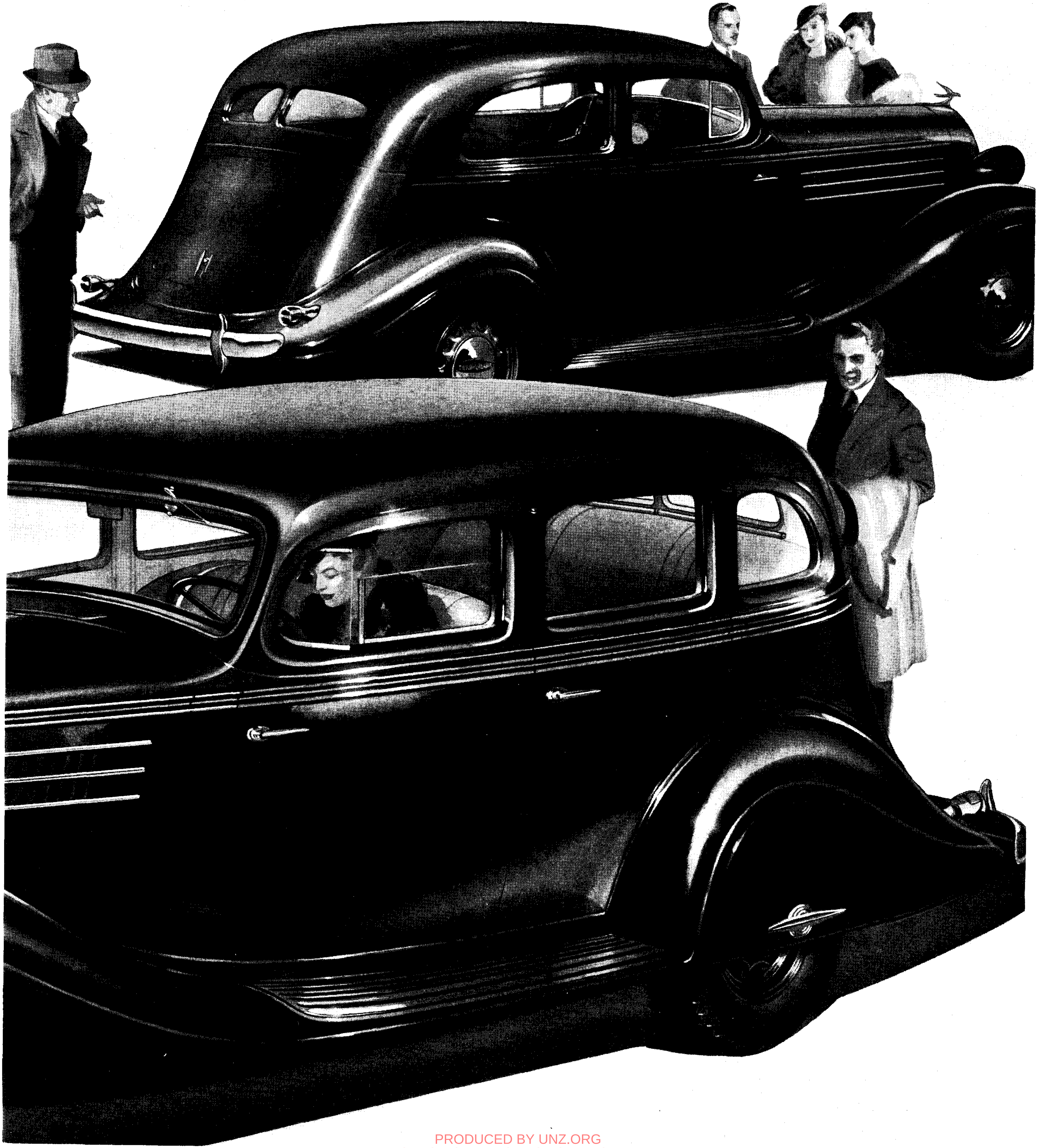
$585

and up at factory for closed models



.ANE with THE ELECTRIC HAND



Exide Batteries
De Soto
Oldsmobile
Buick
L O F
When you want one of these dealers
National Battery
Duplate Safety
Quick Starts Willard and many of them
Plymouth
Chrysler
Globe Batteries
Goodyear
Multibestos Brake Linings
Wagner Lockheed Hydraulic Four Wheel Brakes Parts-Repairs
. . . look in the Classified Telephone Book
The yellow pages tell "WHERE TO BUY IT"
"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"
American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies
Bell System

It Takes Experience

Continued from page 16

the play, but just to remind you—Fran Dodsworth is the middle-aged wife of a wealthy manufacturer of automobiles in a mid-western city, and she persuades him to retire and plan a long trip abroad so that she may see the world and all the things in it.

"I want to live!" she cries with the desperation of a woman resenting the years, "I want to be young before it is too late! I want all the things that I've missed!"

Her husband, too, catches some of her excitement. But as they go through Europe, she loses her head. She sets out to be what she thinks is sophisticated. She is selfish, she wants attention, she wants men to fall in love with her. They do—three of them. She is attractive, she is calculating and she is thoughtlessly cruel in her avidity for what she believes to be life. Her husband waits patiently for her to come to her senses, this woman who has been his wife all these years, until finally he, too, falls in love—with a woman who knows life and keeps her balance. Even so, when Fran needs him, he goes to her and they start back for America, but once too often she is heedless of all that matters to him and, just before the gangplank is withdrawn, he turns at last and gets off the boat. Fran is left, sailing characteristically in a green velvet suit with a twist of sable at the neck, waving a cunning little sable muff, when she should be in a tweed suit and furless topcoat.

Dresses Should Act

"Whether I'm buying things for myself or for the theater," said Miss Bainter, "each one becomes the only one of its kind. I select different models and change or combine them, sometimes the top of one and the skirt of another—or perhaps it is a matter of altering colors. Every woman should do that. I mean, every woman who has reached the stage of developing a distinctive quality of her own. Let her base her clothes on the current models but make the changes that adapt these things individually to herself.

"For the stage, I have to have clothes that are right for me and, at the same time, right for the character I am playing, which may be quite the opposite of myself. That isn't always so easy. But in private life, only one's own personality is to be considered. In the theater, every dress for me has to act. It has to belong to a special scene—fit the mood. There's a point that it might be wise to think about off the stage, too. Why shouldn't dresses learn to act in private life? For many women, they do. For others"—a wicked gleam lit her eye—"they need more rehearsal.

"It's a funny thing," she remarked, thoughtfully surveying the new collection; "I had to be specially careful in choosing the new gowns for the scenes with the three men—you know, the ones who make love to her. Oddly enough, in the play, there is no jealousy among them, so the actors who play them have taken it out by being jealous of the clothes Fran wears for their particular moments. Each wants his favorite dress to be in the scene he plays with her, and I've had to make sure they are all equally beautiful. It's all due to that problem of dresses acting, of reflecting the mood of the scene they are in. One can't play well if they don't and the audience doesn't believe so easily either. It is easy to see where that applies to daily life."

There's a glistening ice-blue satin that pulls down closely about the hips, follows the line of the leg and ripples gracefully just to the floor in front and into a short train at the back.

"Of course," said Miss Bainter, "the décolletage is too deep for anything but a very formal evening occasion and Fran had no business wearing it to the theater with the Englishman. But it is lovely, isn't it? Wouldn't it be beautiful for the opera or for an evening wedding?"

Then she showed me an organdie that any woman would envy and could use, too—white with small dots made of vari-colored threads, blue, red, green, a bit of yellow. The skirt was terraced with ruffles.

"Here's the dress that takes the place of the one you were talking about for the scene in the moonlit garden at Montreux. And does it serve its mood!" she exclaimed. "When I wanted puff sleeves, the designer said they weren't wearing them this year," she went on, "so I said, 'Let's start them.' I didn't mean the old style of down-drooping puff, but those that puff *up* from the shoulder. They give an otherwise wistful dress just a touch of ambition," she added, "and you remember that in that poetic, moonlit garden, she was quite sure she was going to have a love scene with the interesting European diplomat. It's perfect for that!"

Wistful—with ambition. If anyone is going far enough south this winter or looking forward to the spring—well, a hint to a wise woman should be sufficient.

The third dress is demure because Fran was going dancing with a man younger than herself and she wanted to make both him and herself forget that little matter of years. Bright blue lamé with off-the-shoulder lines that bring out gentle, soft curves and go almost symbolically into a heart-shaped neckline—that's what she decided on for him. And he liked it.

"Do you remember, in this scene, she called herself, 'little Fran'?" demanded Miss Bainter with a quick, derisive snort.

Three dresses, each with a purpose, each with a mood. But speaking of purpose, there was one more. Oh, there were several others really, and it's a shame not to describe them all. Perhaps it's wrong not to tell more about the mustard-colored traveling dress in which she returned to Paris and won back her husband after her adventure in Biarritz. A practical dress, to be sure! But space is short and fashion fleeting and in this brief saga of the woman of thirty, one dress above all must not be missed by the one who would be truly *soignée.*

Dressmaker's Dynamite

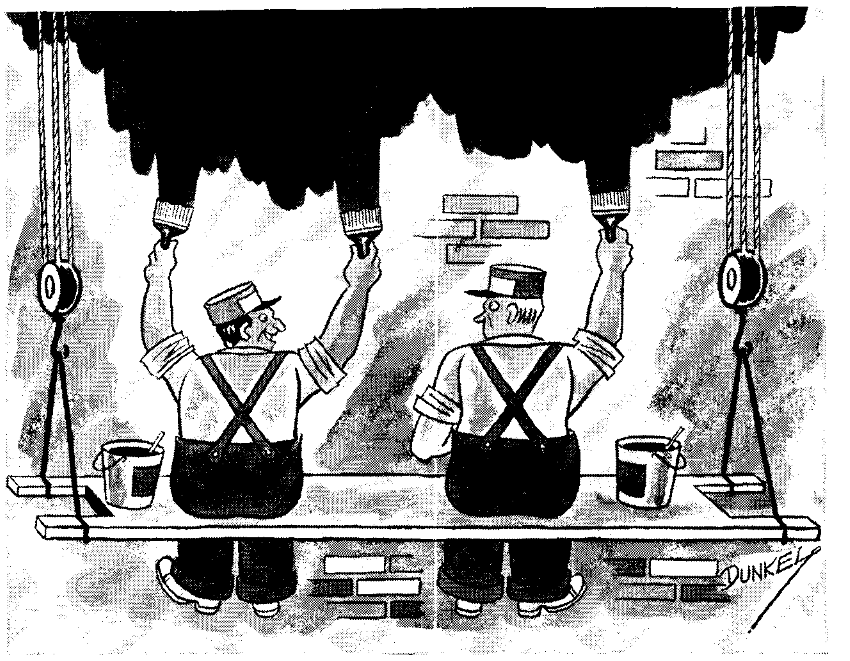
"Ha!" breathed Miss Bainter. "Isn't it deadly!" She was getting into a black velvet evening dress that held fate in its every line—a triumph in wicked simplicity. The straight "v" neckline in front, a deeper one in the back, and straight sharp "v's" under the arms held somehow a connotation of swift sureness. But the skirt which flowed from a slim waist into a bell effect had an amusing detail for such a fatal gown—old-fashioned dust ruffles stiffened with horsehair, white dust ruffles that showed when she moved and, in their assumption of innocence, added to the insidiousness of the whole. Just a bit of dressmaker's dynamite, that was all. But if you're not thirty—even if you have the lines—don't try to wear it. It is at once the ornament and the weapon of experience and would be a damning revelation of any incapacity. The best made bomb requires an inner TNT for its effect, and this one dress demands the same.

If these lovely creations seem primarily designed for the pursuit of the male, just remember that there's no use talking of evening gowns without men. There must be a white shirt somewhere in the offing. Moreover, they are just as effective on husbands as on possible sweethearts. And some of them would like that delicate gray lace too—it's so softly sympathetic.

We looked about the room again at the ripe luxury of Fran Dodsworth's new collection. Those things could not possibly be worn without the grace of maturity.

"Yes," said Fay Bainter, "it's actually true—fashions begin now at thirty."

Then, with a characteristic quirk of the eyebrow and a wave of the hand, she added, "And the bills come in the first of the month, as usual."



"The Union wouldn't like it if they knew I was ambidexterous!"

COURTNEY DUNKEL

"OLDSMOBILE *believes* You Are Entitled to ALL that is *new and better*"

OLDSMOBILE will soon announce two brand new cars—a new and bigger Six, and a new and bigger Eight.

These new Oldsmobiles, we are confident, will set the new streamline style in motor cars for 1935.

They will introduce new features of design and structure, assuring greater roominess and comfort, greater safety, greater power, and greater economy.

Their prices will be low.

But over and above all other considerations, the new Oldsmobiles will be characterized first to last, outside and in, through and through, by Oldsmobile *Quality!*

Everything which a car must have to be new, modern and valuable—the new Oldsmobile will have.

Everything which the public has a right to expect *because it is better*—you will find here in full measure—nothing scanted or skimped, nothing left out.

Automotive engineering and body construction have made great progress in the last 12 months. As a unit of General Motors, Oldsmobile has had the full benefit of this progress. The largest resources of research have been at Oldsmobile's command, and freely used. The severest and fullest proving, Oldsmobile cars have undergone and profited by.

True to its traditional ideals of quality, Oldsmobile in 1935 retains every good feature which made its cars doubly popular in 1934 . . . retains every good feature—and adds many important new betterments for 1935.

Instead of giving you LESS value, Oldsmobile proposes to give you MORE!

For example, the new Oldsmobile will offer the extra safety of the new solid-steel "Turret-Top" Body by Fisher with No Draft Ventilation.

The new Oldsmobile will have engineered and built-in Knee-Action, with Ride Stabilizer and Center-Control Steering.

The new Oldsmobile will have bigger Super-Hydraulic Brakes.

The new Oldsmobile will perform with increased operating economy—the new Six, for example, delivers 18 miles to the gallon of gasoline at 50 miles per hour!

The new Oldsmobile will provide the advantages and conveniences of such thoroughly-tested and highly-prized features as Syncro-Mesh All-Silent Gear-Shifting, X-Type Safety Frame and Rifle-Drilled Connecting Rods.

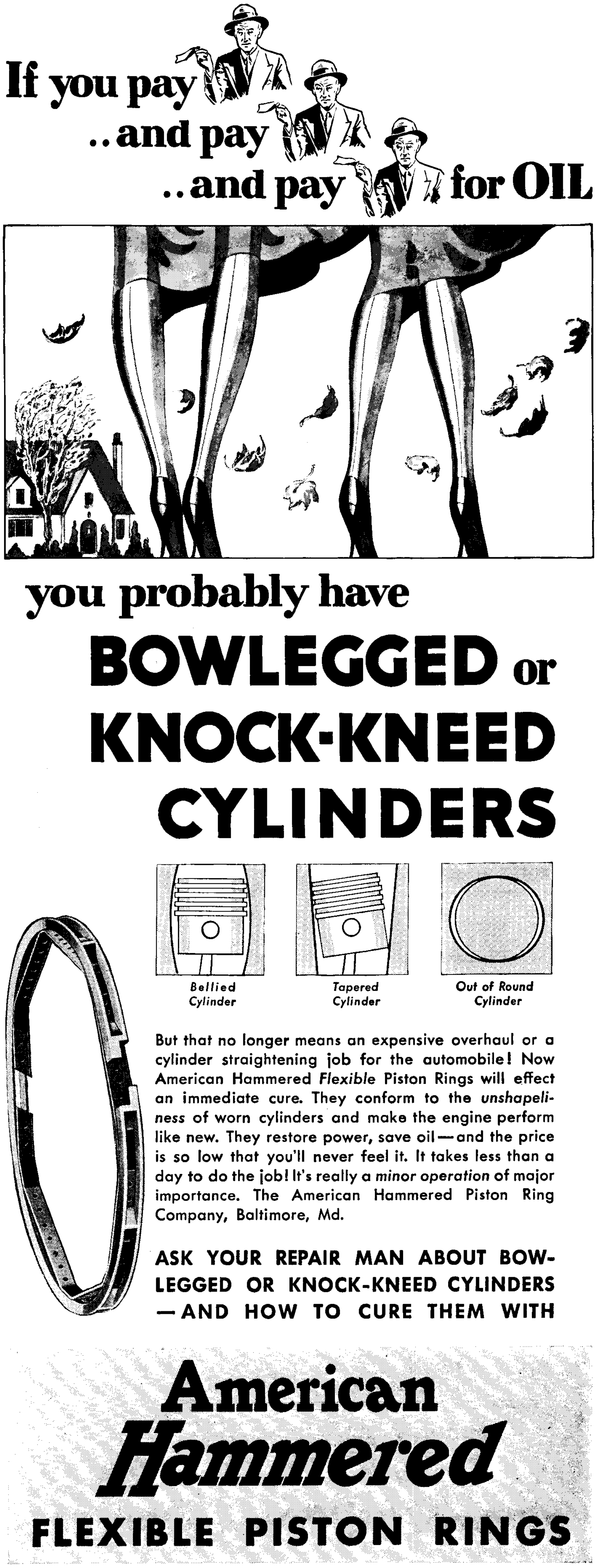
All these qualities and features are here because *Oldsmobile believes you are entitled to all that is new and better.*

No car is completely modern unless it has *ALL* these features. See the new Oldsmobile as soon as it is on display.

◆ ◆ ◆

OLDSMOBILE *for* 1935

"The Car that has everything"


If you pay
..and pay
..and pay for OIL

you probably have

BOWLEGGED or KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS

Bellied Cylinder
Tapered Cylinder
Out of Round Cylinder

But that no longer means an expensive overhaul or a cylinder straightening job for the automobile! Now American Hammered *Flexible* Piston Rings will effect an immediate cure. They conform to the *unshapeliness* of worn cylinders and make the engine perform like new. They restore power, save oil—and the price is so low that you'll never feel it. It takes less than a day to do the job! It's really a *minor operation* of major importance. The American Hammered Piston Ring Company, Baltimore, Md.

ASK YOUR REPAIR MAN ABOUT BOWLEGGED OR KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS—AND HOW TO CURE THEM WITH

American *Hammered* FLEXIBLE PISTON RINGS

In Jeopardy

Continued from page 15

Bessie Cherry shriek and Mrs. Hevenstreet roar. Mrs. Hevenstreet told improper stories and shouted at them.

Mrs. Hilton saw all the women sitting in their places, silenced, their mouths agape, the disabled soldier standing in the doorway.

"I was takin' her to The Antlers," he would say. "And out came a poor gentleman running as if to meet somebody and along came a truck and killed him."

"Were you there, Louise?" they would shriek. "Did you see it?" "Why have you never told us that you saw it?"

Mrs. Hevenstreet would rise in her place—"What in God's name does this mean?" she would scream.

"They aren't here," said Mrs. Hilton to herself, her hand on the knob of the kitchen door. "They haven't come and they haven't seen him and they won't see him." She stood for a long minute; she realized now that this terror had been gathering for months.

SHE opened the door at last and went in. The cook stood beside the large table, Sophy opposite her. Elkins, the chauffeur, rose from a side table where he was eating his breakfast. Faces were impassive but curiosity hung in the air. Between Cook and Sophy stood a basket of melons, a platter piled with tiny cakes and implements for scooping little balls out of melons and molding icing into flowers. On some of the little cakes on a background of white there would be tiny purple pansies, on some pink roses, on some yellow daisies. Mary came from the dining-room, opened a dresser drawer and took out a tea towel and went back. Mrs. Hilton believed that she stopped just on the other side of the door and stood still, listening. Mrs. Hilton had never before feared the tongues of servants; she feared them now, not for herself but for dead Arthur Hevenstreet.

"Pray God he won't remember Arthur's name!" thought Mrs. Hilton. "But he's garrulous," she thought. A new terror smote her—Elkins had been Hevenstreet's chauffeur! She filled her lungs and leaned with one hand on the table. Her brown eyes rested on her servants in turn.

"About the salad, Mrs. Hilton," said Cook. "You know we didn't decide if—"

Mrs. Hilton did not hear. Her eyes looked set. All her servants were attached to her—Cook had been with her for ten years, Sophy for six, Mary and Elkins for five—but at this moment they seemed to be not merely enemies but spies.

"I'm called away," she announced. "I have no choice, I must go. Sophy, when I've gone, telephone to Mrs. Lee Hilton and ask her to be here early and put the place cards round and take my chair at the table. Say I'm driving a sick friend to Washington. Elkins, have the car at the door in half an hour. This young man did me a great favor. He's come east for an operation and I can't let him go on alone. Cook, use your own judgment about the salad."

"Couldn't I drive him to Washington, Mrs. Hilton?" asked Elkins. "I'll take the best care of him."

Mrs. Hilton tried not to let her voice speak her alarm. "No, I must take him. I want to speak to the doctors about him and see that he has every attention." She heard the distant creaking of a single shoe and went into the hall.

McCarthy had plastered his hair with water and his head looked more than ever like that of a sparrow.

"Here's the breakfast-room," said Mrs. Hilton. "We'll have breakfast, then I'll take you to Washington."

McCarthy dropped into a chair. "I never thought when you selected my taxi that—"

"We'll wait on ourselves, Mary," said Mrs. Hilton. "You help Cook."

As McCarthy had said, his appetite was poor. He kept his eyes on Mrs. Hilton as though food were of less account than her face—a sentiment shared by many persons who had breakfasted or lunched or dined opposite Mrs. Hilton.

"We'll start as soon as we've breakfasted," said Mrs. Hilton. The little room was close with the door shut, the slight odor of disinfectants from a lodging-house where McCarthy had spent the night grew heavier. "We'll have time to see the President's house and the Capitol and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and other places as well. We won't go to Walter Reed till toward evening."

"I never thought when you took my taxi that all this would come of it," said McCarthy. "Do you know it's exactly three years today, Mrs. Hilton?"

"Oh, it is!" said Mrs. Hilton.

"My mother always said if you cast your bread on the waters dry it'd come back buttered. It's sure so in my case, thanks to you."

Sophy brought down Mrs. Hilton's coat and hat and gloves and bag. She looked anxiously at Mrs. Hilton.

"She thinks I was kind to her," said McCarthy to Sophy with his easy laugh. "I guess she's told you about it often, how she was in Colorado Springs, driving in from the airport in my taxi, and how—"

"That will do, Sophy!" Mrs. Hilton got control of herself at last. She laid her hand on McCarthy's arm. "The car's ready," she said. "Goodby, Sophy."

SOPHY did not realize that she had been dismissed. She opened the door and went across the porch and down the steps and opened the door of the car as she was accustomed to doing when Mrs. Hilton went away. "We'll do our best, I'll phone right away to Mrs. Lee Hilton."

"Gee!" said McCarthy. "Never thought to ride in nothin' like this! Quite different from my cab. I guess this was made to order."

Mrs. Hilton sat beside him; between them and Elkins the glass was closed. McCarthy struck his knee with his hand.

"Now I remember the poor gentleman's name!" he cried. "It came to me like a flash. Perhaps after a while I'll remember the place he came from. He had the queerest name I ever heard—Hevenstreet. I'll bet he was the only one in the world. Wasn't that a queer name—Hevenstreet?"

"It was." Mrs. Hilton lifted the speaking-tube with a shaking hand. "Hevenstreet Apples" said the signs sprinkled on all the roads round Colchester. "Don't go by Colchester, Elkins!" she cried. "Go by Point-of-Rocks."

Elkins turned and rolled down the glass. "The Colchester road is much better, Mrs. Hilton. They're grading the Point-of-Rocks road."

"Not by Colchester," said Mrs. Hilton in the same high tone. "By Point-of-Rocks."

Elkins rolled up the glass. "What's got into her?" he thought.

The road was bad, but Mrs. Hilton did not give McCarthy time to think about it. She described Washington at length; arriving, she exhibited first the White House, then the Capitol and the Congressional Library, then the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. At the tomb he sighed, "That would be an honorable place to lay," he said. "Except that I had these extra years to live, I'd like to be him." When he saw The Spirit of St. Louis, he wept. "Just think of him!"

He ate little lunch and talked a great deal. In spite of his hoarseness Mrs. Hilton encouraged him to talk. His time for talking, she knew, was short.

"They say every cloud has a silver lining. If it hadn't been for that poor Mr. Hevenstreet gettin' struck an' killed an' you gettin' faint-like, you'd of gone into The Antlers an' we'd never knowed you. How often I said to Mother, 'You're sure I did right to bring her home?' and she always said, 'Sure you did!' It made us uneasy because you paid us so much for a day and a night."

"It wasn't too much," said Mrs. Hilton. "It wasn't enough."

McCARTHY laid down his fork and folded his napkin. He smiled at Mrs. Hilton as though he could speak no more.

Elkins waited to open the door of the car. "Couldn't I help you somehow?" he asked.

"There's no place to get a good hold of me," laughed McCarthy. "And once off balance I'm lost. I'll get in all right." He sat down in the corner; when Mrs. Hilton was seated he turned his body awkwardly so that he might look at her. Neither Jim Hilton nor Arthur Hevenstreet had ever so devoured her with his gaze. A dull flush colored McCarthy's cheek. "I guess I'll soon have to say goodby," he said.

"I'll go into the hospital with you," said Mrs. Hilton. "I want to talk to the doctors and nurses and see you settled."

"Oh, will you?" Tears filled McCarthy's eyes. "My mother would sure be pleased!"

McCarthy thanked Elkins and bade him goodby and went with Mrs. Hilton beside him up the steps of the first of many low buildings.

"This sure is the place," said McCarthy. "I seen a picture of it."

Mrs. Hilton remained in the hospital a long time; when she reappeared night had fallen. A nurse walked with her toward the car. Standing beside the rear door, Elkins waited.

"I'll ride in front," said Mrs. Hilton. "I'll see you next week, Nurse."

Elkins opened the front door. "Which way would you like to go?"

"The short way," answered Mrs. Hilton. "By Colchester. Let's make good time."

"Will you have the light rug?"

"Yes." Mrs. Hilton was shivering.

At the end of five miles Elkins asked a question. "That was a poor fellow," he said. "And a nice fellow. Will the operation help him?"

"They can't operate. I talked to the surgeon who examined him."

At the end of ten miles Elkins asked another question. "Will the poor young man ever get home?"

"Never."

"Has he friends in the East?"

"No, and he has no relatives anywhere. It won't be very long. We'll come down again in a few days."

"Did you tell him you'd come?"

"Yes."

Elkins looked at Mrs. Hilton as intently as McCarthy had looked. "I guess that made him happy."

Mrs. Hilton said nothing.

"There are the lights of Colchester," said Elkins after a long time. "Then we have only ten miles. There's one of the big orchard signs—you can't come into town from any direction without seeing them."

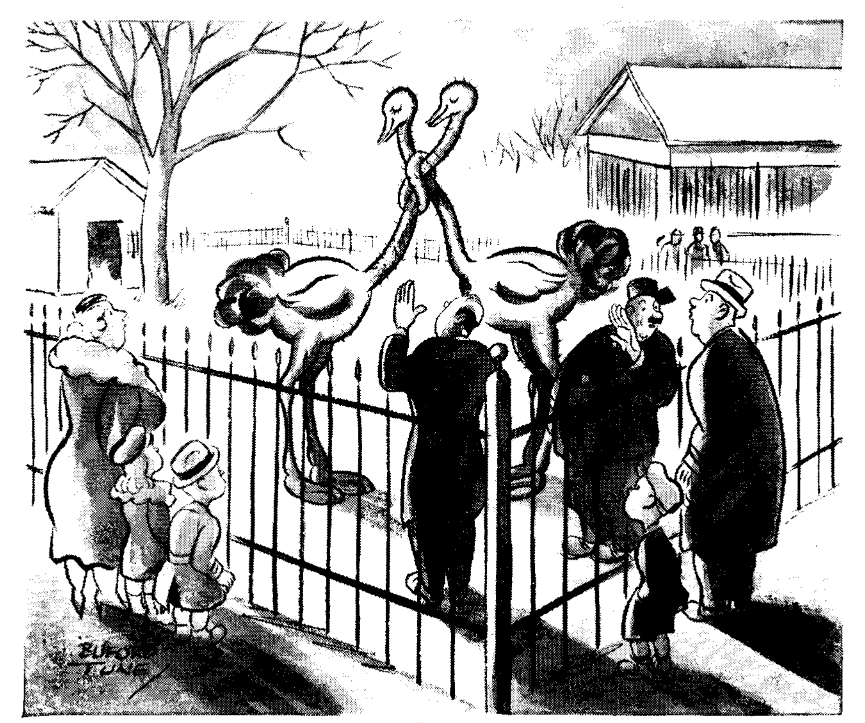
Mrs. Hilton closed her eyes. It was a very queer thing, but Arthur Hevenstreet had come back; she could see him as though he sat beside her. In the glare of an electric sign Elkins looked sidewise. A tear rolled down Mrs. Hilton's cheek. It was not altogether a tear of sorrow, but Elkins interpreted it as such.

"You've worried yourself to death for that soldier," he said. "I'm sure you couldn't have been kinder to this poor man if he was your own brother."

MRS. HILTON opened her eyes. She meant to say, "Not as kind as he was to me," but she could not speak.

"Mrs. Hevenstreet believes in advertising," said Elkins. "Poor Mr. Hevenstreet, so far away and struck down! There never was a better, kinder boss. But he had a hard time. He wasn't a happy man, Mrs. Hilton." Elkins swung the car to the left on a road which led straight to Mrs. Hilton's door. "If he could just have had someone with him at the end!"

Mrs. Hilton pressed her hands against her heart. "He did," she thought. "He saw me coming."



"They've been fond of each other for over a year!" BURFORD TUNE

For folks who don't like their fun confined

Maybe it isn't the most important thing in life . . . but grant to Spud this little contribution to the art of living: *it freed our daily enjoyment of smoking from the nagging restraint of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking pleasure when it took the *heat* out of smoke. And two million cool mouths give cheery thanks. If you like your smoking joy unconfined, you and Spud ought to get acquainted.

Photographed in Yoho Valley, Canadian Rockies

Spud
Menthol Cooled Cigarettes

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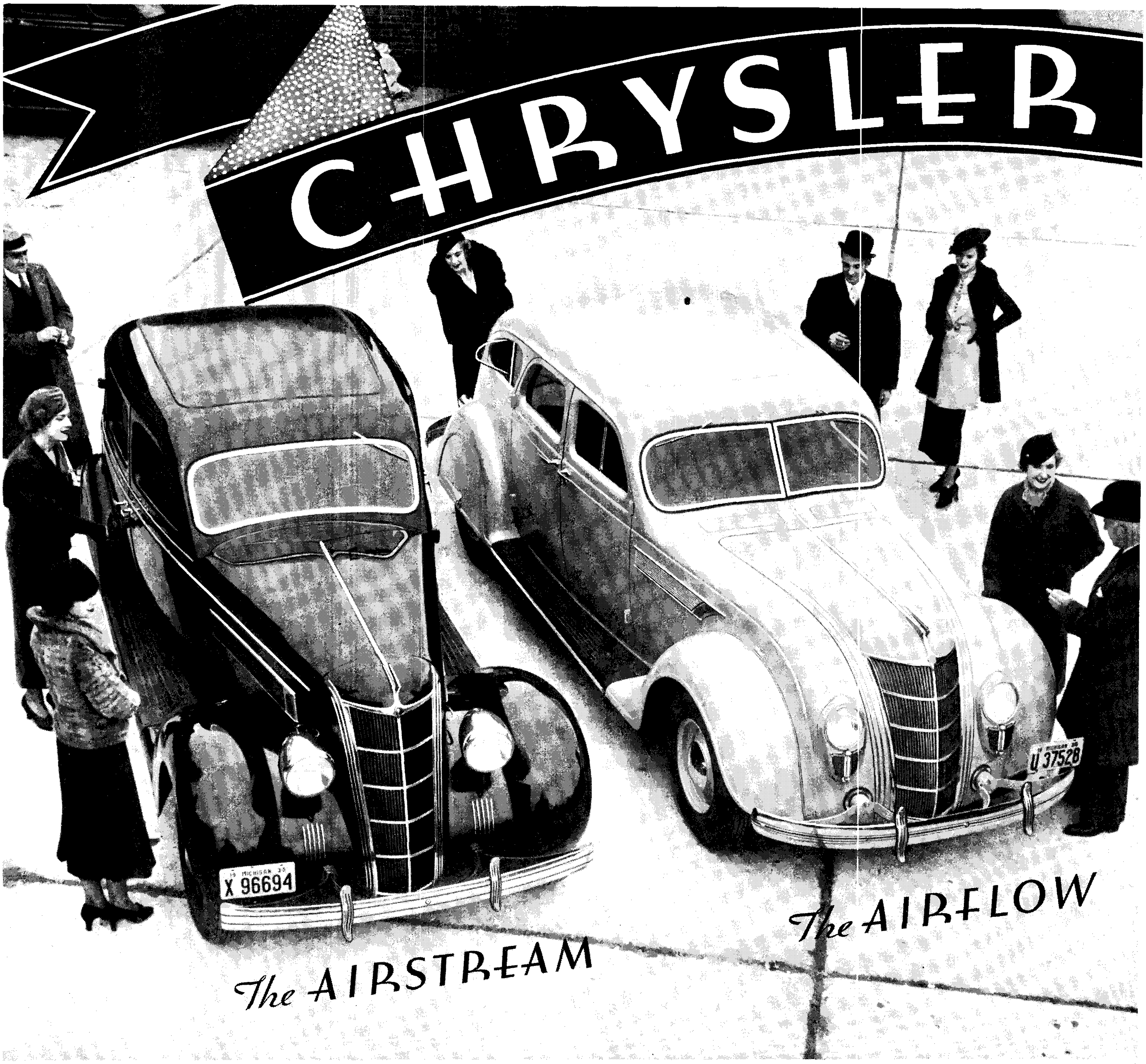
SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



Last Year's Most Exciting Car

MAKES THIS YEAR'S MOST EXCITING NEWS

One great car inspires another! There are new Airflow Chryslers for 1935. And—there are new Airstream Chryslers for 1935.

It's an exciting family . . . bringing a host of good new things . . . bringing the opportunity to enjoy really modern motoring to new additional thousands.

The new Airflows arrest the eye. There's a perfect marriage of science and art in the new truly streamlined radiator design. Hood lines flow scientifically in proportions as graceful as a Grecian urn. The new louver design . . . the new headlight treatment . . . the new radiator grill . . . They're all dramatically different, yet thoroughly in the functional spirit of true Airflow design.

The modern features which aroused so much comment last year are here for 1935 of course . . . many of them greatly refined and enhanced in value. The drawing room spaciousness . . . the seats wide as divans . . . the graciously wide doors . . . passengers carried between the axles near the center of balance . . . the unit-built frame and all-steel body, SAFEST IN THE WORLD . . . the increased vision.

The marvelous Floating Ride is finer than

FOR 1935

* * * * *

CHRYSLER AIRSTREAM SIX

A handsome new Six revealing Airflow influence in exceptional roominess, riding comfort and scientific streamlining. 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase. Five body types.

CHRYSLER AIRSTREAM EIGHT

A big, brilliantly-performing new Eight with 105 horsepower and 121-inch wheelbase. New weight distribution and many other advanced features. Four distinguished body types.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT

The exclusive advantages of Airflow design and construction in a beautiful new Eight of 115 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger sedan, coupe and business coupe.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL

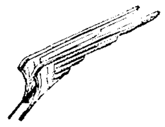
The flashing performance of 130 horsepower; the roomy luxury made possible by 128-inch wheelbase. Two smart body types . . . Six-passenger sedan and six-passenger coupe.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL

Magnificent sedans and sedan-limousines embodying the finest in Airflow craftsmanship. 130 horsepower with 137-inch wheelbase; and 150 horsepower with 146-inch wheelbase.

"YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST IN A CHRYSLER"

* * * *



ever . . . made so by a new type spring with many more leaves of a new tapered design that permits quick flexing on little jolts, controlled flexing on big ones.

Automatic overdrive, of course, standard on the Airflow Imperials, optional on the Airflow Eights. That marvelous transmission improvement that changes gear ratios automatically at 45 miles an hour . . . lets you drive 60 miles an hour on less gas than 40 . . . gives you the most miraculous thrill in country driving.

There's a new syncro-silent transmission . . . easy and quick. New perfected steering . . . so sure and effortless that these big cars handle like a small roadster.

Inside . . . the 1935 version of smart modern decoration. Retained . . . the gleam of chromium and forthright simplicity. Added . . . a softer, richer treatment of cushions, side and roof fabrics.

What Airflow Brings to Airstream

"We'll build," said Chrysler engineers, "another line of cars that will give many of Airflow's advantages at much lower price."

See how they've done it. To the eye a striking family resemblance. In radiator, hood lines, sweeping windshield, tapering rear.

Yes, the rear seat has been moved forward. Engine forward, too, to get a more scientific distribution of weight . . . Airflow pioneered it last year. With this new distribution of

* * * * *

weight, the Airstream Six and Eight give a ride beyond any car at any price except the Airflow.

Worlds more room. Inches more head-room, leg-room, elbow-room and seat width. Wider doors. These are the first moderate-sized cars the world has seen that will let a grown man or woman enter or exit any door *gracefully!*

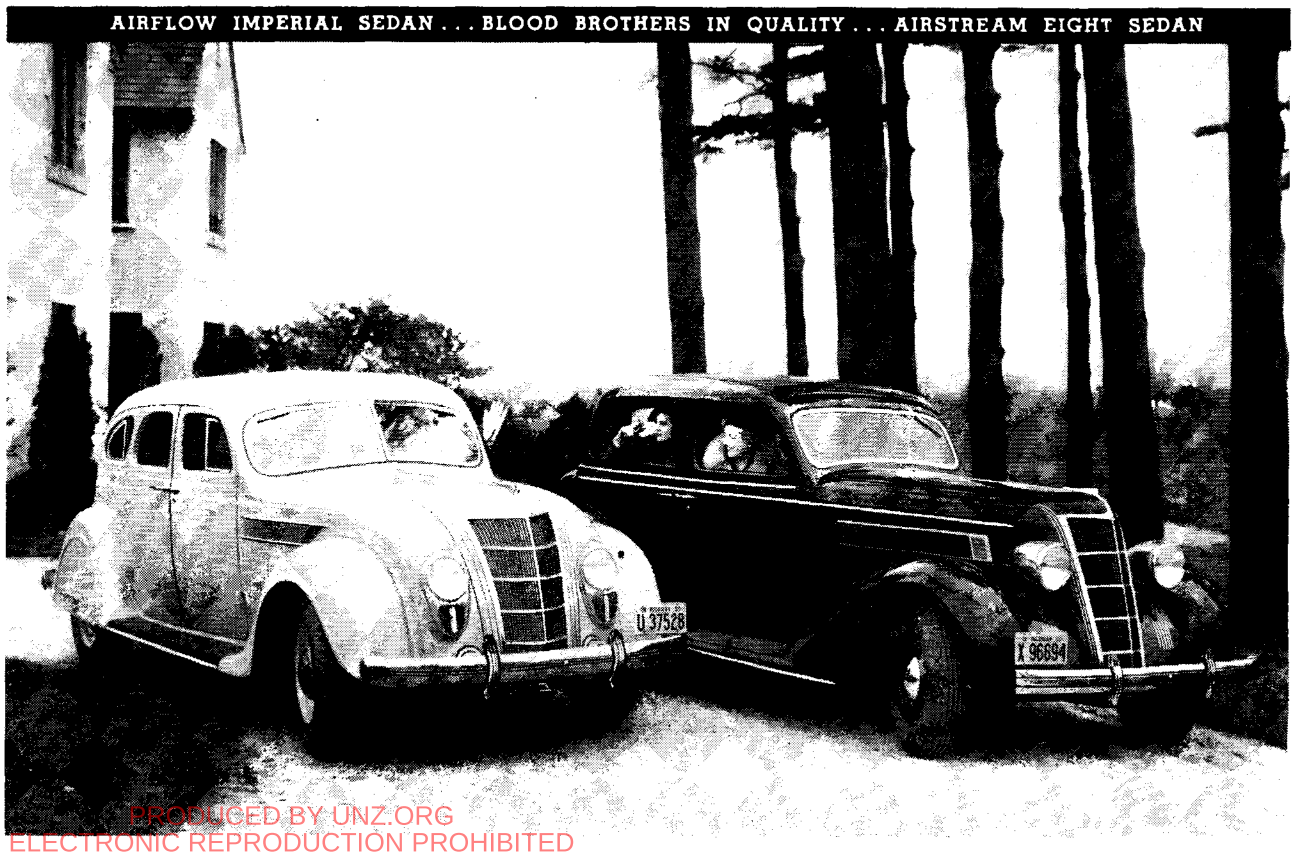
Tapered spring leaves like the Airflow. Syncro-silent transmission as in Airflow. Streamlining that really means something. Rich, smart modern interiors.

Hidden values too. Surging power such as Chrysler knows so well how to provide. Unmatched performance that only Chrysler gives... Marvelous new diamond-hard pistons. Use... or abuse... or high speed have little effect on them... High compression engines ...Valve seat inserts that greatly reduce valve grinding. Chrysler pioneered them!

An Airstream Six . . . and Airstream Eight . . . just about the lowest-priced quality cars in the world. Joining with the great Airflow line to give added thousands of Chrysler owners the newest and best in motoring.

Now more than ever before . . . you'll be happier with a Chrysler!

AIRFLOW IMPERIAL SEDAN . . . BLOOD BROTHERS IN QUALITY . . . AIRSTREAM EIGHT SEDAN



"John—powder won't cover that beard... you can't get by without shaving"

A touch of lipstick and a spot of rouge may work wonders for a woman—but a dash of powder can't get a man by without shaving. Women dislike stubble. Employers won't tolerate it. One man after another has lost the affection or respect of others by neglecting to shave well and often.

Others notice it

Isn't it a fact—doesn't a man look untidy, ill-kept, when his face is marred with bristles? How can he inspire confidence in strangers or hold the regard of friends and family!

Today neglect is inexcusable. The Gillette Blue Blade makes frequent close shaving entirely comfortable, even for men with tender skin. "No other shaving method compares with the Gillette Blue Blade." This is the unanimous verdict expressed in literally thousands of unsolicited statements written to the Gillette Safety Razor Company within the last few months.

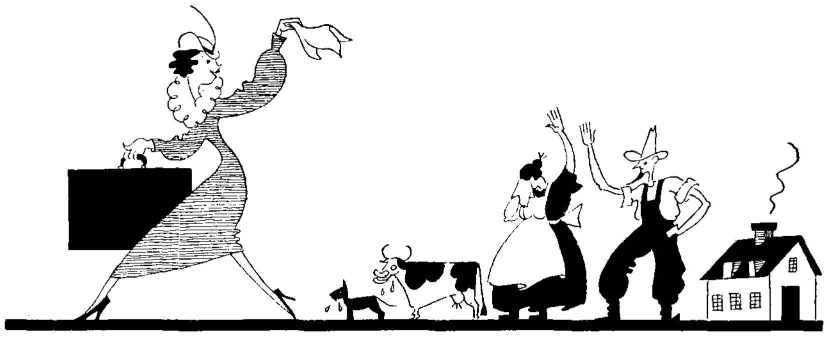
The Gillette Blue Blade is, we believe, the sharpest, smoothest shaving blade ever produced, and the vast majority of men agree. It is ground, honed and stropped in one continuous operation—tempered to perfection in electric furnaces where temperature changes automatically in accordance with the special requirements of the steel.

New shaving comfort

This blade is rust resisting—comes to you in a special envelope that "anchors" the blade in position so the keen edges are never damaged in transit.

Try the Gillette Blue Blade on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. We promise you an experience in shaving comfort that you have never enjoyed before.

GILLETTE
BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Far more women than men leave the farm for the city. Today there are 1,421 single men for every 1,000 single women on the farms of this country. In the cities and towns there are only 920 unmarried men for every 1,000 unmarried women. For the entire country, there are 1,024 marriageable men for every 1,000 marriageable women, marriageable in this case meaning all free and sane persons over 15 years of age.—*By Ivy M. Howard, Stillwater, Oklahoma.*

The heated controversy about navies does not directly affect the majority of countries. Only the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan are the real "naval nations." The next 40 countries have only insignificant fleets, while the next 20 have none at all, this latter class including Belgium which, for economic reasons, abolished its navy in 1928.

One of the favorite "vanishing tricks" of American criminals after they have committed a serious crime is to go to a smaller community, commit a minor offense and go to jail for several months—under another name of course—until the hue and cry has died down. Recently, however, a newer method was brought to light when a smart crook was found "hidden" on the detective force of a large city, where for several years he had been detailed to search for himself.

The two most widely sung hymns in the English language, according to many hymnologists, are "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which was published in 1740 by Charles Wesley, and "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," published in 1775 by A. M. Toplady. —*By Mrs. N. G. Carter, Knoxville, Tennessee.*

Millions of Americans who are otherwise intelligent still believe that fish is a brain food, that they harm a watch by turning its hands backward, and that rats through some instinct always desert a ship before it starts on an ill-fated voyage.

An interesting incident connected with the recent International Air Race from England to Australia was that, while the winners made the 12,300 mile journey in 71 hours and won the grand prize of $50,000, it required 68 hours and $50,000 to get ten feet of movie film of their landing transmitted back to London on a radio facsimile machine. It was the first newsreel to cross the world by radio and it ran only ten seconds on the screen.

The French Revolution so affected France that for years its memory was kept alive in many tangible ways. Women's dresses were trimmed with miniature chains, pinioning braces and leg irons. They shingled their hair as the executioners had cut the hair of their women victims so it would not impede the blade. And even the children had little guillotines with which they beheaded the toy figures of aristocrats.

Mercury, or quicksilver, so widely employed in thermometers, has a greater variety of uses than any other metal. It is utilized in a thousand different ways in the arts, chemistry and medicine. Mercuric salts, especially the chloride and iodide, are the most powerful of all known antiseptics. Of the perchloride, one part in 2,000—the strength commonly employed in surgery—kills all known bacteria.—*By Trevor Sanks, New York City.*

"The Imitation of Christ," a devotional work which has been translated into more than 50 languages and run through more than 6,000 editions since it was written in the early part of the 15th century, is said to have had a wider religious influence on Christianity than any other book except the Bible. An interesting point about it is that the author never revealed his name, and his identity has been the subject of much controversy for 500 years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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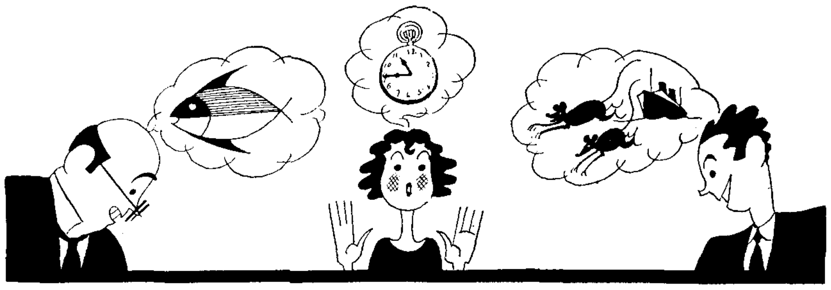


Chart and Graph Man

Continued from page 28

midsummer he prophesied that Guffey would lick Reed in Pennsylvania. When most experts gave the Democrats a gain of only four Senate seats, he placed the net increase at ten; it was nine. As against the general expectation that the G. O. P. would win back at least thirty-five House places, he reported that they would suffer a net loss. So they did. State by state and congressional district by district, he named the winners in advance. He erred in Minnesota and Vermont, but only slightly. Vermont furnished a close enough contest to bear out his statement that "if we can dig up 2,500 votes somewhere, we'll win." In Minnesota an anticipated fusion of Republicans and Democrats against the Farmer-Laborites did not materialize.

"There's no magic in it," he says. "Just mathematics. As a matter of fact, the system didn't get a fair test in 1932 or 1934. It was too one-sided. It is most valuable in a close fight."

Favors Are Based on the Records

As Chairman Farley's political and patronage assistant, he has broadened his study of trends until it is something distinctive in American politics. He now applies it to the mood and mind of the electorate. With questionnaires and frequent samplings of public opinion, he checks up reaction to administration policies, to presidential speeches and conferences, to the attitude of congressional blocs on both sides of the aisle, to Republican lines of attack. He notes the results of minor elections and watches the rise and fall of registration figures. When he detects a waning of sympathy for the party or the man in the White House, he investigates the whys and wherefores. All these ups and downs he records in his files or paints on his map.

In diagnosing dead spots on the map, he gives reasons amusing in their detail. That splotch of red in northern Michigan where he was born, for instance. It's Republican, he suggests, because mineral deposits make it inaccessible to Chicago radio stations, and the luckless heathen never hear Democratic gospel. Over there on the shore of Lake Michigan lies a reddish section because of the circulation of an anti-administration newspaper.

In advising on patronage, his accounts relieve Chairman Farley of many worries. The hunger marchers who still clamor in Hurja's outer office can't move him with their voracious appetite for jobs. With one look at his cards he can tell an applicant whether to come back next week or take the next train home. Wordy and boastful politicians insistent upon recognition waste their time on him. He flips out his files and in a minute he knows how their township or county or state behaved on election day.

He himself knows what it means to miss out in the scramble for jobs. As the son of Finnish immigrants, he had set his heart on the post of Minister to Finland; he ached for the rôle of the prodigal grandson. He could have had it except that a Cabinet member brought forth a friend who wanted nothing but this same diplomatic assignment.

"Patronage," Hurja says solemnly, "is simply guarding the government against disloyalty. If you place friends in office, the government benefits. They work out of loyalty and don't do just a routine job. But we have never asked any bureau to take anybody who is not qualified."

Despite his obsession for tedious, political bookkeeping, politics is a passion rather than a business with him. It is a determining influence in all he does; it motivates his reading, his writing, his hobbies, his companionships, his conversation. The Jacksonian period fascinates him most because of the social and political consciousness which developed when those practical politicians, as the New Dealers are doing now, mobilized the forgotten men of the backwoods. He is an authority on the 1824 election, and his history of party conventions is recognized as an authentic work.

Although his unemotional, lethargic exterior belies it, he spent many adventurous years before he buried himself in national politics. Leaving his home in Michigan at sixteen, he rode freight cars to the West. He landed in Butte with one cent in his pocket, and swept the floor of a printing shop until he earned enough to move on. Turning northward to Alaska in the turbulent gold-rush days of 1908, he caught on as a reporter on a Fairbanks newspaper. Although he had to scrape his way through the University of Washington by covering the Seattle hotel beat and studying his lessons in hotel lobbies between interviews with romantic guests, he managed to become a campus leader, a college editor and a class politician.

He gained sufficient prominence to be selected as the university's representative on the Ford peace ship. The lack of a dress suit almost kept him from trying to get the boys out of the trenches, but he solved that problem by borrowing a rusty rig from a fraternity brother. For years his failure to return it was deemed to be only collegiate carelessness, but his recent prominence has brought its penalties. Now, on the first of each January, he gets about sixty bills for "one dress suit" from sixty fraternity fellows.

A Versatile Analyst

When, upon graduation, the mining boom shifted from gold to oil, he shifted, too. He turned up in Texas as part owner and editor of a small newspaper. But a conflagration razed the town of tin and wood, and again he was on his own. With characteristic canniness and resourcefulness he hopped to New York and opened an office there as a full-fledged mining analyst. The depression which destroyed the market for his advice or minerals furnished him an opportunity in politics.

Although he may seem out of place in this supposedly non-partisan administration, he is as much a product of the New Deal as Rex Tugwell. He is an actuarial antidote to the nonpolitically minded and impractical brain trusters and reformers. Even the young professors are beginning to appreciate him. Knowing that they cannot accomplish all their aims in four years, some sense that perhaps Hurja's work behind the scenes may enable them to linger on and to dream bigger and better dreams. Time and again they have had to call on Messrs. Farley and Hurja to rescue important measures from defeat at the hands of legislators whom they have antagonized.

Nobody realizes more perfectly than the President that the best of preachments are wasted if they are delivered to empty and unsympathetic pews. And if, as some fondly believe, the Democrats are destined to remain in power for many, many years, it may be due to Hurja's political planning and demoralizing predictions as much as to the dreams of the reformers.

Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Size

BEST FOR BOTH SHAVING **AND** SAVING

You know about how much shaving cream you use each morning, and how long a tube lasts you. Just shift over to Williams and see how much further it goes, how much longer it lasts. Even if you were asked to pay more for it than for ordinary shaving cream, you would still find it economical.

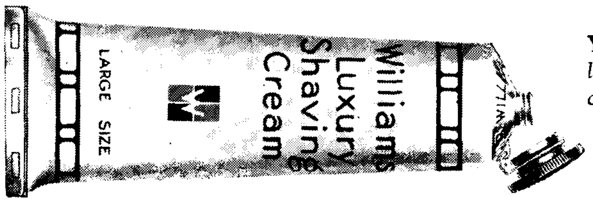
But the really important thing about this superior shaving cream is its aid to you in getting a quick, comfortable shave. And *comfortable* means more than just the easy removing of your beard—it means leaving your skin soft, supple, and fit.

The generous white lather stays moist right through the last stroke of your razor. One shave will show you why Williams is called *Luxury* Shaving Cream. You'll like even the tube itself, with the hinged cap that can't get lost—a typical Williams refinement.

Be sure to end every shave with Aqua Velva . . . whether you've used Williams Luxury Shaving Cream, or Glider, the new Williams Brushless Shave.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

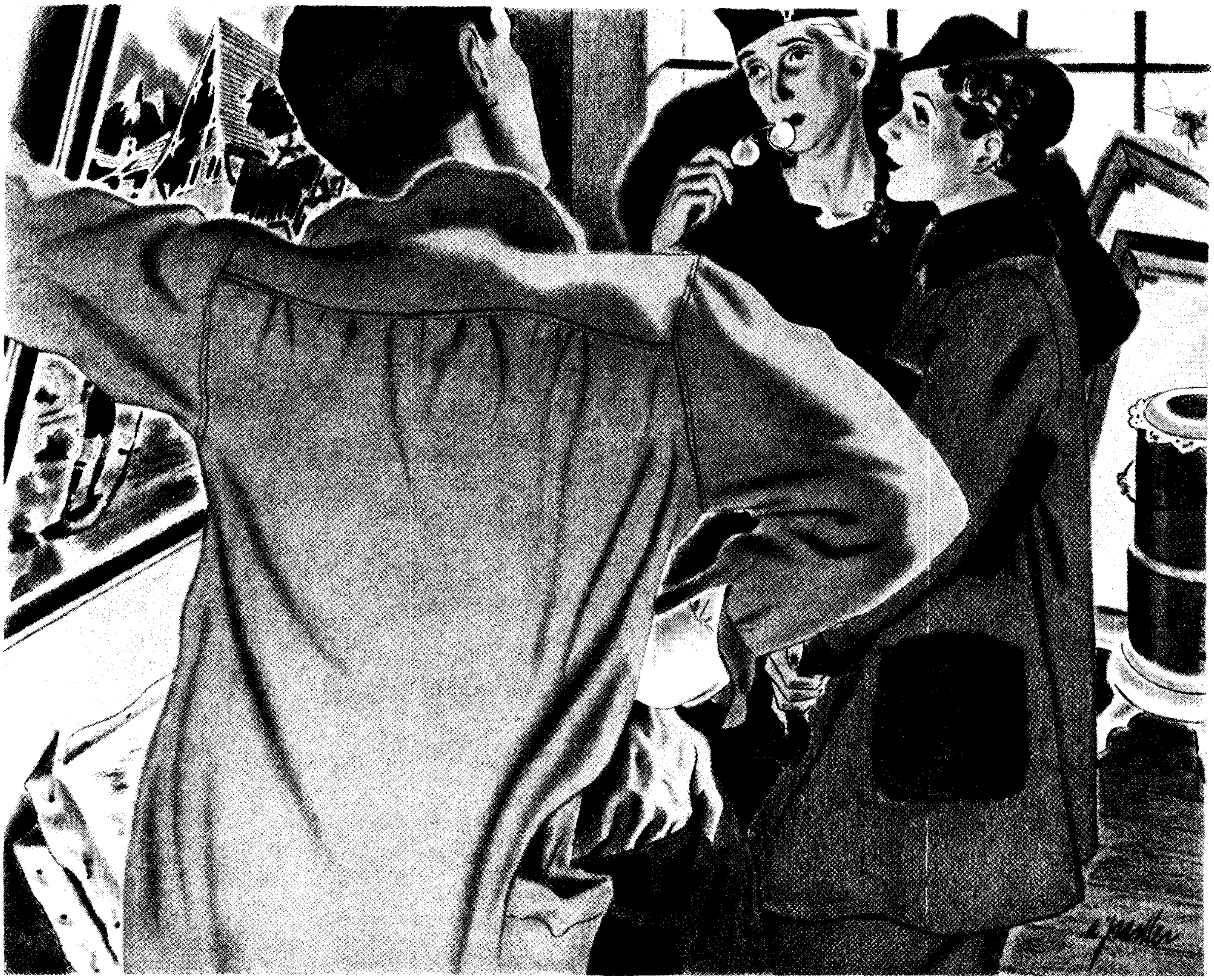
Williams



You can't lose this cap

Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.



He thought. "I might as well say something funny. She will bust out again in a minute anyway." He stated firmly, "Seven hundred dollars"

(Continued from page 17)

Well, that was that. The thing to do, now, was to go and find some laughs and get this crazy business off your mind. The thing to do, in fact, was go and spend a day or so with old Pete Wilson.

Scott grinned now, remembering the times they'd had. The fellow was insane, of course; but where the laughs were, there was Pete, or vice versa. Pete had left the art department of the agency a year ago when an amazing legacy, bequeathed him by an unexpected aunt, had freed him for the passionate pursuit of art for art's sake, and Scott grinned again, remembering Pete's farewell dinner and his memorable speech.

"Young men," the fool had said, "I am about to soar away from you upon the wings of wealth and as I stand before you, looking in each paltry face, I cannot fail to see myself as you must see me—young, brave, handsome, modest and possessed of genius and a knack with women—and I cannot fail to note your sullen envy. Young men, this is wrong. It is not philosophic.

"As you crouch above your humble tasks, remember there are many forms of life and some are made to soar and some are even lower than yourselves and crawl upon their bellies. Is the earthworm jealous of the king of beasts? No; he regards him with a simple wistfulness, and that is how I wish to be remembered; simply as a higher form of life—a fair young gog, for insunce—and with shimp—wish simp—with shimple wissulness."

Pete's legacy, as everybody knew, had totaled seven hundred dollars, but the nut had given up a darn' good job and got himself a studio in Eastgate, in the artists' colony, and dropped from sight. He'd written Scott a time or two to come and visit him, however, and Scott found that he still had a letter with directions: "Turn the corner at the fifth Ye Old Antique Shoppe on the right and it's the first barn on the left that isn't quaint."

SCOTT finally found it, though, and when he walked in there were two nice, little, rich old ladies—anyone could see that they were nice and rich and needed just a little merchandising—looking at Pete's pictures; but all Pete did was mumble at them, making grimaces at Scott behind their backs, until they finally gave it up and went away.

Scott didn't blame them; anybody would have gone away. Scott looked around the place again—an army cot, an oil stove and a few old chairs; and canvases and canvases, stacked up against the walls, propped on things, a helter-skelter of confusion. They were good, though. Scott looked at a landscape done in some sort of a smoky blue that held his eyes half-closed and made him vaguely lonesome. They were good; the fellow was an artist; even Scott could see that; but he didn't have a grain of sense. You only had to look around, you only had to look at Pete himself, to see that.

They wrestled for a minute and then Pete went back and sat down at his easel.

"I suppose," Scott said, "that I have just been witnessing a sample of your salesmanship?"

"It's nice to have you here," Pete said. "Or is it?"

"I suppose," Scott said, "that that's the way you look and act when people come in here and try to buy a picture? Look, chump, don't you know an artist is supposed to be romantic? Don't you know that people come into a studio expecting some kind of a touch of high-life?"

"Well," Pete answered, "here I am."

"And look at you. Those pants; that sweat shirt, and *that hat!* An artist, in a derby hat! That's glamour for you!"

"Nuts!" Pete retorted. "I'm a painter and this joint's a work-room. Do you think a painter has to dress up like an Argentine and drool around in some darned Turkish Corner?"

"Certainly," Scott said. "Be oily; be Left Bank. Oui, oui; la, la; tweet tweet; I kees your hand, madame. That's what the public wants from artists. I could sell this junk. Why, I bet I could even sell that big thing over there."

"What thing?"

"The boy scout standing by the filling station," Scott said, "with the feather in his hat."

"He's Swiss, you fool."

"Swiss? Him?"

"He's standing by a chalet. It's a Swiss scene."

"You just call it that because it's cheesy."

"No, Scott; honestly, it's a hundred per cent Swiss. A connoisseur came in last week and looked at it and yodeled."

"THAT'S just how they clear their throats," Scott said. "The point is, I could sell it. Have you got a smock?"

"Of course," Pete said. "My sister made me one because I didn't send her anything for Christmas."

"All right," Scott said, "when anyone comes in these next few weeks, you just—"

"Few weeks!"

"Of course," Scott said, "you didn't think I'd go away and leave a pal in this condition, did you? Oh, if you insist, we'll work on a commission basis."

"You've lost your job, huh?" Pete said. "That's it, huh?"

"You're kidding, naturally," Scott said. "But honestly, old man, I think I can arrange a leave of absence till I get you straightened out."

He grinned and Pete grinned back at him and then they heard a car come up the drive and stop, and Pete walked over to the window.

"Well, well," Pete stated. "Customers! Is that a break for me! You got here just in time, old man." He walked across the room and took a pink smock off a nail and handed it to Scott and leered and went toward the door.

"Here!" Scott said. "Hey! Here! Where you going?"

"Out," Pete said. "I wouldn't stay and interfere for anything."

He leered again and went out and Scott thought: "Why, you crazy animal. All right; I'll show you; and I'll sell something or I'll bust." He grinned and put the pink smock on. Then, feeling as though he were wearing his grandmother's nightgown, he looked up and saw a tall, commanding-looking, gray-haired lady standing in the doorway.

"How do you do?" Scott managed, and the lady fixed him with a piercing eye and called: "It seems all right, Helen. It's very messy, naturally, and he seems to have a sort of costume on. Aside from that he looks quite rational— Good afternoon!"

There was a smothered giggle outside and Scott's ears caught fire and the lady said: "My niece, young man." And Scott looked up and saw her.

There she was, all right. There wasn't any doubt about it for a second and things happen that way sometimes. You can be a lad like Scott and go along for years and sort of take girls in your stride. And then, you look up suddenly and there she is. Like that!

Scott thought: "Ye gods, I had to meet her *now*—in this terrible pink smock! I had to meet her here and now and when she thinks I'm some half-witted artist!"

Scott said: "G-g-g-g-good afternoon."

He didn't dare to look at her, but he couldn't help it. No one could. Tall, fair, slim, goddess sort of girls had always been Scott's favorite arrangement. This one wasn't; she was little; she was dark; she had enormous big black eyes and she was desperately trying not to giggle.

THEN, suddenly, as though she simply *had* to do it, she *did* giggle—and left the room.

"Well, madame," Scott said, "may I show you something in the way of landscapes? We have a little number here—"

He picked a picture up at random but the lady wasn't interested. She shrugged it off and turned to Pete's synthetic Swiss scene.

"Young man," she commanded, "ask my niece to step in here, if she is finished giggling. I want her to see this."

Scott walked out. She was sitting in the car beside the steps. He said: "I am instructed by your aunt to ask you to come in a moment if you're sure you wouldn't find it too hilarious."

She said: "I didn't mean to giggle. Honestly I didn't. That smock—"

"It is quite all right," Scott said. "Quite; quite."

"I just c-couldn't h-h-help it," Helen said. "Do you always wear p-p-pink?"

"Always," Scott informed her, coldly. "Always; even to my underwear. And now, if you will pardon me, I'll go inform your aunt you've had another spell."

Scott turned and stalked firmly back. Helen followed him.

The aunt said: "Helen, look at this; you've been to school in Switzerland."

Helen looked at it. She moved a step or two toward it; then she stepped away and as she was regarding it the aunt said: "Well, young man, how much?"

Scott thought: "I might as well say something funny. She will bust out in a minute anyway." He stated firmly: "Seven hundred dollars!"

"Seven hundred dollars!"

"But it's beautiful," said Helen. "Oh, it is! I think I know the very spot where it was painted! Oh, those gorgeous mountains, Auntie."

Scott thought: "She's for me! Why, she means it. Why—"

The aunt said: "I will take it, young man."

Just like that. For seven hundred dollars; and she had her check-book out. Scott said: "Make it out to Peter Wilson, please."

She folded it and handed it to Scott and said: "Deliver it to Brentwood House. Come, Helen," and marched out.

SCOTT stood there in a daze. He heard a soft voice say: "I tried to—to make up for it. For giggling. Did I? And I think your paintings are just wonderful."

"But, listen," Scott said, "I'm no artist—I'm—I'm just—"

"You're just a genius," Helen told him. "You don't hate me any more?"

"You know darn' well the way I feel about you," Scott said. "Anybody would. But, listen here—about this artist business—"

"Come, come, Helen!" called the aunt.

"I've got to tell you—" Scott began again.

"Tonight would be a good time," Helen said, "that is if—if you meant to bring the picture up yourself."

Then she was gone—and Pete was there.

"Bon jour, monseer," he greeted from the doorway. "Well, I saw them leave. I didn't notice that their arms were full of pictures. Not so simple, eh? Forget to kees their hands or what?"

"Oh, no," Scott said. "I sold them all right. Peter, old top, I'm in love!"

"You sold them! Sold them what?"

"Why, that thing; that thing over there. What difference does it make? I tell you, Pete, she—"

"You don't mean the Swiss scene? You don't mean they actually bought *that!*"

"Look," Scott said. "They bought it and they paid for it and what the heck. I tell you the important thing is I'm in love!"

"How much?" Pete asked. "And where's the money?"

"You mercenary animal," Scott said. "I thought you'd show a little interest in the greatest thing that—here, then; here's the check."

Pete took the crisp pink slip, unfolded it and looked at it with eyes that popped clear out and poised upon his cheek bones.

"Seven—hundred—dollars—!" Pete gasped. "Why, you've made me, Scott! Why, Scottie, you have sold the richest woman in these parts. Supposed to be a connoisseur, too. Oh, I've heard of her, all right. Look, you don't think that she meant simply seven and her hand slipped, do you? Why, this thing means I am made, that's all. Why, that old dame was Mrs. Harrison H. Trevor and—"

"Who?" Scott said. "*Who?* Who? Who? Who? *Who?*"

Pete stared at him. "You turned into an owl?" he asked. "Stop hoo-ing at me. I tell you, you sold Mrs. Harrison H.—what's the matter with you?"

(Continued on page 46)

How You Can Buy Yourself

A STEADY INCOME OF

$200 A MONTH

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

Here is what $200 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $200 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $20,000 has been paid, and you can get as much as $25,000, $30,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

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Your Retirement Income may be any amount you wish—$100 a month, $200 a month, $300 a month or more. It can begin at any age you say, 55, 60, or 65.

There are Plans for men who can save only a few dollars a month as well as for men who can save thousands of dollars a year.

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3. A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for six months or more.

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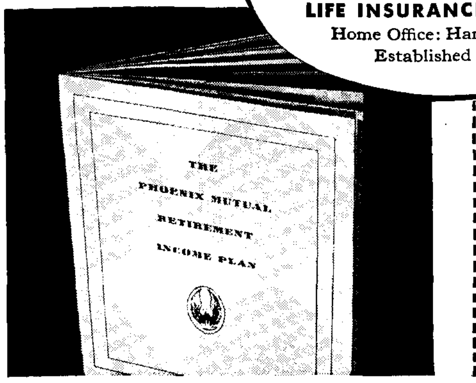

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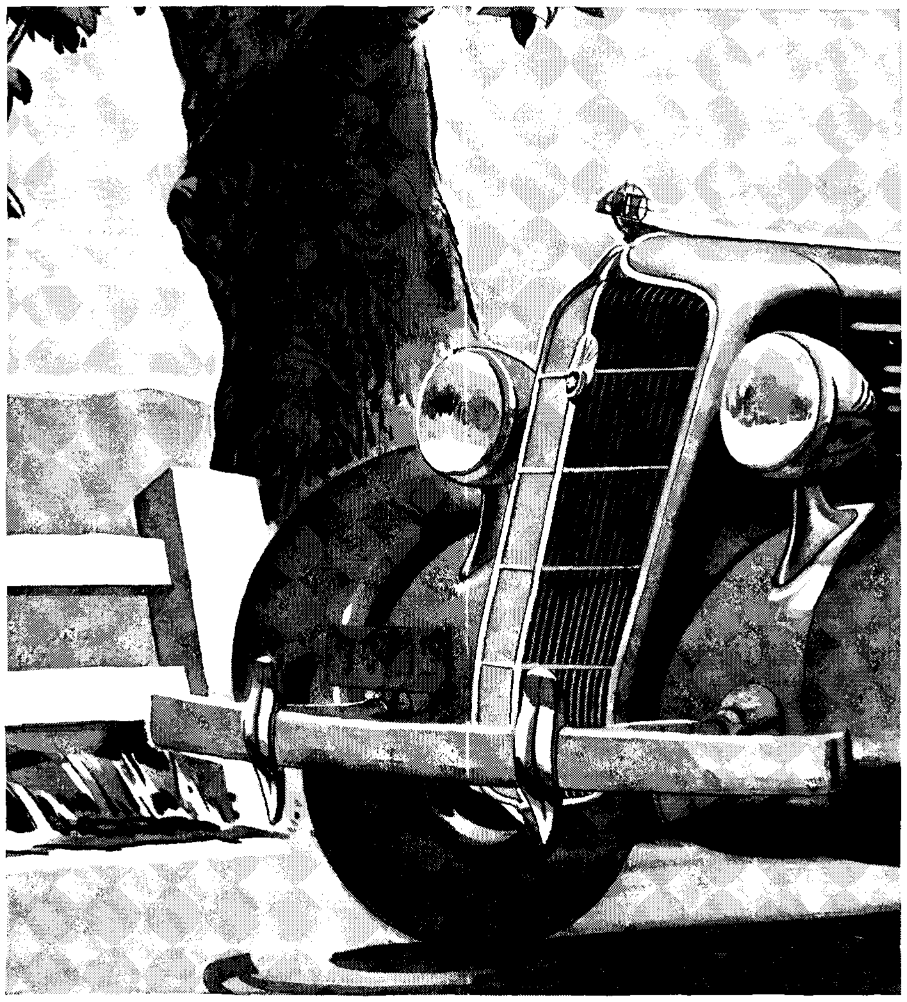
New Syncro-Silent Transmission. New Clutch needs 30% less Pedal Pressure.

New-type Mola Steel Front Springs and New Scientific Weight Distribution . . . give an amazing "Floating Ride."

Sidesway Eliminator keeps car on "even keel"—gives you new safety on curves.



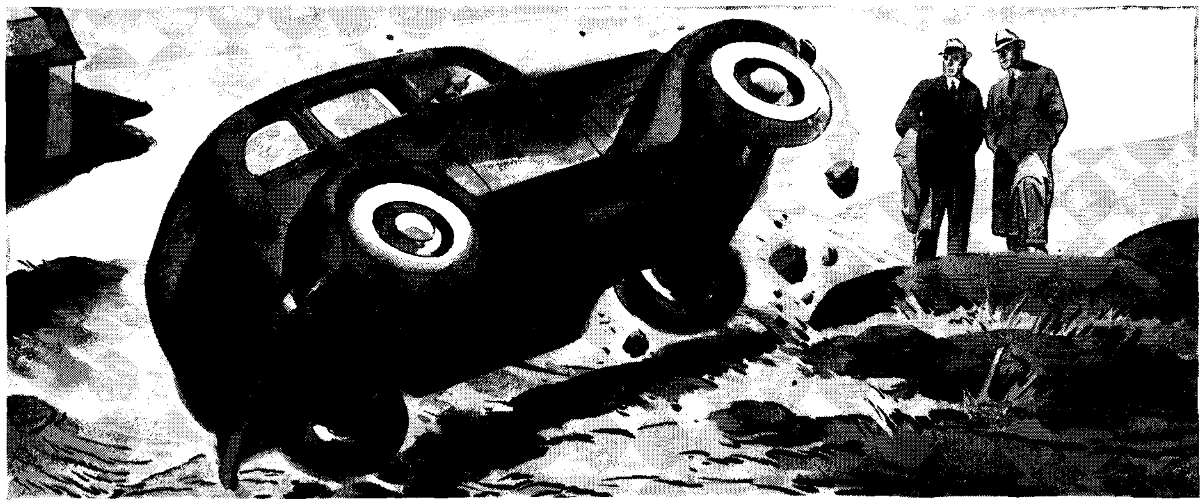
The New 1935 Plymouth is Now on Display

THIS WEEK, PLYMOUTH ANNOUNCES a revolutionary new high-speed safety car. A new kind of automobile, engineered from the ground up, to meet modern traffic conditions.

It's a car built under the personal supervision of Walter P. Chrysler to satisfy today's critical need for safe transportation on the nation's congested highways and pedestrian-crowded city streets.

We're traveling faster today. The average speed on the road today is 20 miles an hour faster than it was in 1925. Turnpikes teem with traffic.

You need speed. But speed alone is not enough. You need a car that is quick moving and fast stopping. You need easier control and quicker response.



Over and over, down a steep hill. For years Plymouth engineers have used this dramatic way of testing Plymouth's rugged All-Steel Bodies. This year's Plymouth has an even stronger body than its predecessors.

And to guard you against the other fellow's carelessness, you need greater protection than ever before . . . for yourself and your passengers.

That's the problem Plymouth engineers set out to meet . . . many months ago. And they solved it by building this new high-speed safety car.

The "Floating Ride"; what it Does

You've never before driven a car like this. It "glides" over the bumps and ruts in the road.

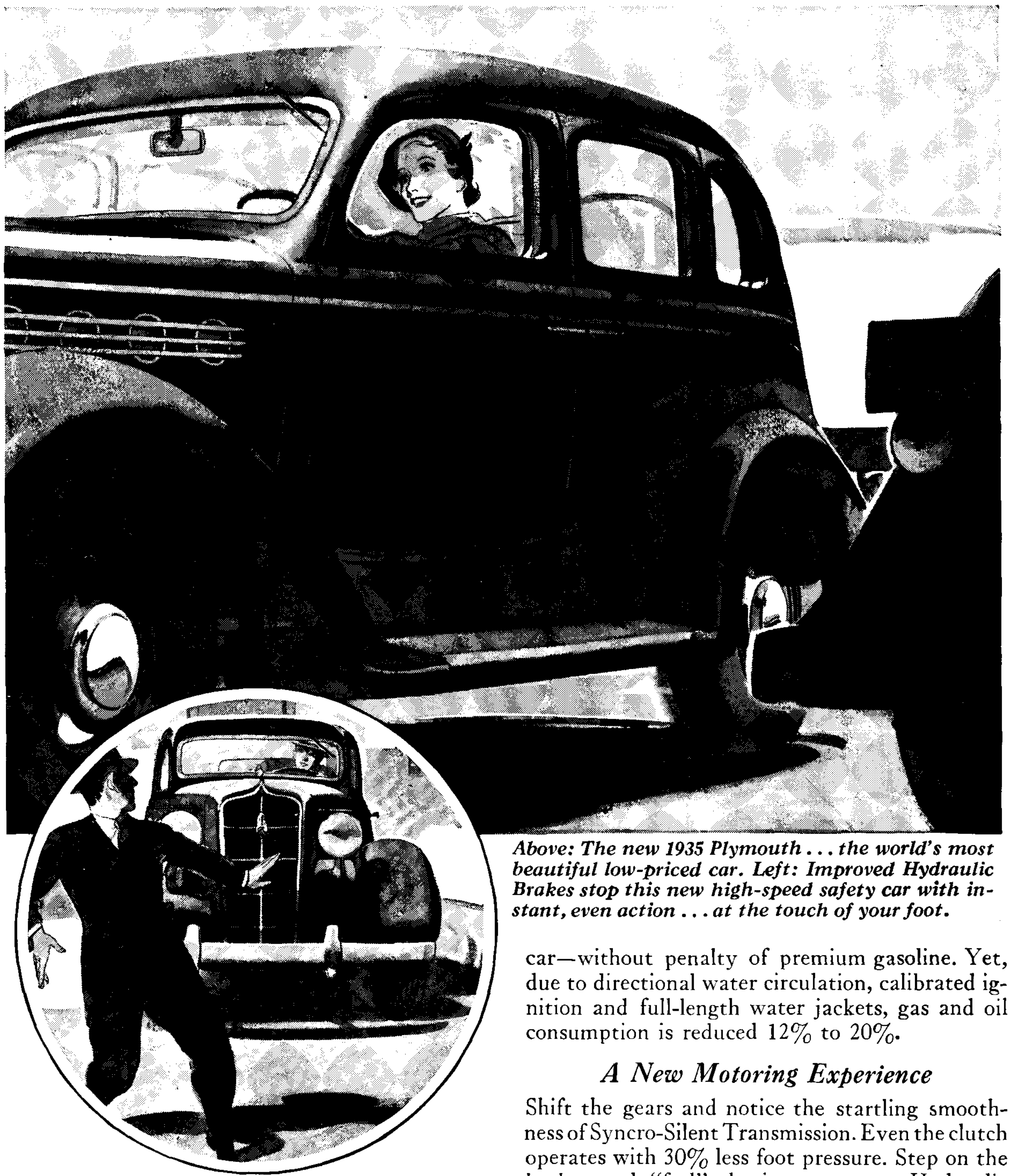
This amazing new kind of "Floating Ride" is made possible by new scientific weight distribution . . . the development of an ingenious new sidesway eliminator . . . and the use of new-type Mola Steel front springs.

Technically, you ride at a lower "vibration rate." Actually, that means you don't bounce and jounce around the way you used to.

The redistribution of weight has been accomplished by placing the engine more directly over the front axle. The new-type springs reduce the oscillation frequency to 92 per minute, compared to 135 per minute in an ordinary car.

The sway eliminator located at the front keeps the car on an "even keel" at all times . . . gives you new safety when rounding sharp curves. New

a Revolutionary SPEED SAFETY CAR



Above: *The new 1935 Plymouth . . . the world's most beautiful low-priced car. Left: Improved Hydraulic Brakes stop this new high-speed safety car with instant, even action . . . at the touch of your foot.*

"double action" shock absorbers further improve the ride by controlling "spring bounce."

We can't describe it...you've got to experience it . . . the thrill you get when you step on the accelerator of this wonderful new Plymouth.

60—70—80 and it seems like 50. The improved engine has the highest compression ratio of any car—without penalty of premium gasoline. Yet, due to directional water circulation, calibrated ignition and full-length water jackets, gas and oil consumption is reduced 12% to 20%.

A New Motoring Experience

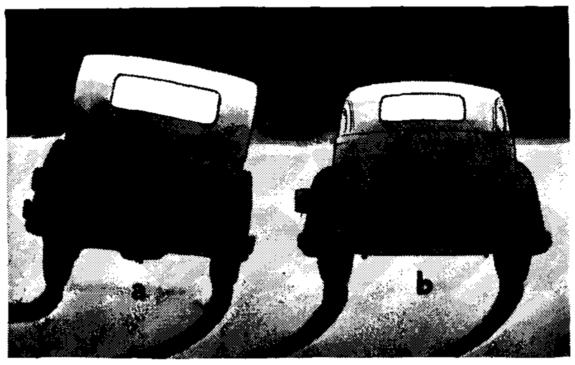
Shift the gears and notice the startling smoothness of Syncro-Silent Transmission. Even the clutch operates with 30% less foot pressure. Step on the brakes and "feel" the instant, even, Hydraulic action on all four wheels.

No wonder this sensational new Plymouth is called "The World's Safest Low-Priced Car."

And now for the great climax of this story. The above picture of the new Plymouth gives only a hint of its true beauty. Never before has a low-priced car been so strikingly beautiful. The whole car is streamlined...smartly so. It has long, graceful lines . . . and Airplane-type Fenders.

The body is torpedo-shaped . . . a symphony of beauty. It hurtles through the air like a projectile . . . producing the minimum of wind resistance.

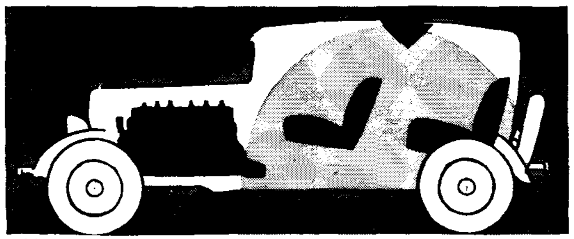
The entire body is made of steel . . . welded into one solid unit for your 100% safety. Frame and body are joined together in 46 places . . . and the body fits down over the frame instead of merely sitting on it...making a stronger joint than ever.



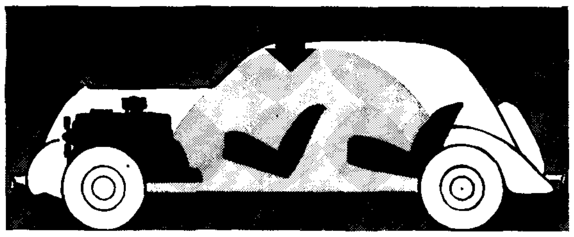
Conventional car (a) swaying around curve. New Plymouth (b) taking same curve without swaying.

Go see this revolutionary new Plymouth "with your own eyes." Drive this history-making car. Experience its new kind of ride.

The new 1935 Plymouth is now on display at Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers everywhere.



Above: Ordinary car, showing conventional engine position. Note how center of weight is in the rear.



Above: 1935 Plymouth with engine and passengers moved forward. Axle loads are thereby equalized.

1935 PLYMOUTH

World's Safest low-priced Car

"We'll leave our coughs outside"
LUDEN'S

It pays to LUDENIZE★

Five cents is all you pay to LUDENIZE... to check and stop your cough. And LUDENIZING begins the instant the Luden's Cough Drop is on your tongue. Right away your mouth feels cool. And that coolness is a sign that a smooth protective coating is spreading over the dry sore spots in your mouth and throat—easing the "tickle," stopping the cough.

★ "LUDENIZE"—the complete throat-medicating process which occurs the moment you place a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop in your mouth... eleven medicinal ingredients melting into a soothing lotion which quickly moistens the throat, stops irritation and relieves coughing.

5¢
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S

Fired

Continued from page 43

When Scott had got his breath back and was capable of speech he told Pete the whole story. Mrs. Harrison H. Trevor! Well, that was the one thing needed to complete the day! At ten o'clock you lose your job. At three you fall in love. At half past four you find out that your girl's aunt's husband's father was the—no, no, it was too involved. Too hopeless. Too, too everything!

"Look here, Pete," Scott said finally, "I can't go there tonight. If they found out that I was the lad who rattled Grandpa's bones they'd run me off the place and chase me three miles up a narrow road. No, Pete, you'll have to take the picture up yourself, and if they ask about the fellow in the pink dress simply tell them he was just a man named Oscar, who dropped in a moment on his way to East St. Louis."

WHEN Pete had left for Brentwood after dinner, Scott felt pretty low.

When he returned, a little after nine, he said: "Scott, I don't blame you; she's a dream. I liked the aunt, too, Scott, no matter what you say. A sort of major-general, of course, but she was all right and I liked her. I liked everybody; everyone liked me. We finally hung it in the dining-room."

"Uh-huh," Scott answered dully.

"Well, it didn't seem to be the place for it at first," Pete said, "because of this stuffed fish, but Mrs. Trevor called some butlers in and had them take it down. I guess it won't be long till I'll be having one myself, old man."

"A stuffed fish?"

"No, you fool; a butler. Well, when we had got it hung up everyone agreed that it was just the place and then, of course—"

"And then," Scott said, "you had to find a place to hang the butler. Look, Pete, did you ever take your derby off?"

"All right," Pete said. "I've got a notion not to tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"All right; so listen, then. Well, Scott, they stood around and oh'd and ah'd and it was just a great big triumph, that's all, and you're sitting there and thinking I forgot I owed it all to you. You ought to know me better, Scott."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I got to thinking," Pete said. "I thought: I bet if she knew you had lost your job because of her and all the suffering it caused and how unjust it was, she would be mighty sorry she'd got mad at Candless and McCreavy and—and so—"

"And so you told her who I was? You told her I had written that damn' thing?"

"You should have heard me," Pete said. "Scott, I sure did put in one for you. I told her you were heartsick when you found out you'd insulted Grandpa and I told them it had ruined your career and that you probably could never get another job. I darn' near cried. And when I told about your poor sick wife and children—"

"Good heavens!"

"I didn't mean to," Pete said. "Scott, it just came out. It seemed a part of it. It would have moved a stone the way I put it on, Scott, and it moved them, too. It moved your girl friend right out of the room. She got right up and marched out, Scott, and that's a sign she likes you—"

"My pal!" Scott said. "My pal, Pete!"

"Well," Pete said, "Mrs. Trevor acted pretty nice, Scott; listened to me, even smiled. The only trouble was she kind of kept on clinging to the thought that you had made a laughingstock of her and—well, I guess that's women, Scott; they get an idea in their heads and—But I kept on, Scott, you know me. I didn't quit until she said about the door."

"The door?"

"Her door. She seems to like it just the way it is, old man. I'm sorry."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"I mean," Pete said, "she told me you were not to darken it. You don't know how I feel about this, Scott. I figured you had sold my picture and I'd try to—well, old man, I did my best. I wanted you to know that I was in there pitching, anyway."

"You did your best, huh?" Scott said. "So you did your best!"

A cold rage at the rank injustice of the whole thing suddenly possessed him. Why, the whole day he'd been nothing but a miserable pawn of fate that people shoved around the way they wanted to. Well, he was all through being shoved around now.

The whole thing boiled right back to Mrs. Harrison H. Trevor. All right, then; that's where he'd start. She thought he'd made a laughingstock of her, huh? Laughingstock! All right!

Scott said: "Pete! What's the way to Brentwood?"

"Brentwood! But you can't go there."

But Scott could. Better still, he knew exactly what he meant to do and say when he arrived. He rang the bell and someone opened up the door and Scott walked in and past him. A voice kept saying: "Sir! Sir! Sir!" but Scott heard voices and he walked into a long, high, gorgeous room and there was Helen and her aunt. The voice was twitching at his sleeve. It said: "Madame, this—this—this—"

"Advertising man, James," Mrs. Trevor prompted.

"Yes, madame. This advertising man walked past me, madame, and—"

The tug was urgent and Scott turned around. He said: "James, you may go away now," and the way he said it made James back away a step or so.

The tall old lady rose and made a regal gesture. "Yes, James, go," she said. The man bowed thankfully away and Mrs. Trevor said: "Young man, I have attempted not to bear you any animosity and, being human, I have failed. I listened, Mr. Crane, at length and with considerable ennui to your Mr. Wilson's sad recital and I am quite sure that he presented your apologies as urgently as possible. I can't say, young man, that I wish you any harm; I simply say I wish you elsewhere and as rapidly as possible."

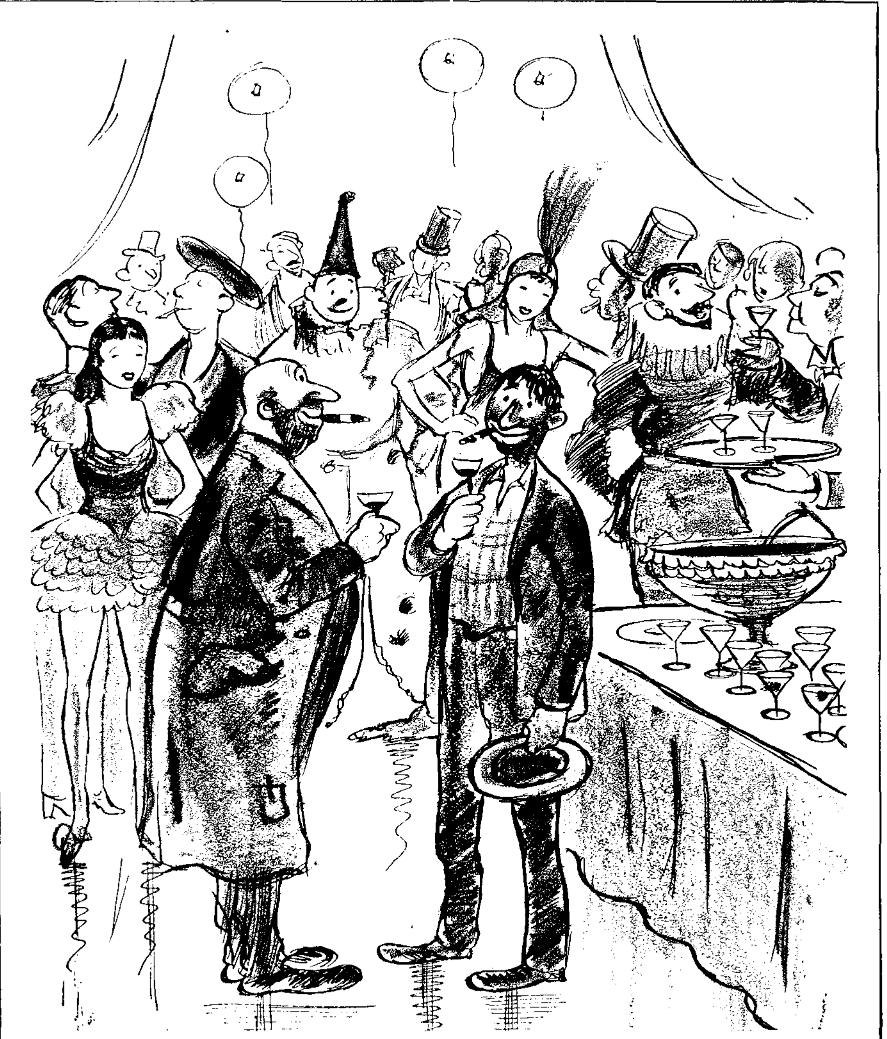
"In which wish, Auntie," Helen said, "I join you heartily, except the any harm part."

SCOTT hadn't looked at her. He didn't now, for if he did he knew he'd not go on. He looked at Mrs. Trevor and said: "I think, perhaps, that you mistake the nature of my visit, Mrs. Trevor. As you say, the able Mr. Wilson has presented my apologies. Condolences is what I have to tender, at the moment."

"What?"

"Condolences," Scott said. "I got to thinking how extremely sensitive you are and how you hate to be a laughingstock and in the circumstances I just couldn't help but sympathize."

(Continued on page 49)



"We must read the society page every day, Butch. There must be plenty of these costume parties goin' on"

PAUL WEBB

"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, 443 Englewood Ave., Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Continual headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!

"RELIEVED ME IN 3 DAYS!" *South Bend, Indiana.* Mrs. Opal Haymaker writes: "I suffered from constipation . . . This Fleischmann's XR Yeast is amazing . . . relieved me in 3 days!"

"—ACTED IN 72 HOURS!" *Norwood, Pa.* David Evans writes: "I developed constant indigestion. This *new* XR Yeast acted in 72 hours . . . *I can see why doctors are enthusiastic about it!"*

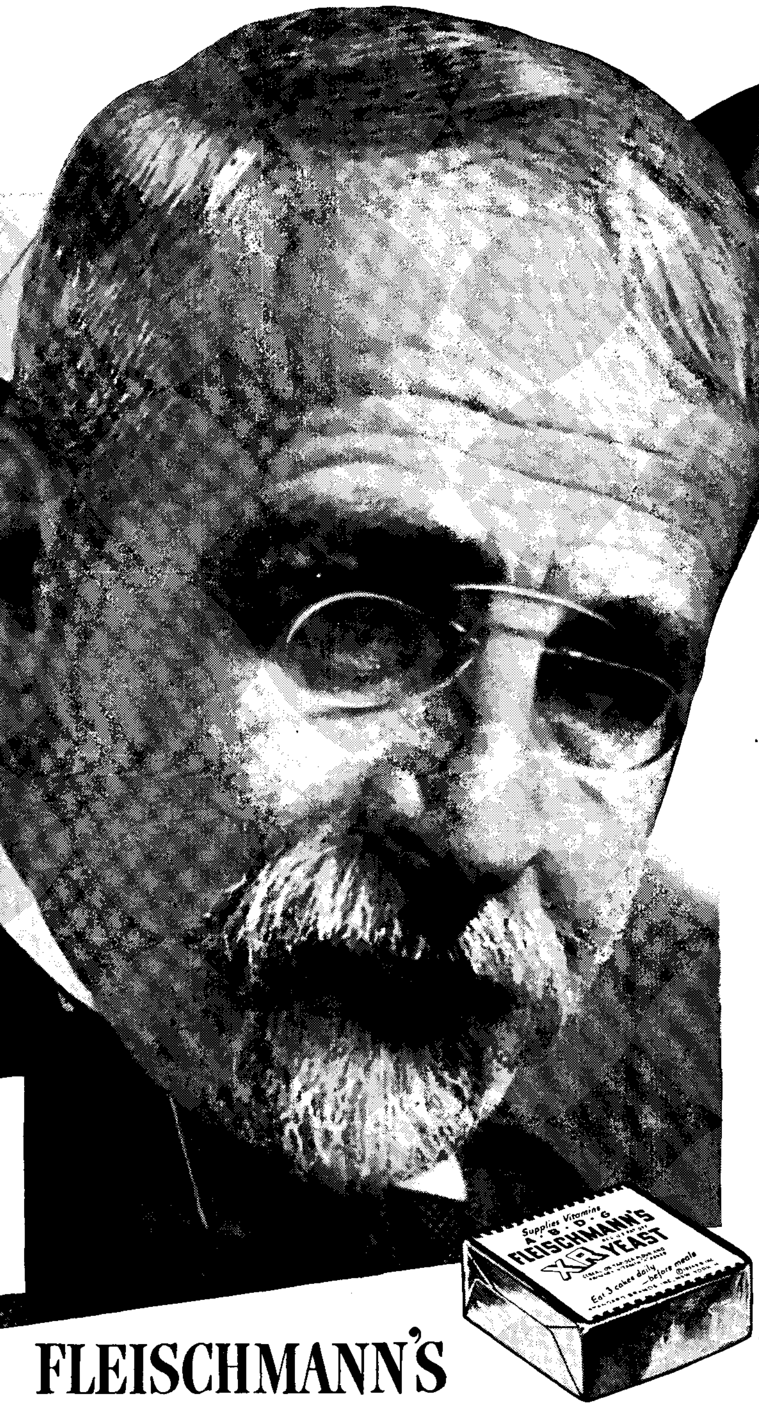
3 Millions *already* eating new "XR" Yeast..!

"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!" *Elizabeth, N. J.* Brewster S. Beach writes: "My digestion was all wrong. I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion and headaches soon disappeared. There's nothing like it!"

NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES *Waltham, Mass.* Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion *very soon!"*

"PIMPLES DISAPPEARED IN A HURRY!" *Chicago, Ill.* Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! I feared I'd lose my job. Almost everyone in a friend's office was eating yeast . . . In a few days after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"

"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS" *Cable, Wis.* Marguerite Bro, a writer, says: "Huddling over a typewriter isn't exactly conducive to health. I lost appetite, felt drowsy and miserable. I tried laxatives—had to discard them. Finally I tried Fleischmann's XR Yeast. *I have only praise for it!* My sluggishness left in just a few days!"


Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S XR YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

DOCTORS—CLINICS—in America, Europe, enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head and consultant, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says: "This new XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

IN cities, towns . . . *everywhere* . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger *kind* of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast. Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy.

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Eat 3 cakes daily—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—half an hour before meals. Gradually discontinue harsh laxatives . . . Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain. Start eating it today!

NRA CODE

FLEISCHMANN'S "XR" YEAST...*acts quicker*

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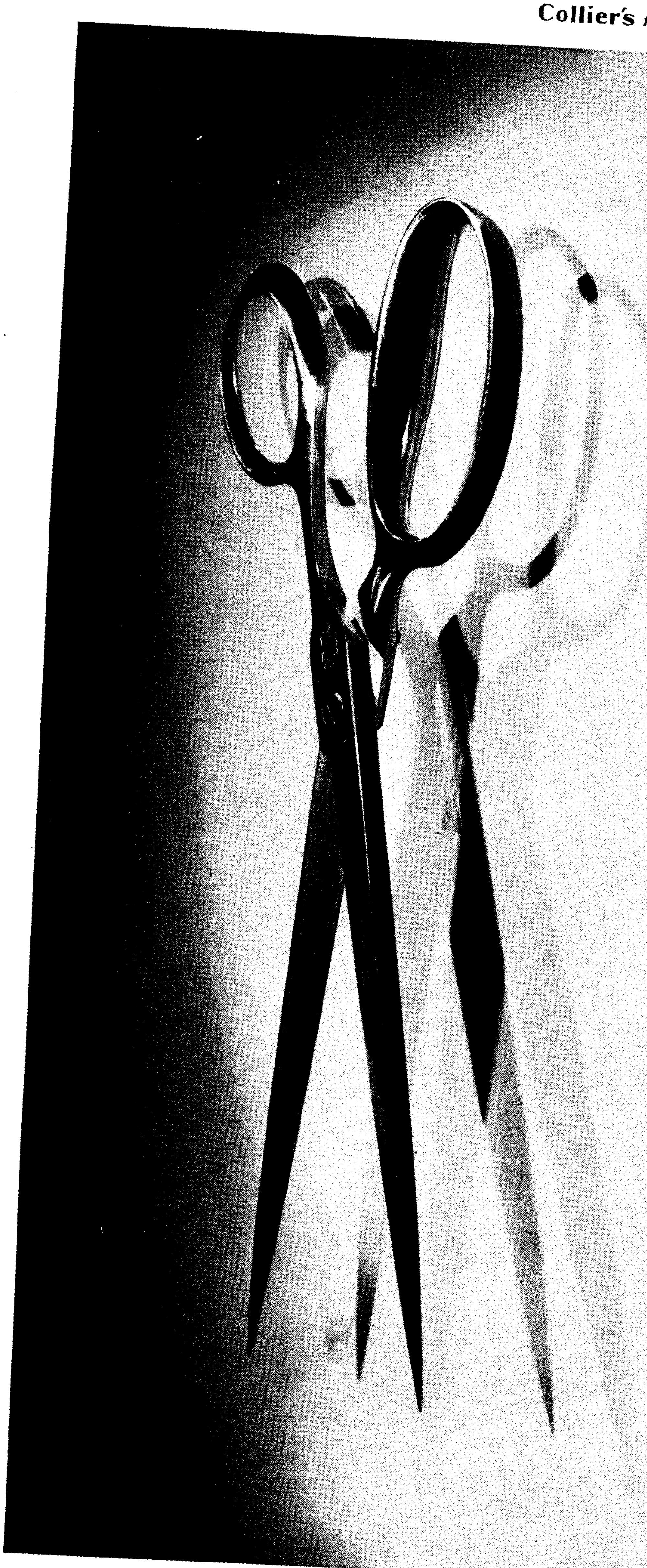

No matter how keen each blade, you can't shear if the pivot pin is not there. That pivot suggests a certain type of editing which aligns keen writer with keen reader. It gives a magazine the cutting force that trims advertising costs and slashes through sales resistance.

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American
MAGAZINE

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Collier's... The National Weekly   The Country Home
The American Magazine   Woman's Home Companion
Combined Circulation Over 8,300,000

.... THE PUBLIC SPENDS MORE MONEY FOR AN ISSUE OF THE AMERICAN THAN FOR ANY OTHER GENERAL MAGAZINE.

Fired

Continued from page 46

"What circumstances, young man?"

"Why, you know," Scott said, "the circumstances. Here you are, supposed to be a connoisseur and everything and I just got to thinking how your friends will howl their heads off at you when they find it out."

"Find what out?"

"Why," Scott said, "that you paid seven hundred dollars for a boy scout standing by a filling station."

"Are you referring to my Swiss scene, young man?"

"Swiss scene!" Scott said. "Swiss scene! That's good! Swiss scene, painted by an artist who has never been to Yaphank even. But I wouldn't mind them, Mrs. Trevor; let them laugh."

THERE was a long, shocked silence and Scott said: "Be brave about it, Mrs. Trevor, and especially about the columnists. They'll only say: 'We understand the socialites are splitting sides because a certain Mrs. H. H. T., supposed to be a connoisseur, paid hundreds for a Swiss scene painted in New Jersey by an advertising artist in a derby hat.'"

"Ooh," Helen said. "Ooh, ooh, ooh, oooh! Here, Rover! Here! Here! Here!"

Scott said: "If any pooch comes near me I'll pick him up and bite him in the neck. I'm mad—you hear? I have been shoved around all day and now I'm mad."

"Young man," said Mrs. Trevor, "do you mean to say you'd spread this story?"

"Me?" Scott said. "Me spread it? Lady, my intentions are to ride the roads like Paul Revere and yell it through a megaphone. I'm mad. I've got a right to be. I've spent three whole years making money for you, Mrs. Trevor; writing ads that sold your shoes, and when I finally write the best darned ad you ever had you take offense at some small thing and I get fired from my job. And it's not only me; the agency that doubled Trevor business gets the axe; your advertising manager gets canned; you didn't even think about your own executives and salesmen and your stockholders who'll make less money till some other agency learns how to do the Trevor job as well as we did. No; you didn't think about a thing except—"

Scott paused for breath. He saw Helen staring at him, wide-eyed; he saw Mrs. Trevor, shocked and grim; and suddenly he realized that he'd been shouting at them; yelling like a stevedore. He flushed. He said: "I'm sorry. I came here to lose my temper and I guess I succeeded. Please forget it. And Pete's picture's swell; and even if it weren't I would never say a word. Well—"

He turned to go but Mrs. Trevor pointed a commanding finger at him. "Young man," Mrs. Trevor said, "I like you."

"But you couldn't, Auntie!" Helen cried. "You couldn't! Look at him! He's just a darned old slicker salesman with a wife and family and he sold us that darned picture and he's selling you again. And—"

"My child," said Mrs. Trevor, "possibly you'd better run away, for Mr. Crane and I are going into conference."

"I won't," said Helen. "I won't leave you with this—"

"Helen!" Scott said. "Mind your auntie. Right this minute."

Mrs. Trevor threw back her head and laughed and Helen gave them both a startled look and fled.

"Now, Mr. Crane," said Mrs. Trevor, "you sit here beside me. Tell me now: just what will Mr. Candless say when you go in and tell him you are bringing back the Trevor Shoe account?"

Scott looked at her. She meant it, all right, for her eyes were twinkling and she laid her hand upon his arm and smiled. She was a swell old party, all right. She could dish it out; but she could take it, too. Scott loved her like an aunt.

He said: "You mean that, don't you, Mrs. Trevor, even though I yelled at you?"

"*Because* you yelled at me," she said. "Young man, I've not been yelled at in a deep bass voice for nearly fifteen years. I loved it, and it brought me to my senses and it made a better woman of me. All the headstrong Trevor females, Mr. Crane, are better for a little yelling at. My niece—"

"Do you think she'll forgive me, ever?" Scott asked.

"Not for being married," Mrs. Trevor told him, "if you are."

"Of course not," Scott said, "that was just a part of Peter Wilson's sob tale."

"Hum," said Mrs. Trevor, "I suspected that."

"I'd like to be, though," Scott said.

"Hum," said Mrs. Trevor, "I suspected that too. Well, young man, if I know Helen, she has gone up to her room."

"You think she won't come down?"

"No," Mrs. Trevor told him, "not if I know Trevor women."

"BUT, doggone it," Scott said, "I have got to see her! Look: I've got my job back and I'm sitting on the world and I'm in love and—darn it, she has got to let me see her!"

"Good!" said Mrs. Trevor. "Good! I hoped you'd start to yell again."

"It isn't fair!" Scott said. "This spoils the whole thing! What's the use of having back my job if she won't even let me—"

"Naturally she's locked her door," said Mrs. Trevor. "I remember once she did that as a child and when her father found it out he marched right up and broke the door down with his shoulder. He was six feet one, of course."

"I'm six feet two," Scott said.

"At least," said Mrs. Trevor. "And I don't see how a poor old soul like me could stop you if you got into a rage. The third door on the right!"

Scott stood up. He went up the stairs and found the third door on the right. He pounded on it and a small voice told him: "Go away. I know exactly who it is. Go on back to your wife."

"I haven't got a wife," Scott said. "You know darn' well I haven't. I never even wanted one until this afternoon."

"You did too," said the voice.

"And even if I had a dozen wives," Scott said, "I'd still come on in there and get another one."

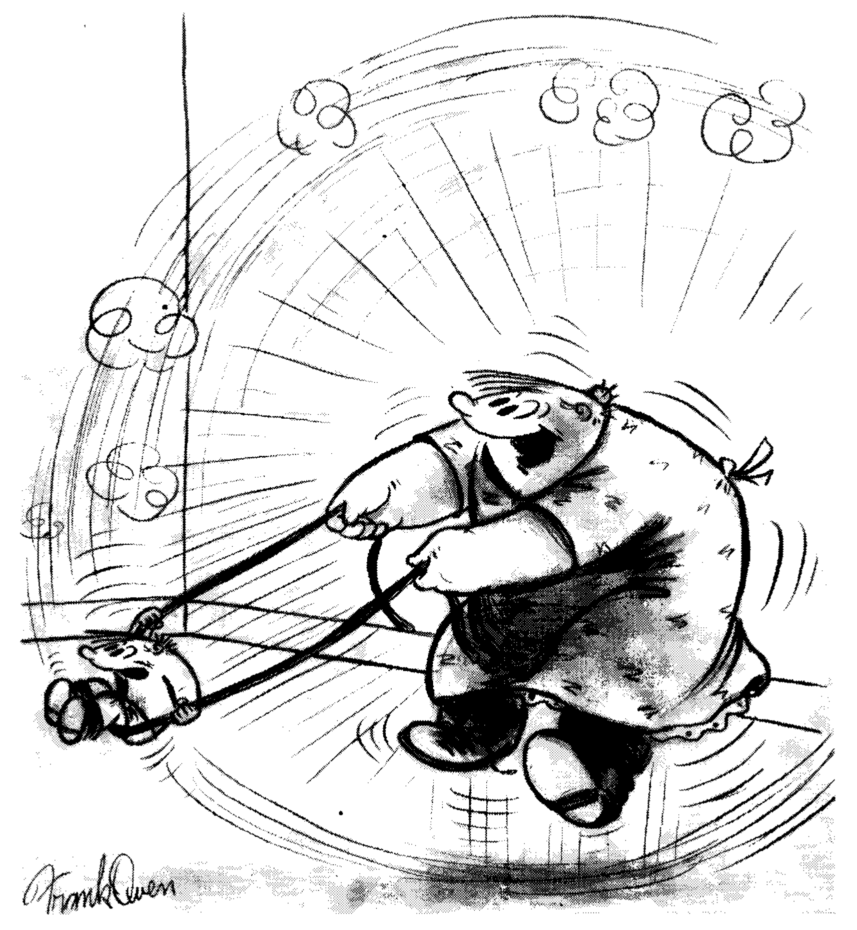
"You wouldn't! And I've got the door locked! Yah!"

Scott lifted up a large, substantial foot and looked at it with pardonable pride, and sent it on its way. The house rocked slightly and the panel splintered and Scott smacked it once again, for luck. He stuck his hand through and unlocked the door and went on in and looked around.

The small voice said: "I'm underneath the b-b-bed. I'm scared."

Scott got down on his hands and knees and peered at her. He said: "You didn't think I'd do it, huh?"

He saw her peek out at him. The voice was even smaller than before. It said: "You d-d-didn't think I'd m-m-marry anyone who *wouldn't*, did you?"



"So jumping the rope with Mamma is fun all the way round until the rope bumps the floor!"

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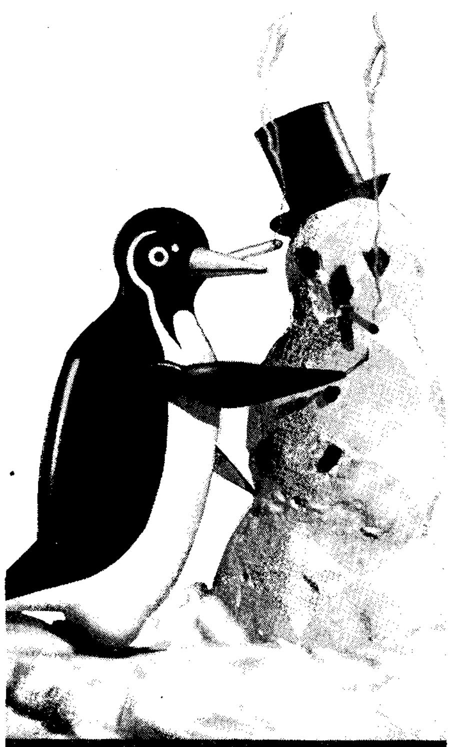

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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The Smoky Years

Continued from page 9

"A dollar an acre," said Dusty King.

There was an instant of silence; then a stir ran over the whole packed room, rising rapidly to a hubbub as men asked their neighbors if they had rightly heard.

Ben Thorpe jerked straight up in his chair. "What damned foolishness is this?"

"You intend that bid?" the commissioner asked of King.

"I made my bid and I'll back my bid," Dusty told him.

The deputy commissioner looked at Ben Thorpe, who exchanged a quick glance with each of his lieutenants. "A dollar five," Ben Thorpe said.

"A dollar and a half," said Dusty King.

A red light showed for a minute behind Thorpe's eyes. "A dollar fifty-five," he said, and settled back in his chair.

THE room was so quiet now that the men that crowded it could be heard to breathe. The deputy commissioner was looking at Dusty King, and those few seconds of silence seemed to draw on and on.

Bill Roper's face was mask-like; by the private survey Roper himself had made, Block 1 was broken, worthless land.

"Well, Mr. King?" the deputy commissioner said at last.

"Who? Me?" said King.

"Do you wish to make a further bid?"

"Why, no."

There was a moment more of silence while everybody stared at him, and in that quiet King took out a piece of twist tobacco and bit himself off a chew. With this packed in his cheek he let his gaze rest on Ben Thorpe mildly, pityingly.

Someone in the front rank of the crowd snickered, and in another moment a rumble of laughter swept all over that crowd. These men knew what was happening here. In the few words that had been spoken there had passed bluff and counter bluff; a hundred thousand dollars had changed hands—and Thorpe had paid a record-breaking price for a vast block of land which he could put to little use.

Ben Thorpe's eyes became sleepier, his face less expressive, as the deputy commissioner spoke the ritual that gave him his hard-bid land. On the forefront of the commissioner's bald head a faint sheen of perspiration showed.

"Open for bids on Block 2, an estimated one hundred sections, or sixty-four thousand acres, bounded on the north by—"

"Ten cents," said Thorpe, low-toned.

"Dollar and a half," said King.

Once more through all that packed room ran a curious stir, followed by the mumble of low voices.

"This is irresponsible damned foolishness," Ben Thorpe said, his voice hard and clear for the first time. "I'm not here to take part in an entertainment!"

"Mr. King," said the deputy commissioner, "did I understand you to offer one-fifty an acre?"

"Seems like I did," King said.

"He can't back that bid, and he knows he can't," Thorpe declared. "My understanding is that the bidder must show sight drafts on Omaha or Kansas City."

"Well, I got 'em," King said.

The deputy commissioner started to say, "I don't see how I can—"

"That's not a legitimate bid on the land in question, and you know it," Thorpe laid down the law. "All this man is trying to do is checkerboard the Crying Wolf in such a way that it will be useless to all concerned."

There was a moment's silence, and the deputy commissioner got out a big silk handkerchief and mopped his head, as King now let a slow smile come to the surface of his impassive face. A curious rumble ran over the room, and the crowd seemed to sway.

"I got a proposition," Dusty King said. "Nobody is bidding on this land but just us two; nobody means to bid. You got five blocks there. Tear up your papers on Block 1, tear up my bid on Block 2. Throw the whole thing in one pot and we'll bid on the works."

"I'll agree to that," Thorpe decided. The black anger in his face had submerged again, so that he was poker-eyed.

The deputy commissioner was beginning to look like a man who wished he were some place else. "If there are no objections—" He glanced at Thorpe, and began slowly tearing his previous notations into strips. "Bidding is open on five blocks of the Crying Wolf as a whole," he said, a faint, hard tremor in his voice. "Five hundred sections, or approximately three hundred and twenty thousand acres of land; bounded on the north—"

"Fifty cents," said Dusty King.

Ben Thorpe's face had turned a curious color, not gray, certainly not bloodless; an odd congested color, like dark sand. "Fifty-five," he said.

"Sixty."

"Sixty-five."

"A dollar," said Dusty King.

"A dollar five."

"Just in confidence between you and me," Dusty King said, "Mr. Thorpe can't pay that."

Thorpe laced him with a curious unreadable glance.

"I think my name is good anywhere in the cow country," he said to the commissioner.

"It ain't good here," said King. "You just throwed it up to us, we got to show either Kansas City or Omaha sight drafts."

"God knows, Mr. Thorpe," the commissioner began, "I—"

He stopped, and with hands not altogether steady rearranged the papers on the table, his inkwell, his pen. Sidelong, his badgered eyes drifted to Ben Thorpe's face.

They saw Thorpe nod, the faintest inclination of the head.

THE deputy commissioner slapped his pen down on the table. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry to do this; but further bids in this auction will be accepted only as representing American gold."

"Cash on the nail?" King asked.

"Immediate payment in Ogallala." There was no question now about the sweat that stood out on the commissioner's forehead.

"Seventy cents," said King.

"I'm already bid a dollar five!"

"Sure; but we got different rules now. God knows Thorpe can't back a dollar five in gold. What kind of shenanigan is this, anyway?"

The eyes of the deputy commissioner went to Ben Thorpe's face again, but there was nothing to be read there.

"Seventy cents," said Dusty King again in the silence.

"You—" the deputy commissioner wavered—"you—you can back this bid in gold?"

"Immediate delivery by Wells Fargo," King said. "Right now, in Ogallala."

"Mr. Thorpe," the commissioner wavered, "Mr. Thorpe, will you—do you—"

Ben Thorpe's face was expressionless still, as he got up from his chair; but men pushed back, stumbled over each other to get out of his way, as he walked down the length of that packed room, and out into the street.

The deputy commissioner seemed melted down, unrecognizable now as the crisp little man who had opened the bidding. His face was white and set, and his eyes showed fear.

"Well?" said King.

"The Crying Wolf," the commissioner said huskily, "the Crying Wolf lands—if—if there are no other bids—go to King-Gordon. . . ."

AN HOUR spent in the Wells Fargo office with the deputy commissioner, filling out forms, signing papers, ended as Dusty King and Bill Roper stood with Lew Gordon on the board walk in the late afternoon sunlight. It was the first time the three had had a word alone since the Crying Wolf had passed into the hands of King-Gordon.

"Well," said Dusty King, "we got her."

"We paid high, Dusty," Gordon said.

"But we got her!"

"And we can use her." For once, Lew Gordon's eyes, grave and thoughtful still, seemed to be looking past the immediate; he seemed to be seeing beyond the muddy, thronged street of the little town, beyond the loading corrals where the cattle bawled, beyond the long reaches of the prairie.

"Maybe," he said, "this is our chance. Maybe now we can get the cow business on a sound basis, here in the north, and have some order, and decent law."

"You'll never get a 'sound basis' until Ben Thorpe is bust'," Dusty said. "What law enforcement we got in the West is rotten through and through with officeholders that Thorpe owns. Look at this deputy commissioner, here. He'd have broke every law in the calendar to give Ben Thorpe that land."

"Some day," Gordon said slowly, "Ben Thorpe has got to go."

"Some day, hell! Lew, we've got him beat!"

Lew Gordon, the slow-moving seeker of peace, did not have Dusty's talent for celebration. "God knows I hope so, Dusty."

King's exuberant mood of victory was not to be dampened. He was walking on air, so that the deep heels of his boots hardly touched the boards. "You want law and order?" he chortled. "We'll show 'em law and order!"

"That puts me in mind," said Gordon. "A feller passed me this here to give to you." He handed Dusty King a little twisted scrap of paper, torn off the corner of something else. Dusty untangled it, looked at it a moment, showed it to the others. Five words were penciled on it in sprawling black letters: "IN GOD'S NAME LOOK OUT."

"Who's this from, Lew?"

Gordon's lips moved almost soundlessly. "Dry Camp Pierce."

Roper knew that name, without knowing what lengths of outlawry had brought Dry Camp Pierce to where he was today. Rewards backed by Ben Thorpe were on Dry Camp's scalp over half the West; probably it was as much as his life was worth to show himself in Ogallala now.

"This note—?"

Dusty King tossed it off with a shrug. "Oh—I suppose Thorpe is getting drunk some place and spouting off about what all he's going to do to me, when he catches up." Dusty's teeth showed in his infectious grin. "I suppose Dry Camp thought I ought to know about it."

"He's right, Dusty," Lew Gordon said. "We do want to look out, all of us, all the time."

"We always had to look out," Dusty scoffed.

"It'll be more so now. There isn't anything in the world Ben Thorpe's people will stop at, Dusty."

"Let 'em come on."

"We want to look out," Gordon said again.

"If you feel that way about it," said Dusty, "what was the idea of your working through that law we can't wear guns in town?"

Bill Roper said, "We could have brought it to an open shoot-out, five years ago—ten years ago. Better if we had."

Gordon shook his head. "Nothing ever gets fixed up with guns."

Dusty King pulled his hat a little more on one side so that he could wink at Bill Roper unobserved. But he said, "He's partly right, Bill. Ben Thorpe isn't just one man any more. Walk Lasham—Cleve Tanner—any one of a dozen others could step into his shoes. It's the whole rotten organization that has to be busted up."

"Ben Thorpe downed, and they'll quit," Bill Roper said.

"Ben Thorpe down and it's only begun," Dusty countered. "Get it out of your head that you can fix anything up by downing Ben Thorpe. Not while his organization stands in one piece, reaching all over hell's creation. Might be a good idea for you to remember that, Bill, in case anything happens."

"Dusty," Bill said, "if ever they get you, by God, I'll get Ben Thorpe if it's the last—"

"No," said Dusty. "You hear me? No. If they get me—you'll remember what I said. You remember you're fighting a thing, and a big one; not just one man." His face crinkled in that familiar, contagious grin. "Forget it! Dry Camp's spooky, that's all. Bill, you go on up to the house and tell Jody that there's going to be some new cow faces in the Crying Wolf—under King-Gordon brands. Me and Lew's going to take a walk through the town."

He hooked an arm through his partner's, and went swaggering off.

Ten paces down the walk he stopped, turned, and came back. He leaned close to Roper. "If anything *should* happen, kid—remember what I said."

THAT Lew Gordon had a daughter was not so surprising as that he had only one. Coming from a race of two-bottle, four-wife men, Lew Gordon had turned out a little different from the rest. Single-minded, like an old eagle or a wolf, he clung all his life to the memory of the wife he had lost when their first child was born.

Jody Gordon was twenty now. She didn't exactly run Lew Gordon; nobody did that. But it was fairly apparent that his stubborn bid for supremacy in western cattle was intended in her behalf, and without her would have been meaningless to him.

Since King-Gordon had been making a definite stand in the north, Lew had built Jody a house in Ogallala that was just about the show place of the northern plains. In a city it would not have looked like much, but here in the muddy cow town, where everything had to come from a long way, it was a triumph and an imposing sight. Lew Gordon had designed it himself—a big two-story frame structure, painted white, and decorated with miles of scroll-sawed gingerbread. And it supported no less than four of the curious wooden towers which residential architecture sprouted during the Ulysses S. Grant period.

The whole thing was enclosed by a little white picket fence; as if this man of vast spaces and uncounted herds had felt it necessary to mark off for Jody Gordon, in the middle of all that raw land, a little space where civilization should be.

Because Gordon hadn't wanted his girl filtering around through the press of Ben Thorpe's ruffians at the auction, getting his own boys into fights, Jody Gordon was waiting here for news of what had happened to the Crying Wolf. Bill Roper vaulted the foolish little picket gate, scuffed the mud off his boots on the high front steps, and let himself in. He sent a Comanche war gobble ringing through the house, but Jody was already flying into the room.

"Did you get it? Did you get it?"

"Sure, we got it."

"Much of it?"

"All of it!"

JODY flung herself at him, and kissed him; so sweet, so vital, so completely feminine that he wanted to keep her close to him. But she broke away again as he tried to hold her.

"How much did it cost?"

"Seventy cents—gold."

Jody's breath caught. "Can we come out on it?"

"Sure we can come out on it. Not a cent less would've turned the trick. Dusty—"

Bill Roper hardly ever expressed his deep-rooted admiration for everything Dusty King did; but now it brought the story tumbling out of him. The edgy, short-worded interchanges at the scene of the auction came now to Jody as what they were—passages in an all-important struggle, with the nonchalant King out-thinking, out-tricking, out-powering his enemy—tying him in knots.

Jody sat on a walnut table that had come all the way from St. Louis, and swung her feet. The story seemed to tickle her in more ways than one. "I can just see you all," she said, "standing around making an impression on each other."

She had got away from Bill Roper in the past year or two. He had known her almost all his life, but mostly he had been on the trails with Dusty; or else Jody—more rarely Bill himself—had been away somewhere for a little schooling. Though no year ever passed without his seeing her two or three times, their total time together, added up, would not have amounted to more than a couple of weeks. Lately it seemed to him that she had gathered up all the laughter that her father had lost along the way. An irrepressible twinkle was always working into her eyes, and she turned everything into nonsense.

"Dusty seems to have done right well," Jody drawled. "And what were you doing all this time?"

"Me? Why—I was just standing there."

"With your mouth open?"

"Why on earth would my mouth be open?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I was hoping—you see, you look so kind of sweet, standing around with your mouth open."

"Well—it was about all I could do. This was Dusty's game, from start to finish."

"Start to finish, eh?"

"Why, sure. He—"

"And all you did was ride about fifty million miles in three weeks, and cover the Crying Wolf backwards and forward and across, to make an estimate on—"

"Well, that didn't accomplish anything."

"Not anything at all?"

"Shucks, no. We—"

"There's a picture!" Jody said. "Billy

(*Continued on page 52*)

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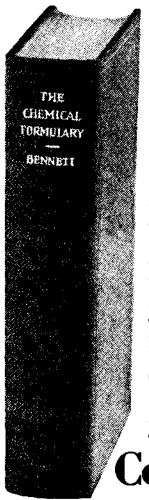

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(Continued from page 51)

Roper flogging horses in circles by the week—not accomplishing a thing. I might have known it."

"Well—of course, I did kind of take a look at the grass."

"That was smart," said Jody respectfully. "That was real smart. Did you try eating some of it?"

"Nope. I did pick some, and saved it, figuring to make a hen's nest later; but I lost holt of it swimming Elk River. What the heck's the matter with you, anyway?"

Roper turned his back on her, tired of her unconcealed mockery. He stood staring out the window; the curtains made him feel as if he had cobwebs in his eyes, and he started to strike them aside, but did not. For all he knew, they would come down on him, or tear. Southward as far as he could see, the prairie was stripped bare by the close cropping of held herds—a soggy brown waste. But beyond, where the grass began, beyond vision from here, the broad, deep-cut tracks ran south—the many-branched, vague wanderings of the Great Trail.

TWO, three more days now, and he and Dusty would be heading south on that trail, Dusty to meet Windy Thompson, now pressing north, somewhere on that long trail with four thousand head from Texas, Bill himself to meet Jack Harper, still farther back, with twenty-five hundred more. Months out with the cattle—

He turned from the window, and she was laughing at him as he had thought, her mouth smothered with her fingers.

"Come here a minute," he said, going toward her.

"What for?"

She twisted from the edge of the table, as if to put it between them, but she was too late. His rope-hard fingers caught her wrist, and held her as easily as if he had dallied a calf to the horn.

"Listen," he begged her. "Listen—"

He caught her up, clamped an arm behind her head, and kissed her hard. Hard, and for a long time.

So long as she was rigid in his arms, fighting him, he held her; but when she stood limp, neither yielding nor resisting, his arms relaxed, and Jody tore herself free. She lashed out at him like a little mustang, striking him across the mouth. Her face was white, all that quick, irrepressible laughter gone, as for a moment she looked at him. A trickle of blood ran from Bill Roper's lips, and made a crooked mark on his chin. Then she turned and fled.

When she was gone Bill Roper stood still, sucking his cut lips. After a little while he went to the window, instinctively turning to open space for his answers, as his breed inevitably did, always.

He could remember Jody Gordon as a little tow-headed kid, before her hair had darkened into the elusive misty brown that it was now. Or as a colt-legged girl with scratches on her shins from riding bare-legged through the sage. Or as a peculiarly tempestuous, uncertain thing, neither child nor woman. But this latest phase he couldn't understand at all.

He picked up his hat, and for a little while stood turning it in his hands. Then he threw it in the corner, and went searching through the house.

• Jody was in the tallest of the four foolish towers. From here you could see the town, and the slim, glittering line of the railroad, connecting these far plainsmen with a world hungry for beef. The town sprawled neither compactly nor with self-confidence; but it drew in tightly to the loading chutes, as if it knew that the rails were its life. Beyond, you saw the prairie; already the many threads of the Long Trail were bitten into it so deep that no hoeman would ever again completely stir up that hoof-hammered ground. . . .

Jody said matter-of-factly, "We've got to have more loading pens, Bill."

Bill's face broke into a slow grin. Abruptly he laid hard hands on disused sashes, and broke them open. Into their little cubicle flowed the sweet air of the open prairie sweep, inspiriting with the fresh smell of the new grass.

She said, "Tell me about your new job."

"It isn't new."

"They said that you'd be the new boss of the Crying Wolf, if we got it."

For more years than he could remember, he had been working toward this opportunity—the chance to take two years, or three, with such-and-such cattle, on such-and-such land, and show that he could pay out on market deliveries in pounds of beef. But now—a million horns and hoofs didn't seem to mean so much.

Something was here—something that wasn't any place else—not on the long trail, not in the wild terminal towns. He knew now he had to tell her that, and he dreaded it, because she probably would think it was funny. He wouldn't look at her as he spoke, because he didn't want to see her laughing at him.

"I don't know as I'm so much interested as I was," he said.

"Why, Billy—not interested in the Crying Wolf—nearly five hundred square miles of feeder land! What's come over you?"

"I guess maybe I'm tired of riding alone," Bill said.

"Alone? With all the outfit you'll have—I wouldn't call it alone."

"I would."

He still didn't look at her, and she couldn't see what was in his eyes. All she could see was his profile; a profile at once young and somehow craggy—strong, easy, watchful, accustomed to a lot of grinning. This youngster was the Long Trail itself. Banjos were the music in his brain; the thud of hoofs and the bawling of cattle made up the rhythms of his life. The profile Jody looked at now had been lighted by a thousand far, lost campfires before he was twenty.

"Grass country is lonely country," he said now, "as lonely as the dry plains. You get to wondering what the everlasting cattle add up to, in the course of a life. Then some night you know you don't care what they add up to; and you think, '*Damn fat beef!*' "

"Why, Billy—why, Billy—"

"None of it means a damn, without you're there," he told her. "Working cattle doesn't mean anything, because you'll always have all the cattle you need anyway; and no long trail means anything, without you're at the end of it. I'm sick of long drive-trails, empty of you at the end."

THERE was a long, motionless silence; he kept his eyes on the far sand hills as presently she leaned forward to look up into his face.

"You really mean it, don't you?" Jody said.

Down in the town a fusillade of pistol shots rattled, and they could hear the whoops of cowboys celebrating the fact that they were alive.

Jody's words came very faint, and a little breathless.

"Why didn't you say so before?"

He looked at her then, and she wasn't laughing. In her eyes was a new, grave light, such as he had never seen; a warm light, a beloved light, better than sunset to a weary day-rider who has worked leather since before dawn. Timorously, but very willingly, she came into his arms; and he held her as if she were not only a very precious but a very fragile thing. For a little while it seemed that one trail, a trail longer than the Long Trail itself, had come to its end.

"Can't believe," he said at last, his lips in her hair, "you're sure-enough mine."

"All—yours—all, all!"

"Forever?"

"Oh, my darling! Longer than you'll ever be mine. . . ."

They had one hour, there in the prairie lookout tower, discovering each other, getting acquainted as if for the first time. The sun went down in a tremendous welter of color—a medicine sunset, such as made the Sioux read spirit signs. A cool, gently fading light painted the sand hills red-gold on one side and smoky lavender on the other, and through the dusk lights winked up at them from the town. Another short fusillade of gunfire spoke, somewhere down there among the wooden buildings.

Jody shivered a little. "I wish Dad and Dusty would come. Especially Dusty."

"Why?"

"He has so many enemies. Some of them are dangerous as diamond-backs. It worries me when he's due and doesn't get back."

"Dusty'll take care of himself."

"I thought a town ordinance barred gun-toting."

"It does. But some of the boys brush over that. Don't you fret, honey. Dusty's all right."

"Just the same, I wish he'd come."

Bill Roper chuckled, and held her closer. "I hope he never comes!" She settled deeper into his arms.

One half hour more.

UP FROM the town came a crazily ridden horse, splashing mud eaves-high under the urge of spur and quirt.

"He'll lame his pony if he goes down in that slick," Bill commented. "Now what do you suppose—"

The rider tried to pull up in front of the house, and the frantic pony swerved and slid, mouth wide open to the sky. Its shoulder crashed the fence, taking down a dozen feet of pickets. The rider tumbled off, ran up the steps to hammer on the door.

"Bill! Bill Roper!"

"Let him holler," Bill said.

"No—find out what he wants. Maybe it's—"

"Oh, all right."

Roper went clattering down the stairs, pulled open the door. "Now listen, you—"

"Bill—Dusty—Mr. King—he—"

Bill Roper froze, and there was a long moment of paralyzed silence. "Spit it out, man!" Roper shouted at him.

"Bill—he's daid!"

"Who—who—"

"Dusty King's daid! Bill, they gunned him—they gunned him down!"

"Who did?"

" 'Tain't known. Mr. Gordon's there; he—"

"Dusty King—you sure it's him that's dead?"

"Daid sartin. Nobody knows how, or who, yet."

Bill Roper walked out past the cowboy stiffly, like a man gone blind. Without knowing what he did he walked down to the gate, and stood gripping the pickets with his two hands. He was hearing his own words: "I hope he never—"

He wanted a smoke, he wanted a chew, but he just stood there like a wooden man.

This spring the northern grass would come rich and deep, and the backs of ten thousand cattle would be steaming as they fattened in the spring warmth; but in all that sunlight—Dusty swaggering—never any more—

(To be continued next week)

The Double Lotus

Continued from page 13

Bill's day wore along. He did his reading, and, eyes narrowed, read along lines which were extremely interesting. While he read, the poem, with its eighty characters, became more and more important. Eighty characters, of which eleven were marked by the lottery gamblers. That the character, double lotus, was unmarked, troubled him none at all. It actually elated him.

He found Helena on her way to four-o'clock lecture. "Can you get off tonight?" he asked. "Seven? We could have dinner somewhere."

"Yes," Helena said. "I'll meet you downtown. I'll be the girl with the white carnation."

"It's . . . it's about what happened this morning," said Bill. "I—"

"Of course," said Helena. "I knew that. I didn't think it was love at first sight, doctor."

Bill looked at her so solemnly that she turned away.

It was almost six when Andrews went to the office to inform the house doctor that he would not be available that evening; Dr. Gordon was at his desk, with Dr. Evans sprawled at comfortable length on the couch. "I've spoken to Dr. Wynne," said Bill, after explaining, "and he doesn't mind."

Larry Evans grinned. "You know," he said, "what happened in Chinatown really made a good newspaper story. Did you see the afternoon papers, doctor?"

Bill shook his head.

"Quite a story. They needed the name of the ambulance doctor, naturally, and you were busy, so I referred the newspaper boys to the records . . . bless me if I didn't forget to change our names on the board!"

"Good," said Bill. "You look every inch a hero, doctor."

WHILE Bill waited for the girl, at a downtown intersection which the hospital street car passed, he began putting together the pieces of the puzzle, but made bad going of it. He told himself that the vision of the girl swam before him so vividly because during his interneship there had been no girls, and few in China before that. Worse, there must be none. This, what he was doing, was ridiculous. What had he to offer any girl; what would he have, even provided a girl with dark eyes and honesty in them liked him? He knew. A Chinese village in the provinces. . . .

He jerked himself up with the recollection that this girl was Evans', who, before long, would have plenty to offer her. Evans was going far. He understood people. Especially women. He'd built a lucrative practice. For this Andrews had no envy. He only wanted, now, a place in a seaport city, with a real house, decent weather, a decent practice, and . . . and . . .

"I'm starved," said Helena.

Seated, finally, in a small restaurant, Helena said: "China. Temples. Funny costumes. How lucky you are! I suppose you'll have a comfortable practice." Yesterday, that was what she'd hoped to share; Larry Evans'. Yesterday, she'd been fearful that he was not going to ask her to share his. Today, everything was mixed up. She knew that Larry was going to be provoked because she'd gone out with Dr. Andrews; provoked, she trusted, to the point where he would become definite instead of merely affectionate. Now, for some reason, this, also, was not especially important. "Telling wealthy women that they need trips to Tahiti."

"Me with a bedside manner? Hunh! But I wouldn't suggest Tahiti. Too far off. I'd lose too much in fees while they were gone."

"You do think of everything, doctor," Helena told him.

"Someone's going to overhear that word. I haven't been called 'Bill' since I left China. As far as thinking of everything," Bill paused, while the waiter placed and uncovered dishes, "I suppose I do."

He was glad that she asked nothing more; when they were finally lighting cigarettes her question was safe enough: "I haven't asked you about Chinatown . . . about why we're going there. Are we going to be shot at again? Will it be exciting? What do you expect to find out?"

"It should be safe. What will we learn? That all depends upon what happens."

"Now I know all," said Helena.

BILL was grinning. "It's like this," he said. "That character, double lotus, might have been cut out of a lottery ticket. In San Francisco, according to the police, the tickets are marked with ink. However, in some parts of China, a lottery ticket is cut, in a circle, by the man who buys it. He cuts nine symbols out of sixty; here, it is eleven out of eighty." Andrews took an envelope from his pocket, and on it made forty characters in Chinese; with his pocketknife he cut away eleven of the words. "That's how it looks when marked. Customarily, it is done in China as here, with ink, but . . . well, it's what you call a clue, I suppose."

"But why should there be any excitement about it? You mean that the dead man had a winning ticket, and he was killed so someone else could collect the money?"

Bill shook his head. "It isn't that simple. You see, the drawing hasn't been made yet."

"Then—"

Andrews leaned forward across the table. "Lotteries are one of the things that a good many missionaries try to abolish. I've heard a lot about them. Some—a very few—are honestly conducted. Most of them . . . well, the winning characters are usually those which haven't been picked by anyone. I don't know how this drawing will be made, but . . . isn't it logical to suppose that this coolie had a ticket marked the way the winner might be marked—that he was the only person with one marked that way . . . in which case it would be easier to murder him than to pay out a hundred thousand dollars?"

"You mean that the Chinese who run the lotteries know how the tickets have been marked, and when the drawing is made they select characters which no one else has picked?"

"Not quite as bad as that. Eight spots, nine spots, even ten spots, paying a few hundreds or even a thousand . . . that isn't minded. But an eleven spot, which is worth the grand prize . . ."

Helena looked at the end of her cigarette. "And we're going to see the drawing?"

"Sure," Bill agreed. "And on the way, if it isn't too late, we'll mark a ticket ourselves." As he paid the check, he went on, "White men jump all around the sheet when they pick out characters. Chinese always mark four or five in a line, together. Eleven letters in 'double lotus' . . . suppose, just for fun, we try to find eleven characters, each starting with one letter . . .

(Continued on page 54)

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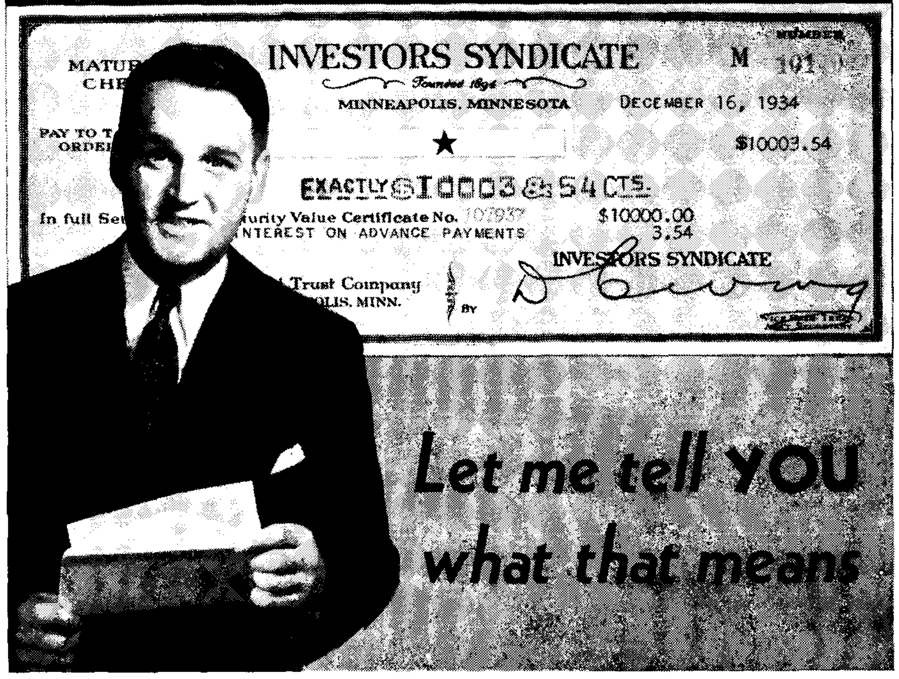

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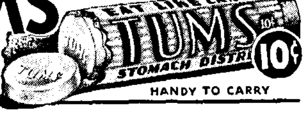


(Continued from page 53)

a *d*, an *o*, a *u* . . . that way. We won't win, but you can think what you'd do with a hundred thousand."

"What would you do?" Helena asked.

Bill said, "Buy some American clothes, instead of these Shanghai-British bags. Use the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty to . . . to buy you a box of candy."

She sensed his seriousness. In the same light vein as he had spoken, she said, "Let's see. Half'd be mine. I'd finish training. Then . . . clothes. I'd go places. I'd sleep until ten and then have a tray in bed. I'd go everywhere—"

"China?"

"That's a long way off," Helena said demurely.

"Yes," admitted Dr. Andrews. "A long way off."

His face was so sober, in the street, that the girl tucked her hand through his arm. It was amazing that his mood should trouble her.

THE green and gold lights of Chinatown blazed; the dragons on the eaves danced with color. The streets were thronged, the shutters all down, exposing porcelains and silks, brasses, bronzes, jades, snuff-bottles of rose quartz and amethyst, coral and silver and turquoise beads. . . . Chinese, tourists, gamblers, moved about, and, as the clock of the cathedral told the quarter-hour, began to leave the main street and go toward a place where a pipe wailed and a snake-bellied *san-hi'n* jangled.

Helena, under the bell tower, looked up; at the words she saw there she said, "I wonder if that means us?"

> *"Son, Observe the Time,*
> *And Fly from Evil."*

"I wonder," said Andrews. Suddenly he said, "I won't let anything hurt you!"

Not even the old lichee nut seller on the corner had tickets to be marked. The sale had ended at six, he admitted in nasal Cantonese, and the reports had all gone to the company. It was a new and different system, this time, difficult, complicated, very fair to everyone, as is proper when a hundred thousand dollars is the prize. He himself had a small piece of a five-dollar ticket . . . he was hungry, and would the white man who spoke Cantonese buy him a bowl of rice? He had eaten nothing, having saved that tonight he might become wealthy. . . .

"No last-minute vending," said Andrews to his companion. "The sales, the marks on the tickets, had to be reported. Therefore it is crooked." Lowering his voice, "It proves, therefore, why the coolie was murdered. He'd marked, or cut, his ticket so it coincided with what the devils who run the lottery intend to be the winning combination. The cut bit of paper, under his nail, was put there for luck. River boatmen do that sort of thing. It finished him, although he was going to die anyhow."

Helena looked her question.

In a still lower voice Bill said, "He had . . . hum . . . that's one of the hatchetmen who attacked us. No more talk."

There was no need to ask directions. All they had to do was follow the excited crowd.

The stage for the drawing was set in the great room of the lottery company. A singsong girl was on the draped platform, whining the sad eighty-character poem about the double lotus, and, as she chanted, swaying like the blossom itself. The constantly reiterated words beat into the brains of the audience, and some of the Chinese, duplicate copies of the lottery sheet open before them, made lucky signs each time the girl intoned one of the characters they had marked. On the wall, painted in red on electric blue silk, were the eighty characters, in eight lines of ten each, from which the lucky eleven were to be selected; the same characters as were on the tickets, and in the same order. In front of the hanging were four teakwood stands, so low that the audience could see the four empty yellow bowls, one on each stand.

Oriental fashion, the Chinese massed in the center of the room, since ill luck might come down the walls. Andrews guided Helena toward the front. They had only a moment to wait, and did it, unknowing, hand-clasped; a gong was hammered, the girl disappeared, and a portly Chinese took her place. He explained how the lottery was to be conducted, and the audience settled back.

Bill had no time to translate, but Helena was able to see for herself how it was being done. Four Chinese stepped to the platform. One, with paint brush and pot, stationed himself near the blue hanging. A second stood beside one of the stands; a third, arms bared to the shoulders, remained at the edge, hands behind him. The last of the four carried a brass bowl, in which were eighty pieces of paper.

In dead silence, the man with the brass bowl read the characters on each paper, rolled each into a ball, and dropped them back into the receptacle. When he had completed, he took his forefinger and, with the audience staring watchfully, stirred the paper pellets. After that, one by one, he counted out the balls until there were twenty in each of the bowls on the low stands.

Next, an impassive Chinese beside the stands produced dice, two, of ivory marked in lucky yellow, and held them up to be seen. Bill whispered, "They're numbered from one to four. The numbers must coincide when they're tossed out—two ones, two twos, before—"

A white man growled, "Less noise."

HELENA sensed the growing excitement as the dice were cupped, shaken, and rolled on the platform. They disagreed, but on the next toss both read "four," and the audience breathed gustily. The Chinese with bare arms stepped forward and, with both palms stiff, with fingers extended straight and rigid, went to the fourth of the bowls and bent low. Everyone saw one of his hands dip into the bowl, saw him pick up a ball of paper with his finger tips, saw his hands clap together once, stiffly . . . saw the pellet on the palm of his right hand as it turned upward.

The director of the company, with the greatest care, unrolled the bit of paper, while every eye was on his own fingers; he said aloud, "Hidden heart," and one of the characters was crossed off the blue hanging. Every person who had selected that character as one of his eleven made some little motion of relief.

Again and again the performance was repeated. Helena, unable to see the least opportunity for trickery, whispered, "Everyone sees what happens. It must be fair. I understand it all, except the reason why the man with the bare arms keeps his hands so stiff."

"The director explained that. If the fellow closes his hands he might be able to palm a real character and substitute a false one. Also, the director said, the god of luck always prays with extended fingers, which is true. It does look fair."

Again he watched the stiff-fingered man stoop and take one of the paper balls from a bowl, the ninth time; the interne observed that no excited group told where some fortunate gambler had already marked eight proper characters, and so had a real chance for the great prize. The affair was really about over. He himself wasn't a detective; if the Chinese saw nothing out of the way, how could he? Bill thought, "Dr. Wynne knows. I wanted to show off because . . . it's like this morning. If I'd made the tests I should, I wouldn't have left myself open for trouble. The needle test. And the finger-web test."

Idly now, Bill watched the bare-armed man stoop and pick up the tenth of the balls. The man's hands, as he lifted them, came squarely between the glare of the open lanterns and the interne, and Andrews stared at the two stiff hands. So long, so keenly, that Helena asked, "Is there anything—"

"S-sh," said Bill. "Maybe."

TEN characters selected. For the final time the dice were thrown; the man with the dancer-like extended fingers went to a bowl, bent and rose with the bit of rolled paper. The director stepped out again to take it. Bill had pushed forward along a wall. He shouted, "*Hai!*" and jumped to the platform, while a hatchetman reached inside his sleeve. Bill grabbed the bare-armed Chinese, tugging furiously at both of the man's hands. He almost fell backward as one of them came away in his grasp.

High, shrill cries of fury . . . the hatchetman was shoved to the floor as the crowd surged toward the platform; the director cowered back against the blue hanging. A dozen hands grasped at the artificial one which Andrews was holding, tearing at it, revealing the cleverness of the mechanism. In the palm of the false hand was a triangular flap; when pressed against, it opened, and inside were the real eleven rolls of paper which had been selected. It was several minutes before the Chinese discovered how the rest of the cheating had been done. When the bare-armed man had thrust his hands into the bowls, he had pressed down with one of the fingers—the forefinger—of the artificial hand, and from it had been expelled the eleven characters which the lottery company had decided to announce. With his own hand the Chinese must have slid the false characters between his fingers, so tightly held together, and then, when he clapped hands, to his palm. . . .

While a placid merchant was crying out that the drawing would be made again—the one thing which could have calmed the infuriated Chinese—Bill slipped away and found the girl. "That's that," he said. "Enough excitement?"

"How—"

Bill felt very fine. "Second sight. The gods told me." Grinning, "Luck. I was thinking about the dead man; remembering what I should've done. All I thought about this morning was you. Tests . . . finger-web test. Light shows through the webs of a living person's fingers. It didn't in the artificial hand."

The director had brought the prize money to the platform. A blind man was picked to do the selecting from the bowls, and the audience awaited the result again. An old Chinese approached the white man and girl. "We are indebted to you," he said in English. "Your name, sir?"

Bill, bowing, answered in Mandarin, "It was a very small service, honorable elder," and gave his name.

The old man returned Andrews' bow gravely. "Let us not speak of debts. Money is unimportant. However, I wish you good fortune, and"—nodding toward Helena—"many strong sons who will do you honor." Gently, "Here, there are some without honor, as you saw. May I suggest that some of my own sons will see you wherever you wish to go, because a thwarted snake still has fangs?"

They were accompanied clear to the hospital door.

It was then that Helena said quickly, "You met me on a street car, doctor. That's how we came back together. It . . . it was fun."

"No more than fun?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"No," Bill said. "Not nearly enough. Why—"

"We've got to go in," Helena told him. "Good night."

"Some day, perhaps—"

"You'll be in China, and I'll . . ." Where would she be? Yesterday it depended on Larry Evans; it didn't now. "Oh, good night," she said quickly.

The switchboard girl called, "Dr. Andrews. Miss Coleman. The Head wants you to go to his office and wait until he comes."

BILL, in Dr. Graber's office, felt like a schoolboy awaiting reprimand. What a conclusion! Helena's head was drooping; she said suddenly, "It was worth it." When they heard footsteps, her head was high.

Dr. Wynne looked at them both. "Hmm," he said. "Out together. Makes it worse. You're too pretty to be a nurse, Coleman. Well . . . you met getting off the car. I was standing at a window; I saw Dr. Andrews get off in front, you in the rear. No one will call me a liar. I bring too many patients here."

Bill said, "Thank you, sir."

"I married a nurse," said Dr. Wynne.

Again they waited; the older man, sitting also, glanced at a medical journal. This time it was Dr. Evans who came in; after staring briefly at Helena, he said to Bill, "What a swell mess you've made."

"If you'd gone this morning, as you should," Helena defended, "this couldn't have happened."

Evans' glance flickered back to her and warmed, but the girl met it stonily. Before either of them could speak, Dr. Graber, the Head, stalked in and sat at his desk. "I've asked you here," he said to Dr. Wynne, "because Dr. Andrews is your man. You, doctor," to Bill, "have placed this hospital in a serious position. We can be sued. We will be sued. That Chinese, this morning, was not dead when you arrived—"

"I applied the usual tests. They were negative, sir."

"Life existed; therefore the hospital is liable."

Dr. Evans said, "I warned Dr. Andrews to be careful. He wanted to go; I suppose he intends building a Chinese practice. I agreed against my better judgment."

Helena's eyes were blazing; looking at her, Bill forgot about everything else. Dr. Graber said, "You were slightly at fault, yes." To Helena, "Miss Coleman, I had you called here to obtain your version of this affair . . . and have been informed that you spent the evening with Dr. Andrews."

Bill wanted to draw attention away from her: "That dead man. The wound was the cause of death, but he had yellow fever. In yellow fever, after death, the temperature rises. We didn't have any in our district; I'd heard about it, but forgot. When I was reading, I found verification."

"You have authorities for it? Even so, what does a jury care? We'll be sued. A clever attorney will find relatives."

"He was a coolie," insisted Bill. "He'd probably just arrived, or they wouldn't have felt it safe to murder him. There won't be relatives—"

In answer to a knock, Graber said, "Come in," and a half dozen Chinese entered, while the Head glanced at Bill, as if saying, "What a fool you are! See?" To the Orientals he was suavity itself as he greeted them.

The same old Chinese who had spoken to Bill addressed the interne in precise English: "It was a fortunate drawing, doctor. Yee Lui H'ong received the eleven spot, the hundred thousand dollars. Without your help in uncovering the fraud, he would have won nothing. None of us could have won. Therefore we owe you much." The old man placed a silk-wrapped packet on the desk. "Perhaps this will be useful," he said. "The rearing of sons is expensive."

"Eh?" said Dr. Graber.

"Don't be an ass," Dr. Wynne said.

Larry Evans, frowning, glanced from Helena to Bill, who said, "There is no debt, honorable elder."

"Without you we should all have purchased tickets . . . and lost. Because of you, Yee H'ong received much money. It is proper that he should share it. Perhaps some day you will visit me, and inform me how the fraud was discovered. The lady will be welcome, as she was tonight." As an afterthought: "When the excitement took place, some friend of the police overheard a word or two; I believe certain hatchetmen in the employ of the lottery company have been arrested and charged with the murder of the coolie."

After the Chinese had departed, Helena looked at Bill, Bill at her, and the others at the oblong packet. "Even if *these* men were not relatives," said Dr. Graber uncertainly, "the situation remains unaltered. And there now exists proof that you two were out together. It is therefore my unpleasant duty—"

"Open the package and see what's inside," broke in Dr. Wynne.

WITH slow fingers Bill unfastened the wrapping, to find another, a thin covering of yellow silk. He knew without looking that Evans was pleading with Helena.

"Thousand-dollar bills," gasped Dr. Graber. "How many? Count 'em!"

Bill's hands were steady. "It will be half. Fifty thousand." He thought of a hillside house overlooking a half-moon bay, of a long veranda where a fellow would come after a day in the clinic or with his father in the office; there would be night sounds, a bird flying, a cricket rasping its wings; there would be sweetness of flowers and the coolness of wind . . . a fellow shouldn't be in a place like that, alone. It wasn't like being isolated in a squalid interior village.

Dr. Wynne demanded, "What happened? Talk!"

Bill turned. Helena's expression was not to be understood. Looking directly at her, Bill began, "There's an old Chinese poem. Miss Coleman found a bit from it, cut out of a lottery ticket, only we didn't know that at first . . . a poem about a double lotus. It—"

"That doesn't make sense," growled Wynne.

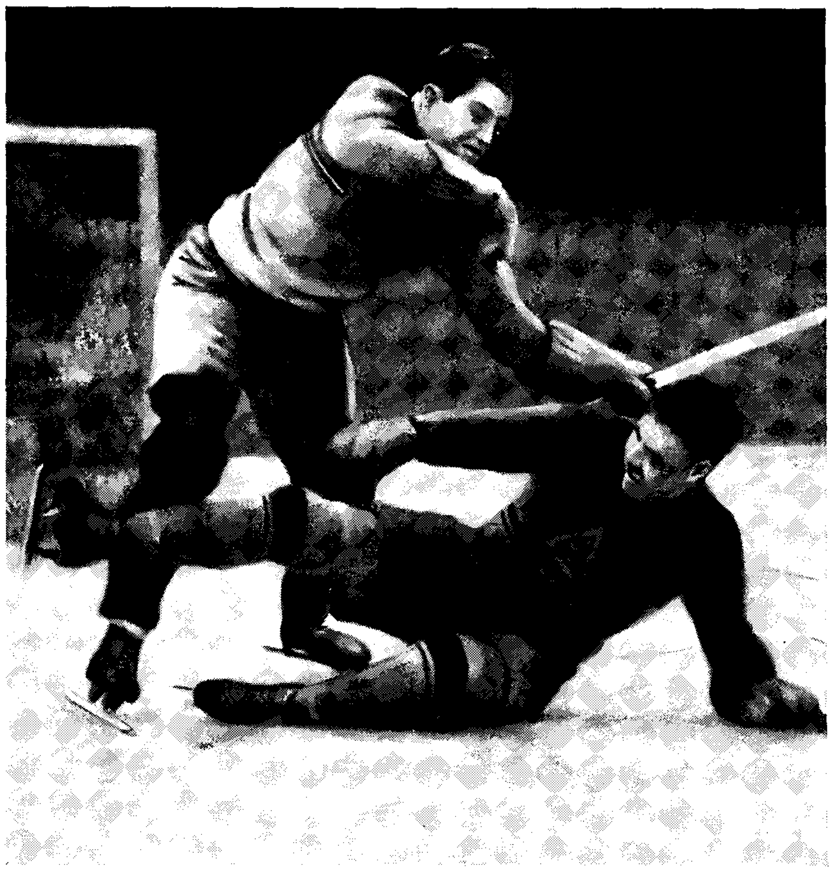
"No, sir," agreed Bill. Heart pounding, he said, "Miss Coleman, do you recall part of the poem?" He had to find out. Now. No waiting. "'And in the double lotus keep' . . . remember?"

Helena was smiling, quickly, shyly, eyes dancing. "I remember. I've . . . I've always preferred . . . saying things. Is that what . . . what you mean?"

"That's what I mean!" Dr. William Andrews was almost shouting. He felt grand. He felt swell. Dr. Evans didn't count now. "Gentlemen," Bill said, "isn't it great to be in this profession?"

The statement amazed them, set them to staring, but Helena was looking at him also, and her eyes were promising doubly what her lips had already assured him.

Men!



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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Woman of the Family

Continued from page 19

She looked at him a little mockingly.

"Of course I'm a man of the world," he stammered, "and not narrow-minded, though I am so crazy about you, and I'm as jealous as hell. I realize that you've got to play this game for us, and if only you would tell me I came first, I don't mind who comes second or third or last."

"That's horrible of you."

"Horrible? Don't you dare to scold me, Eve. I'm doing everything for you, and, as I say, I know the ways of the world, and I realize that I can't keep you entirely to myself."

"You've never had me to yourself, Lennie."

"No, by God, I haven't," he said. "But don't let's sit here quarreling, Eve. If Horne comes in tonight—and you ought to know whether he is coming or not—Fero wants you to play up to him just as you did before. It's nothing to me, except on Fero's account. *I* can't explain it. What was Horne talking about so earnestly to you after dinner last night?"

"The North Pole."

"Well, you didn't talk about the North Pole when you got to his flat, I suppose."

"Give me a cigarette," she said coldly, and waited to take one from his case and to have it lighted for her. "We talked about very little at the flat, for he waked his housekeeper to look after me, gave me his room, and then went out and slept at his club."

"You're a liar."

"Apologize for that, Lennie."

She always knew how to abash him, and he was abashed.

"I'm sorry, Eve, but it's a thin story, isn't it?"

"Believe it."

He knew he could believe it and he admitted this.

"But you're positively the only girl left in London of whom a tale like that might be true. Well, if that's what happened, Fero would say you just wasted your time."

"Do I care what Fero says?" she blazed; and then corrected herself cynically: "I take that back. He is my boss."

"And you like being here?" Lennie asked swiftly.

"*Like* it? I love it."

"Then hang on to Horne and tell me all you find out; and I can tell Fero or Tonetti."

SHE didn't answer. She glanced round the room and saw, although it was still early, several of the faces which had already become familiar.

The Rich Fellows, whom Lennie had pointed out to her the first night, had come in with large parties; and as the waiter brought the first course of the dinner—simplified from the more elaborate menu offered to clients—Mrs. Poinsetter trailed in in a silver gown, and a cloak that flew back from her shoulders like a cavalryman's in the wind, to make exigent arrangements for a dinner table. She was a spectacular figure as, superbly and insolently, she poised herself, standing there smiling at acquaintances here and there, and meticulously ordering the placing of her covers.

The Club looked brilliant, successful, gay. It had that unmistakable air of a pleasure place which has launched itself straightway into success.

Lennie's voice had her ear again: "You see, Fero is really working like hell to get everything properly in train for the first big gala night; that is, Derby night. You ought to be interested in all that, Eve, since it touches you."

"Of course I'm interested."

"You ought to be loyal."

She rose to that: "Of course I'm loyal," she cried.

"Fero's set his heart on a wonderful night, reservations of course. He says if only he could get royalty here—some visiting royalty, you know—and let it be known, it would be a tremendous draw. I'm sure he'd like you to get Horne to come, because he's quite the sort of fellow who gives the right air to a place; and he might bring absolutely anybody, don't you think?"

"Yes," she pondered. She thought to herself of Horne: "Yes, he has a lot to give. He's far above all these people here."

"Well, ask Horne," Lennie urged. "Not in any advertising or cadging way, don't you know, but just get out of him whether he isn't going to bring a nice party along on Derby night—just whether he is or whether he isn't. That's not much."

"That should be easy," she said lightly.

"It's too easy! I'm jealous as hell."

HE SWEPT her on to the floor, continuing to talk.

"Fero's putting all he knows into this Derby night gala. He's not going to tell people till just the right moment, and that, I think, will be almost the last moment—but he's got a marvelous cabaret stunt direct from the Continent for that one night only. Three dancers whose identities have never been guessed, called The Three Black Devils. They wear marvelous masks. They're just like three sorts of gargoyles, and their act has got to be seen to be believed."

"How do you know all this?"

"I overheard Fero and Tonetti telling Hopton. He took a bit of persuading—he's got no imagination, you know, just society as I say: just society, and no brains."

As she drifted along in Lennie's arms, what he had asked her to do seemed indeed easy, reasonable; part of an ordinary plan of this beautiful evening life.

In Lennie's ear she promised: "I'll do whatever I can, Lennie. You've been a dear."

His arm pressed her tighter: "You're a sweet girl, Eve, and of course if I didn't know that you knew how to take care of yourself, I'd never let you tackle an ugly customer."

"An ugly customer?"

"Horne."

THAT description of Jonathan Horne surprised her, so that she began to think about him again, and while she thought, smiling mechanically the smile which Lennie had taught her was proper to a professional dancer, they drifted near their table, and he whispered: "Let's have more food now," and they sat down again.

He wolfed two cutlets, looking gay, leisurely and debonair. Then, when he had left her, to dance with someone else, little Hopton came over to her table.

"Shall we see Jonathan Horne here tonight, Miss Langham?"

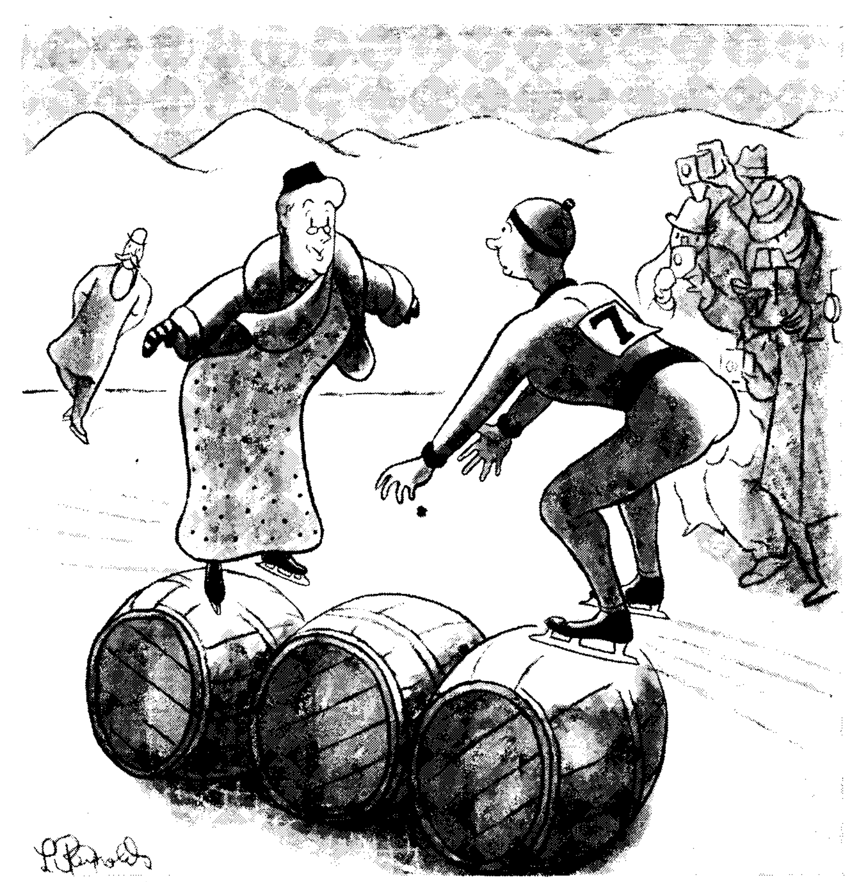
"I'm afraid I don't know."

As if to himself as much as to her, little Hopton remarked meditatively: "I wonder what attracts him to the Regalia Club?"

"I'm afraid I don't know that either."

And then she was aware of trouble in little Captain Hopton's eyes, and an uneasiness amounting almost to suspicion.

She liked him. He was a gentleman, and, as such, a relief among the Feros, the Tonettis, even the Lennies. She had a sudden feeling that Hopton was stanch, straight, trustworthy, cleanhanded in rather a soiled *milieu*, though even as this thought came to her she denied to herself the suggestion of a soiled *milieu*.



"I'm sorry, young man, I didn't think anyone else would be playing with these barrels" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"I couldn't get anything out of Captain Horne," she said.

Hopton's eyes were at once intent upon her face.

"What should you get out of him, Miss Langham?"

"Well, Mr. Fero would like to know—"

"What would Fero like to know?"

She hadn't heard that sharp voice from Hopton before, and it startled her.

"Oh, I really can't quite gather," she said. "Perhaps—perhaps—about Derby night—if he's coming here—"

Still Hopton looked at her and now she was quite aware of that suspicion in his eyes. "Horne's a very difficult fellow," he said swiftly, "a very difficult fellow indeed." And even as he spoke she saw Horne's high head above the groups of people near the door.

HE WAS coming straight towards her, and Hopton was glancing from one to the other.

She was rather at a loss, and her heart beat so hard that her thoughts tumbled in confusion.

"Anyway, Captain Hopton," she said, surprised to find her voice so crisp, so calm, "I'm afraid it's time for me to go home."

"Ah, yes," said Hopton abruptly. "You're a genuine Cinderella, aren't you?"

Then Jonathan Horne joined them.

The men greeted each other briefly and politely, and Hopton moved away. It was his tactful business to move away, but she had a feeling that he did not want to leave her with Horne.

Jonathan Horne did not sit down. "You were very unkind to refuse to lunch with me," he said.

"I'm sorry," she answered.

"Had you another engagement?"

"No, Captain Horne."

He smiled at that.

"It is nearly midnight," he said calmly.

"Yes," she nodded. "In another minute I shall have gone."

"I timed it," said Horne.

She gasped faintly, and got up.

"Good night," she said.

"Oh, no," he answered, smiling.

She turned from him and went swiftly through the crowds. Among them were already people who smiled and waved to her; men who rose and bowed to her as she passed. She answered their salutations beautifully and slipped out. A few yards behind, Horne followed her with his limping gait.

She was glad to be alone with her growing bewilderment, in the brief moment that it took her to put on the sorry tweed coat which must surely be replaced at the earliest moment by a wrap more creditable to the Regalia.

Again she was ashamed of the coat, when she emerged unobtrusively and hurried through the brilliant vestibule.

But the big doorman, though his kind might not professionally approve of ladies in such coats, was all one bland smile for her. He ushered her out deferentially, as if at least he was to summon for her the luxury of a taxicab.

Instantly she saw why.

A long sleek car was drawn up exactly outside the portico. Jonathan Horne stood by the open door.

Her mind paused even while her feet carried her straight on, so that she did not notice that Fero had come up the wide, shallow staircase after them, and that under his smile lay anger.

Fero had not seen that she had left the dance room simultaneously with Horne. All that he had noticed was the disappearance of Horne, and he was angry with his hostess that she had not kept this famous client in conversation as she had done last night. He wanted to accost Horne himself, to bow and to regret blandly: "Leaving so very early, Captain? You are bored with being alone? I am sorry. You should let my clever hostess make a little arrangement. . . ." But at the entrance to the vestibule he paused, the words unsaid.

It was that carefully picked doorman of his who indicated to him with merely a sidewise look that any such gesture was unnecessary.

The doorman's look drew Fero's eyes to the waiting car, the waiting man, and the hurrying girl, all at once.

He turned back, smiling.

The doorman was saying with his pleasantest smile—for another half crown had changed hands—"Driving home tonight, Miss?" and his look at Eve was congratulatory.

She was straightway waved into the car.

Difficult, anyway, to have cried, "Oh, no! no!" before that know-all servant.

Her pride made her seem to acknowledge such tribute as her due.

"Lovely night," said Horne easily, and slid behind the wheel.

He was a wizard of a driver and made nothing of the congestion of after-theater traffic. They were soon in quieter streets. Then he turned to her, the corner of his long, hard mouth lifted in his inimitable crooked smile:

"What a woman!" said he. "It is not every girl who would keep quiet and let a man drive, especially after she had been practically abducted like this."

Pride made her play up without any hesitation, nervousness or betrayal of surprise, to Jonathan Horne.

"This is lovely of you," she said. She heard her voice saying it—surprised at herself—just as Sophia said it to those stray young men who sometimes appeared at week-ends in rattling little old cars, or with rattling old motorcycles, to sweep her away into the country. "I assure you I'm glad to miss my strap-hanging exercise at this time of night."

"Ah," he uttered sympathetically, "but that strap-hanging's all wrong for you. I am so glad to be at your disposal, and besides, I wanted to talk to you, and you wouldn't give me a chance earlier in the day, would you?"

She reassured herself, "Well, it isn't far to Dulwich," and answered him: "I have to go straight home, absolutely straight home, please."

"Of course," he consented.

The ease and power of this big car! How softly life went—like this!

SHE leaned back beside him, a little turned towards him so that her back might be in a corner, so that there was space between them; and that ice-gray look of his in the dimness of faintly lighted streets indicated how mockingly he saw her cautious ruse.

But he did not comment on it.

"Tell me," he inquired, "has it been a good evening?"

She nodded. "I have had a delightful evening, Captain Horne."

"You do love your work?"

"I think I told you I did last night."

"Yes," he said easily. "But what I ask is, do you still love it today? You still feel that the Regalia Club is your spiritual home?"

"It is where I earn a very necessary salary—and where I have had more fun than I've ever had before in my life."

He seemed to survey that practical answer.

"You told me a little about your life last night—"

"You needn't remind me that I told you lies and that you discovered them!"

"Miss Langham, I have no intention of reminding you of such trifles. We're all liars on occasion."

(Continued on page 58)

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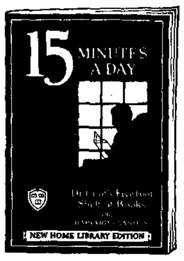

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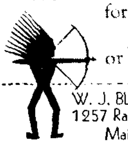

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(Continued from page 57)

"What occasions?"

"Oh, necessary occasions," he said.

"That wasn't necessary, was it, Captain Horne?"

"*Wasn't it?*"

Her sensitiveness heard in that casual echoing reply a different note. She did not recognize the note; it was grave; it was a rebuke, a question and a warning—one or all of them.

"How do you mean?" she asked.

For a moment he concerned himself only with driving.

They came to cross streets and stopped and went on again, smoothly. Then he took one hand off the wheel and laid it lightly over hers on her knee. He sensed her access of caution, laughed a little ruefully and put his hand back on the wheel again.

"My dear," he said, "please don't be afraid that I'll repeat my mistake of last night—at least not if you don't want me to."

"You needn't add that," she said. "I'm not likely to want it."

"I obey. Well . . . and so I am glad to gather the Regalia Club does not disappoint you. Let me see, isn't it a newish enterprise? I have only just got back to London and I don't know."

SHE thought to herself doubtfully: "Wherever he is, he knows all about the life in all the cities of the world, I believe," but there was no reason not to answer him, and she said:

"I didn't know it in its old days; it opened in its present form about a month ago, I think. I am lucky to have got the first hostess job there."

"And I think they are lucky to have you, Miss Langham. How on earth did you find our friend Fero, or was Hopton your good genius?"

"It was simple. I applied."

"Did you choose your lucky day?"

"I didn't choose," she said suddenly, laughing and feeling care-free. "A friend of mine told me about it, and took me there."

"And the friend was that dark fellow who dances so *divinely*."

"How did you know that?" She was surprised.

For a moment there was silence; a friendly silence.

He tried: "I hope it isn't an impertinent question. Be sure to snub me if it is, but have you any particular personal interest in Mr. Ward, who obviously has a very great personal interest in you?"

He knew that she caught her breath. He listened for the compunction in her lovely hurried voice:

"I wish I had; I wish I did care for him, but I can't. I never shall. Perhaps that is what specially makes me want to help him a little. Sometimes I feel so very ungrateful to him, you see."

"I see," Horne said, listening hard but giving no effect of anything but sympathy.

She broke out: "Men are so disappointing. And now that is ungrateful to you, who are driving me home!"

He laughed. "This pleasure, I promise you, is all mine. No thanks due! And so men are very difficult and very disappointing, eh?"

She said: "They are so weak—"

"Are they?" he murmured.

"My father," she said, "poor darling, he's a failure. One has to know that. At home we flatter him and cheer him up and wait on him. . . ."

"'Wait on him,'" he repeated as she paused for rather a long while.

She said: "It makes a girl think."

"Explain to me," said Horne. "Perhaps I am much too ignorant of a problem like yours seems to be."

It was easy to talk to him in the sweet, soft, dark night, with his car bearing them along smoothly.

"I am the wage earner, I am the woman of the family just like I suppose most men are the men of the family. I have worked since I was seventeen, and brought my money home; and I've been scolded and badgered and ruled as if I were an obstinate silly child. All my money goes to mother and father and my little sister."

"'Little sister,'" he repeated softly, because she paused again.

"Sophia's nineteen. She is studying dancing at the Royal Hall. Ballet. She costs a lot. . . . I wonder why women always love the youngest best. . . . Nature, I suppose, somehow. . . . Sometimes I laugh, when I am not angry, to see mother fussing over Sophia, because she says her work is physical, and mine is nothing but sitting in an office. . . ."

"You are dancing now."

"But, heavens! I couldn't tell Mother that. She'll go on giving Sophia all she wants; she'll go on buying the best butter for her and margarine for me, and giving her two eggs instead of one." Her voice trailed away.

"'Two eggs instead of one,'" he thought. He was unaccustomed to surprise, and now he was surprised; and he was disconcerted and disturbed too at the simple tragic homeliness of this girl's presentation of her problems.

They were coming into the suburban tree-bordered roads, driving between sleeping little houses, and he thought: "We shall be there soon, I suppose. I'll give her a test."

Keeping the sincerity in his voice, he said:

"Listen, Miss Langham, if you could find other evening work—supposing it to be as necessary as you say—would you leave the Regalia Club?"

"*No!*" she cried out, astonished. "Why, it's the most interesting, stimulating thing that ever happened to me. It's lovely!"

"It's a dull club," he suggested provocatively.

That provoked her: "Dull! My dear Captain Horne, Fero is arranging a wonderful season—"

Then she paused. It was a surprise—that engagement for the Gala night, wasn't it? "Go on," said Horne. "To what may we look forward? What new thing can you show us?"

She said protestingly: "There's going to be a cabaret act that London's never seen before, I know—"

"You mean the Three Black Devils?"

"Oh. . . . You know about it, then?"

"I do now," said Horne.

"That was mean of you to—to trap me! It was a secret."

"It is a secret," said Horne.

"What made you think—"

"A shot in the dark," he smiled.

SHE said: "Don't tell Fero you knew through me, please—"

"Did Fero tell you?"

"No. Lennie told me, confidentially."

"Who told him?"

"No one. He found out. . . ."

"I see," said Horne. "I should still like to tell you to chuck it up," he added.

"Why?"

"For one thing," said Horne, choosing his words, "I'm a very old-fashioned man. I don't like to see a girl like you giving every comer the right to claim her acquaintance to dance with her. I hate to see a nice girl entertaining all and sundry, putting herself at the disposal of a lot of cads and bounders."

She listened, astonished.

"Now you *certainly* don't understand, Captain Horne. It is nothing to you and your kind—the music, the food, the lights, the life, the *dancing*. You can afford to go and buy it anywhere. I must earn it, and this is the only way."

He did not mean to speak brutally as he spoke now, and later, driving home alone, he scoffed at himself for it, thinking, "It is not often I get bitten with the cave-man virus."

"I don't care how you get it," he said in a hard voice. "This 'fun' that you women seem to crave for nowadays, this 'light and music and life and dancing'—I hate to see you doing what you're doing, and having what you're having. I don't care how much you think you *deserve it for the sacrifices you're making.* Perhaps women are meant to sacrifice; perhaps they are all the better for it. If I could I'd prohibit you from ever going into that damn' place again."

His male rage astounded her, antagonized her. She cried:

"I think that is brutal of you."

And he rejoined: "Sometimes cruelty is necessary before one can do a kindness."

She scoffed: "The old man-stuff! You must rule!"

"Yes," he said forcefully, "we must rule!"

"I'm nearly home," she said abruptly, "and thank God for it if you're going to talk to me like that." Childishly—it seemed to him—she cried out: "I have enough of it at home, and it's unjust, unjust, unjust! Stop the car."

"I shall not stop the car," he said.

But then she turned to him reasonably:

"If you please, put me down here close to the station—"

"Oh?" he said, slowing up.

"The last train's just coming in. Listen. Put me down here, please, Captain Horne. My mother has to think that I came home the usual way."

HE BROUGHT the car to a standstill, then understanding.

"'Woman-of-the-family,'" he scoffed, "and afraid of a row."

"Sick, bored, weary to death of rows," she answered passionately—"rows about nothing at all."

He was silent. And he thought: "Poor little girl; whatever else she is—a poor little girl!" as he leaned across her to open the door. Then he got out of the car on his own side and came round to stand bareheaded while she alighted. He thought that she looked more fragile than ever, facing him indomitably, that high spirit of hers roused to conflict.

He liked women who could and did fight.

"Unjust," she repeated.

He took her hands.

"Very unjust; but life is unjust. It is not an affair of justice except among men; for women it is gifts or robberies; it is an affair of spoiling or despoiling."

She said scornfully: "That's the kind of thing Lennie Ward would say if he knew how."

Lennie Ward? Horne was straightway back, with that reminder, in his mood of cold caution; *surveillance*. The drive had yielded him what he had wanted to know, what he had set out to know, and the unrehearsed manner of her information was but a minor fact to be considered. She linked herself with Fero, with Tonetti, and with that doubtful quantity—Lennie.

"Is that so?" he said. "Good night. I am glad to have been of some small service to you."

"Thank you," she answered, and then she was hurrying away from him as if on winged feet, up the road. She was lost in the murk of tree shadows and when, as she reached the street door of that dismal group of flats, she looked back, he too had gone. The powerful headlights of the car no longer illumined the uninteresting place with a ghostly radiance.

Skillfully, inaudibly, that big car, with the unjust man at its wheel, slid away out of her world. She squared her shoulders and went in.

(To be continued next week)

Honeymoon Cruise

Continued from page 22

said. He couldn't have read it even if it had been printed, but she was a nice, clean-looking girl, and he suddenly didn't want to explain to her. She said quickly: "I guess it's not very good writin'. It says pea soup, baked ham and vegetables, stewed peaches and coffee, forty cents."

"That's all fine," Bill said, "except the ham; I don't know as I can eat the ham"—he indicated his bandaged thumb apologetically—"but do you think maybe I could have some eggs in place?"

"Oh, sure," the girl said, "that will be all right, I'm sure."

When he had finished the lunch, he put two nickels instead of one under the edge of the plate. As he was leaving, he thanked her again for the eggs.

"You're welcome," she said, adding politely: "I hope the thumb doesn't hurt much."

It was partly because of that remark and partly because he liked the way she looked, that he went back there for lunch the next day.

ON THE third day there was roast beef, and she said: "I could cut it up for you outside if you like."

"That would be real kind of you," Bill said. While she was getting his order, he was nerving himself for an act of great daring; but when she returned, he was not yet prepared to undertake it. He was so agitated by his idea that he couldn't eat. He sat clenching his fork in his left hand in an agony of indecision. He didn't hear her approach him until she remarked: "Isn't the meat good?"

"Yes," he replied, hastily spearing a piece with his fork, "it's fine. It's all right; I'm just eatin' it."

Feeling that he had been unappreciative, he ate it all with a hot determination. When she brought him the apple pie, he threw his fears overboard and took a chance. "I was wonderin'," he said, glancing at her with a strained smile, "—I don't want to seem fresh—I was just wonderin'—I'm stayin' alone here on shore for a while—I was just wonderin' if you ever went to the movies some night and wanted company."

The girl flushed to the roots of her hair. "Well—yes," she answered hesitatingly. "Yes, sometimes."

"There's a pitcher at the Grand on Water Street tonight called Red Devils. I thought I might go. I was just wonderin' if you wouldn't like it."

"I—don't know," she said, very serious.

"I could meet you there if that's best," Bill said desperately.

"I don't finish here till nine-thirty."

"I could meet you at quarter of ten."

"All right," she responded, "thank you." She went away hurriedly. Bill left the money on the table for his check and went out, in a state of mingled elation and terror. He walked down to the dock wishing he could put his hand on the solid bulk of the Star of the Sea. Tom Rainey's barge, the Charles Conolly, was tied up, and he saw Mrs. Rainey hanging the laundry on lines stretched from the cabin to posts set in the deck. He had a sudden feeling that he ought to talk to an older woman, and he approached her to say hello. They had just come down from Portland with lumber, she told him, and gosh! it was cold. If she and Tom hadn't had whisky they would have caught pneumonia, even if the whisky was terrible and made them both sick.

"Do you like it all right, living on a barge?" he asked suddenly.

"Sure," she replied, astounded at the question. "What would I do if I didn't, for the love of Pete?"

Appalled by the finality of her answer, Bill departed. He killed time the rest of the day. By nine o'clock he was at the theater, wearing a coat and necktie over his faded blue shirt. Mary was dressed up, too. When she finally appeared, she wore a dark blue hat and street dress. He was abashed by her stylish appearance. In the theater he sat very stiffly in his seat and was glad that they didn't have to talk. But the picture was exciting, and she gasped several times, and once clutched his arm. That made him feel stronger and protective, and when it was finished they both were at ease.

After that, it didn't seem right that she should wait on him in a restaurant. He told her so, awkwardly, and she seemed to appreciate it. He ate at the counter, though, and smiled at her. They went to the movies again two nights later and sat in a café. He told her all about the Star of the Sea and about Joe, his brother. He wanted her to meet Joe.

"Some people say he's kinda quiet," he remarked cautiously. "But you can always count on Joe. We've seen a lot, Joe and I."

He described some of the ports they had entered and the storms they had ridden through. Joe would have been surprised to learn how exciting their freight hauls were.

"It sounds nice," Mary said. "It's nice to take trips on a barge, I guess."

"I think maybe you'd like it," Bill said shyly.

They were both a little embarrassed for fear that their remarks had been too forward. Then Mary said: "Well, I have to go, I have to get up early to write the menus." There was a little tiny smile at the corners of her mouth as she added, "In that bad handwriting."

For a moment he did not get the significance of her phrase; and then with a rush of shame he realized that he had criticized her handwriting that first day in an effort to conceal his inability to read. "Say," he stammered, "I guess I got to tell you somethin'. It wasn't your handwritin' that was bad on that menu. I just said that because I ain't no good at readin'. Gosh, it wasn't your handwritin' at all."

She laughed. "You're nice." She glanced at his conscience-stricken face and continued softly: "Readin' don't matter so much."

BY THE end of another three days, Bill was deeply, mooningly, in love. He used to say her name to himself as he sat on the docks, idly watching the ships; "Mary Cambell" had a sweet sound. He was waiting for the Star of the Sea to return; he wanted her to see it coming in from the river.

"If it's the middle of the morning, I'll ask for half an hour off and come down to the dock," she promised him.

He went to the Williamsburg Bridge that morning to watch for the Star coming out of Hell Gate down from the Sound. As soon as he saw her tug, the Mayor Mitchell, followed faithfully by the familiar rectangular bulk, he raced to the restaurant for Mary. By the time the Star was nearly opposite her berth, they were waiting for her at the pier's end. She rode the river serenely, and the little cabin was perched jauntily on the stern.

"That's home," Bill said solemnly.

There wasn't anything funny to her in his remark. She understood his feel-

(Continued on page 60)

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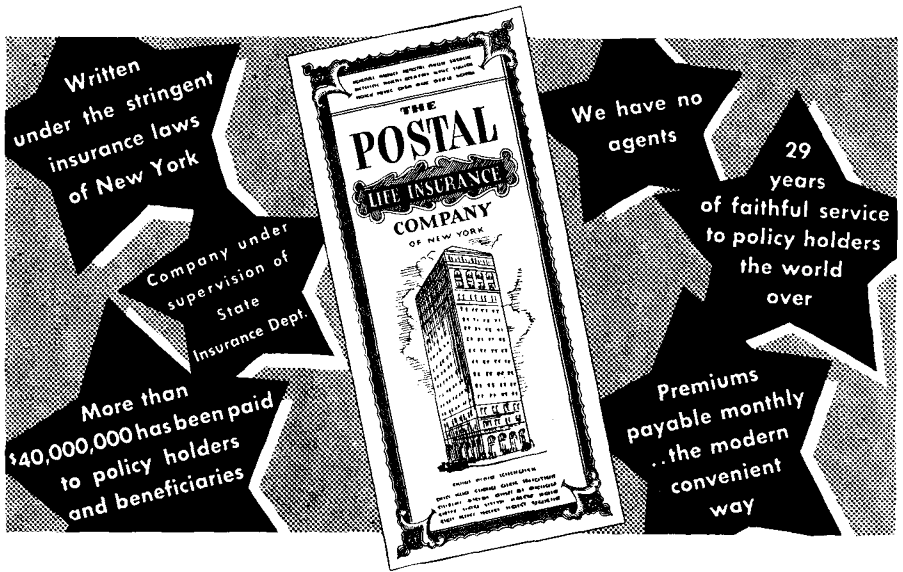
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26	6.00	5.49	47	9.83	8.98
27	6.10	5.58	48	10.15	9.28
28	6.23	5.70	49	10.48	9.58
29	6.35	5.80	50	10.80	9.87
30	6.50	5.94	51	11.18	10.22
31	6.65	6.08	52	11.58	10.58
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ing and shared it. She saw the cabin as other women might see a rose-hung cottage, or a wide stone mansion set in landscaped lawns.

"I think it's fine," she said. "I think it rides fine."

That settled it for Bill. That night, when he and Joe came back to the cabin to sleep, Bill said:

"I got a girl."

"Humph," Joe said. He peeled off a pink shirt and hung it on a hook. There were two rooms in the cabin. The one where they slept had two bunks, and there was a third in the main room which they didn't use.

"Want me to sleep in there?" Joe said, jerking his head toward the other room.

"I ain't married yet," Bill said. "Just thinkin'."

JOE climbed into his bunk and snored off to sleep. But his grunt had been all right: it took time with Joe; he wouldn't give an opinion offhand. Next morning they were both up early. Joe went to Coney Island for the day. As soon as he had gone, Bill got out some cans of paint that he had hidden behind the bunk. He spread newspapers carefully along the outside of the cabin. Then he began painting.

He had chosen cream color for the walls and bright red for the window and door frames, the corner posts, and the edging of the roof. He worked hard all day, stopping only for bread and coffee for lunch. Mary had the afternoon free on Sunday, and he wanted the cabin to be finished and dry for her inspection. By five-thirty the job was done. The cabin glowed in the sun. It looked bright and cheerful. He stood off, admiring it, the paint brush still in his hand, and paint all over him—in his hair, on his face and streaked along his shirt and old black trousers. Joe ambled up to him and paused. "Paintin'," he remarked noncommittally and went on to the cabin. When Bill followed him later, he found Joe washing the floors and walls. The two brothers did not exchange a word, but Bill's heart was warm inside him. They got their supper very cheerfully.

"Got yellow hair, I'm told," Joe remarked suddenly.

"Yeh," answered Bill.

"Saw her at the restaurant on the way back," Joe continued. "Looks all right."

He said nothing more, merely grunting when Bill told him that Mary was coming to look at the Star the next afternoon. Both brothers put on neckties for the occasion, but were careful not to comment on it. Shortly before she came, Joe disappeared. Bill walked up and down the deck, alternately nervous and confident.

He felt weak in the knees when she appeared, wearing the blue hat and dress; but her smile and the thought of the freshly-painted cabin restored him.

"I did some work yesterday," he told her.

"What kind of work?" she asked.

"You'll see."

The Star of the Sea lay at the end of the pier, the last of a line of four barges. The first three were gray and unpainted, and looked like a pile of sluggish sea monsters rumbling huskily as they rubbed against the dock. But the cabin of the Star gleamed like a beacon in yellow and red.

"Oh, Bill," Mary cried, "that looks swell. That looks brand-new—like—like a birthday cake. I think you did fine."

"Sure you like it?"

"Oh, very much. Those are just the right colors."

He led her around the deck and showed her the inside. On the floor there was a neglected sock which he hastily concealed by stepping on it. As they were finishing their inspection, she looked up and said: "There's a man outside seems to want to speak to you."

Bill glanced through the door and saw Joe standing on the gunwale in a position of elaborate indifference, staring at the water. Bill chuckled. "Hey, Joe," he called. "Ain't you got anything to say to visitors?"

Joe turned and entered awkwardly. His face was stiff with embarrassment. He stretched out an enormous hand to Mary and drew it back uncertainly; then seeing hers still extended, he grabbed it hastily.

"Nice," he said with an effort. He looked vaguely around the room. "Got to clean up more in here."

"Why, it's clean as can be," Mary assured him. "It's cleaner than any room I've ever been in."

Bill beamed. After Joe had gone, muttering that he had "to see a feller about something," Bill and Mary sat outside on the deck. It was then that Bill proposed marriage.

By evening all the waterfront knew—the humble waterfront, which does not include the steamship piers—that the waitress of the South Street Bar & Restaurant was promised to Captain Bill.

The barge-keepers' wives approved of it highly. The bachelors shook their heads and muttered that "a sea-farin' man ought to think twice afore marryin'." Joe didn't say much, but he continued to wear his necktie at the times when he was likely to see Bill's girl—which Bill considered a good sign.

It was understood that Bill and Mary would be married after the next trip. When Bill came back, he called at the company's office to tell them about that and about another less important plan he had. The company had no objections to the marriage. The other plan required consultation and was apparently the occasion for some laughter behind a closed door; but they said it was all right.

BILL hurried back to the barge and conferred with his brother. In this second plan Joe could be helpful because of his reading. Joe took a piece of paper and laboriously scrawled for some minutes. The result was an irregular smudged printing of the name (one *l* missing) "Mary Cambel." Then they looped a rope from the port and starboard stanchions and let it hang down on the Star's massive square bow.

Sitting in this sling seat Bill painted out the name Star of the Sea.

As soon as the paint was dry, he began working at the new title, sitting in the loops of the rope, with Joe's printing tacked in front of him. The name looked smart when he had finished. It would please Mary. People would see her name in letters a foot high in Portland, Portsmouth, Bangor, Boston, New York, Charleston and Savannah. He grinned happily. At first he thought he wouldn't tell her until the next day, after the wedding; but he decided that she might be so excited by other things that day that the name wouldn't have its proper effect. So in the afternoon he took her down to the dock "for a surprise."

She saw the name with a gasp of both pride and dismay, for Bill had missed a cue in Joe's chart; he had forgotten a *b*. Mary Camel, the sign said, in freshly painted, glistening letters.

There were tears in her eyes, but she looked at Bill's expectant face and held them back. She couldn't tell him about that, and probably he would never know. It didn't matter so much, anyway; her name was going to be Mary Stacy tomorrow. . . .

The trip to Sewell Point, Virginia, took four days. It was the best four days either one had ever had. Mary had just enough to do, cooking for Bill and Joe, and fixing house; but there was lots of time to sit in the sun, and Bill was never impatient about anything.

At the start Bill had been a little anxious about Joe. On the first day the latter kept to himself; freed from the necessity of either cooking or washing he sat for hours in his favorite position by the cabin and was able to read a number of old newspapers. The next day he suddenly appeared after lunch and began to dry dishes with great vigor. He even talked a little and pointed out to Mary a school of porpoises. One afternoon Bill teased Mary by placing on the table a covered dish of coal which she passed to Joe, thinking it was stewed tomatoes. Even Joe smiled, and Mary declared she would get even. After supper, standing behind Bill's chair and pretending to inspect his hair for baldness, she quietly tied a yellow ribbon on his forelock and awaited developments.

"Like to play cards with us, Joe?" Bill asked.

JOE looked up and saw the ribbon. His face grew red, and he choked without answering.

"What's the matter?" Bill demanded.

Laughter was a rare event with Joe, but this time he burst into a loud haw-haw. Mary began laughing, too, and finally Bill, as a result of contagion. After that, there wasn't any question about how Joe felt; he was part of the family.

"I don't have any brothers," Mary said to him one day, half in fun. "Maybe you'll be one, Mr. Joe Stacy."

Joe coughed and didn't say anything, and Mary began to talk casually about something else. She was not disturbed by Joe's silences, knowing that he had his own way of expressing himself. When the Mary Camel arrived at Sewell Point, they learned that they were going to bring back coal, and there was another barge going with them—the Rochester, under Captain Nielsen and his son. But the Nielsens both fell sick with the grippe, and Joe was asked to take charge of the barge on the trip north.

Bill didn't like the idea much: the Rochester was an old barge and not in very good condition; but Joe said one trip wouldn't hurt—"except that we shall miss you," Mary told him. When Bill and Mary returned from the movies that night before their departure, Mary found a bunch of flowers in the cabin. On a piece of paper was scrawled: "From your brother Joe."

She was so touched by this that tears came to her eyes. Dimly she recognized the enormous effort required of him to make this alien gesture. The slightly crushed stems of the flowers bore the imprint of his huge hand; and she could imagine his embarrassment when he made the purchase. She showed it to Bill. "Joe's kindly," he said. That was all, but he was obviously pleased.

The Mary Camel had first position after the tug, with the Rochester in the rear. There was more than twelve hundred feet of manila cable between them. "Rides easier that way under a heavy load," Bill said. Both barges were down close to the gunwales, but they rode the rough water as steadily as a truck on a concrete highway. The little procession extended nearly half a mile and plodded slowly along the coast, unconcerned with faster craft.

The first day out was sunny, but hazy. The next day the sky was overcast, and the wind shifted to the northeast. The sea was dull gray and restless. "Goin' to blow up a bit," Bill prophesied.

The wind rose rapidly during the morning. When they came out from lunch it was blowing so strong that they had to shout to make themselves heard, and the sea was rolling away from it fast. The first drops of rain hit hard and fierce as if in warning, and then the squall broke on them in a torrent of water that shut the Mary Camel within a circle of hissing gray walls. The Rochester and the tug vanished from sight, not to reappear that day or night; and the thick dripping hawser was the only evidence of any link with other lives.

"It seems queer to think of Joe all alone at the end of that big cable," Mary said to Bill when they were back in the cabin.

"He's all right," Bill replied. "Barges is pretty safe"—he added under his breath: "When they're good barges."

IT GREW dark early, and he set out the lights. The wind was a gale. They were just finishing supper when they felt the barge lift under them and then slow up, suspended. The stern hit the water with a thud that rattled the cabin; and spray like an immense watery hand covered the window.

"That was a big one," Bill said.

He got up, put on his oilskins and went out. When he returned he said: "Shipped a little. Goin' to get one of the pumps out."

"I can help, pumping," Mary affirmed. "I'm strong."

"Sure," he replied. "I know. No need yet."

"Do you think Joe's all right?"

"That's what I'm wonderin'," he said somberly.

She tried to do some sewing when he was gone, but her fingers shook so that it wasn't any good. She wasn't used to the sea. She had only seen it on holiday afternoons at a public beach. She didn't know it could be enormous and black and menacing like this. "Ain't no use in worryin'," she murmured, comforting herself with Bill's words. She knew the verb was wrong, but it sounded all right coming from Bill, because it was just an honest, plain word. She got up and hugged the sleeve of his blue coat, hanging by the bunk. After a while she decided she would go outside. She put on the oilskins and set her shoulder against the door. It opened into a roar of sound and a wind that staggered her. She caught the outside handle and was pulled back with it as the door slammed. Steadying herself against the cabin, she looked up, and gasped with fright. A black wall of water curved from beneath the stern of the barge, and then advanced rapidly toward it, hanging over her like a monster with raised claws. It broke with a crash, splitting on the gunwale and spurting fiercely over her. The narrow stern deck ran white and darkened again as she recovered her breath and control.

She felt her way along the wall of the cabin to the edge of the hold and, stooping low, proceeded along the deck-strip on the side. The darkness was thick, but she could see the tossing white crests of the waves higher than the barge. Her oilskin hat blew off in a gust of wind. Near the bow she almost stumbled against Bill before she saw him and heard the rattling of the pump. The grip of his hand on her arm gave her courage.

"Guess you better bail," he shouted. "I'll get another pump."

At first she pumped a little wildly and then regulated herself to a steady rhythm. It was heavy work. Her arms ached, and her fingers grew stiff and numb. She threw off the raincoat and flexed her fingers a minute, and began again, not noticing the wind any more or the raging sea except as vague obstacles to her effort. It was a fight between her pump and the water that hissed along the deck and overflowed time and again into the hold.

Once she heard Bill shout at her. He was standing beside her, stretching his arm inland. "Barnegat Light," he cried. She saw a dim, momentary gleam, a tiny paleness that vanished almost instantly in the storm. She couldn't find it again, but it cheered her a little. That was New Jersey and it couldn't be so far from Asbury Park, where she had gone one Sunday. If she could keep up a little longer, it would be all right.

A spear of pain went through her back as she bent to the task. Her teeth were clenched tight, but finally she began to sob. She knew that Bill couldn't hear her in the storm, even if he passed by, so she didn't try to stop crying. Her strength was ebbing fast, and there seemed to be just as much water in the hold. She relaxed, supporting herself on the pump. It was marvelously sweet to rest, and just for a moment she forgot the storm. Then she thought of Joe working all alone, and summoned herself back to her work; but at that instant the barge lurched under her, with such violence that she was thrown to the deck.

She lay there dazed, and then with a great effort of her will pulled herself to a sitting position. She saw Bill's legs in the light of his lantern coming rapidly toward her; he shouted and passed on toward the stern. She tried to rise, but she was too weak. At first she thought they had struck something, but she noticed that the Mary Camel was riding easier, and there was less water on the deck. Bill was bending over her.

"What happened?" she asked.

"It's all right. We're all right now. You come to the cabin."

He did not attempt to carry her on the wet deck, but supported her on his arm. In the cabin he said: "You go to bed. You've done fine. I can take care of it now."

SHE started to protest that she could work more, but his face was so stern—she had never seen it stern before—that she obeyed. Despite her will, exhaustion overcame her anxious mind, and she sank into a deep slumber. When she woke, sunlight calmed her initial start of fear; but the cabin was empty, and she sprang from her bunk and pushed open the door. It was a clear, bright day; except for the white crests still on the sea, there was no sign of storm.

Then she noticed that there was no cable running from the Mary Camel's stern. It was coiled in an immense pile about the capstan, and Bill was sitting near it. She spoke to him anxiously:

"Where's Joe's barge?"

"Joe's gone down," he said.

"Oh, Bill."

From the depths of his own grief he rose to comfort her distress. "Joe would have been proud of you," he said.

"When the Mary Camel lurched last night—was that when the cable broke?" she asked.

"It didn't break," Bill said. He jerked his head at the end of it on the deck. "You can see."

Mary stared at it. The thick manila, eight inches in circumference, was chopped two thirds through; only the last few strands were torn.

"I guess when he figured he might sink, he cut the cable with an axe, so it wouldn't pull us down any," Bill said heavily. "I guess that was the last thing he did, likely."

She clung to Bill's hand, but the tears began to pour down her face, and she went back to the cabin. Joe's flowers were still in a bowl on the shelf. "From your brother," Joe had said. She did not know exactly what to do; there wasn't anything to do, really; but she took the flowers in her hand and went out and tossed them upon the sea that was his grave.

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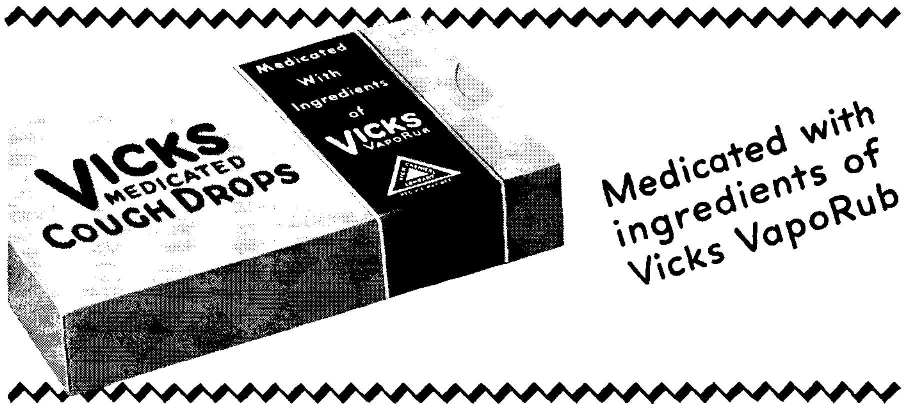
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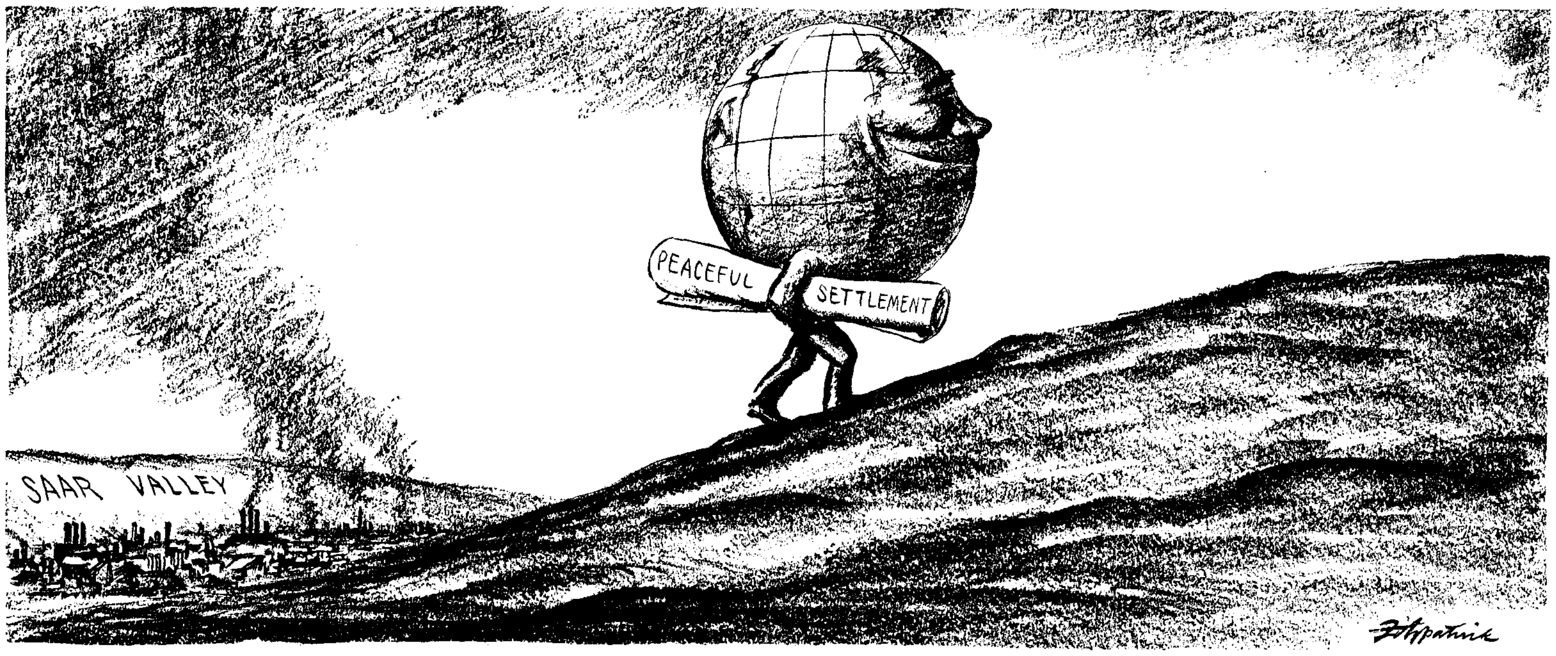

Outwitting War

THE Senate investigators discovered at least one munitions maker who thought back in 1908 that a tremendous conflict was brewing in Europe.

So did other people who were not in the munitions business. In fact, after the French and German fleets came together at Agadir, a man needed to be especially stupid not to know that trouble was brewing.

The naval race between Germany and Great Britain was no secret. Kaiser Wilhelm did not hide the maneuvers of the massive German armies. Every statesman and every person who had an informed interest in public affairs was keenly aware of the dangers which hung over the world.

Men of good will hoped that the brewing trouble would not result in a world war. Nobody, of course, knew that an Austrian grand duke would be murdered by a Serbian student on a June day at Sarajevo. Neither did anybody know that the government of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph would write a note to Serbia which would make war inevitable.

Writing after the event, Prince von Buelow said that at any time after the late eighteen nineties a general European war might have been started.

Von Buelow, who did not admire his successors, thought that incompetent men had allowed a dangerous situation to get out of hand. He thought skillful statesmen could have prevented war in 1914. Of course the situation was dangerous, but it need not have resulted in a world catastrophe.

Fortunately, now statesmen do seem to remember a few of the lessons of the past. The Saar question, for instance, is being managed with an evident intention on the part of France and Germany of avoiding any fighting if possible. Yet if statesmen had behaved as foolishly or as badly about the Saar as they did about Serbia in 1914, war might now be inevitable. Happily this is not the case.

Whatever the result of the plebiscite to be held on Sunday, January 13th, both France and Germany have already taken practical steps to prevent friction over the Saar leading to hostilities.

France was given the Saar mines by the Versailles Treaty in payment for the destruction of French coal mines in the basin of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais. The Saarland was to be governed by a League of Nations commission until this month, when all permanent residents over twenty years old would vote on their future government.

The Saarlanders, whose territory lies between French Lorraine and Germany, are overwhelmingly German by nationality. If the Hitler dictatorship had not been in control of Germany, the result of the voting would never have been questioned.

Hitler's persecution of the Jews, his destruction of the trade unions and his arrogant interference with the affairs of both the Lutheran and the Catholic churches created an opposition to reunion with Germany.

Tragic as will be the lot of the free Saarlanders—who for fifteen years have enjoyed a liberal international rule—when the Nazi pressure is felt, the Saar is unquestionably German territory. It is highly probable that the Saarlanders will favor an ultimate return to Germany. No other permanent solution seems probable.

Already the German government has agreed to pay France for the mines and to protect the rights of racial and religious minorities for a year.

The supremely important matter is the proved desire on the part of both Germany and France to avoid anything resembling war. The situation of all those who are the victims of Nazi prejudice is tragic, but their plight would not be improved by a war against Germany. The aftermath of wars is always reaction, and in reactionary times neither justice nor mercy is extended to minorities.

The return of the Saar to Germany will, in fact, remove one of the powerful present sources of German unrest and irritation. The Saar question has become to Germans a sort of Alsace-Lorraine issue. It has provided militarists and hot heads with a text. It has inspired endless oratory and agitation. Once the issue is settled permanently, Europe generally will be relieved.

The essential difference between the present and 1908 is that every government which makes the least claim to intelligence knows completely that it could not hope to better its fortunes by an important war. With present-day equipment the cost of fighting outweighs any possible profits. Victors and vanquished alike lost in the World War and all are still paying.

This is the basic ground for expecting statesmen to manage our governmental affairs in such a way that war will not result from the inevitable differences of opinion, clashes of economic interest and racial prejudices which are so ingrained in all peoples.

Of course, there are difficulties to overcome and problems to be solved. In Europe, in Asia, in South America, numerous causes of controversy exist. Some are very important. Many are inflamed by the tides of nationalistic feeling which have run so strong since the turn of the century.

We have difficulties. So has Japan and so, too, have Great Britain and the English-speaking dominions. At another and earlier time responsible leaders might argue that a resort to war offered the best way out. But not now. The statesmen and the people who do not seek suicide incline to peace.

This is the explanation of the solution of the difficult problem of the Saar. It is the basis of anticipating that the even more dangerous issues which center around China and Japan will also be brought to a reasonable and peaceful settlement.

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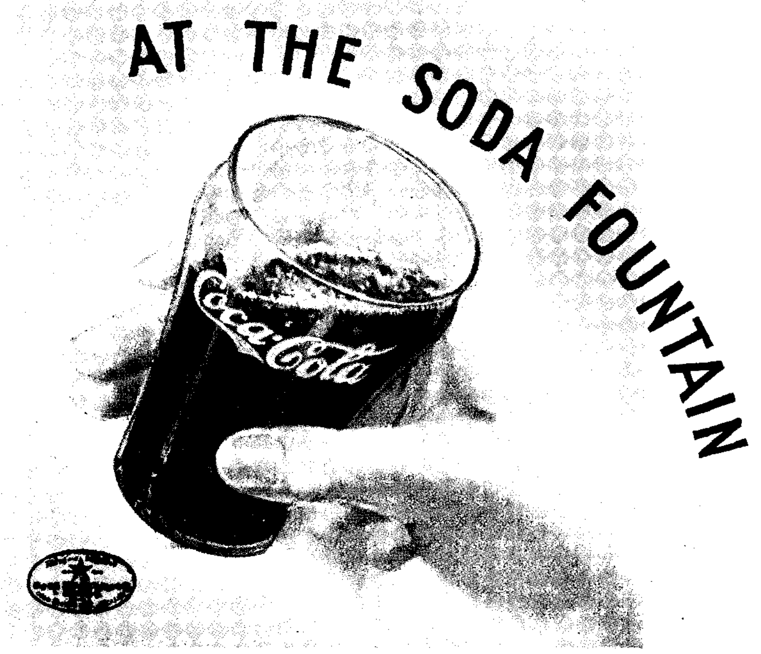

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